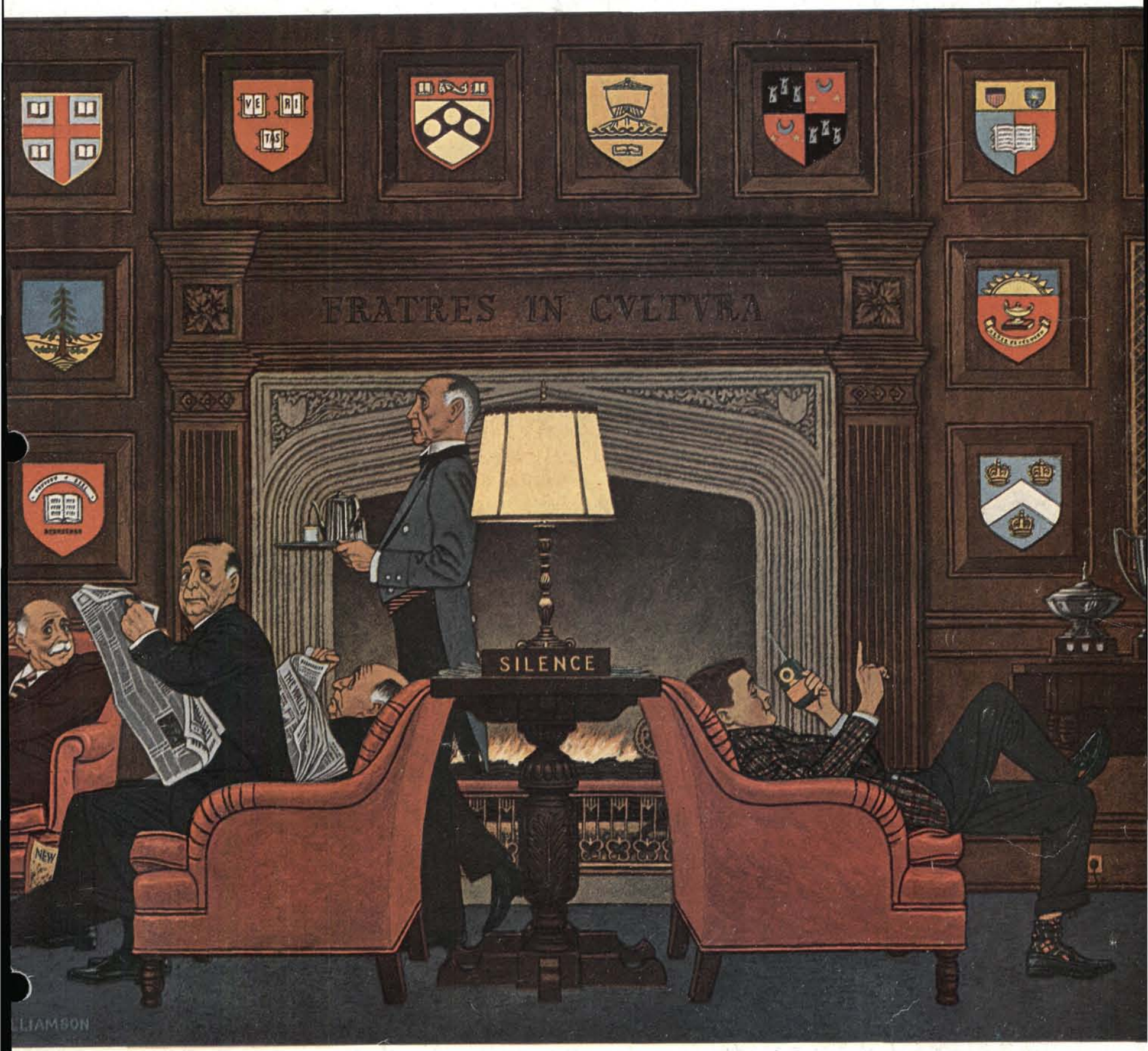
The Saturday Evening
POST
September 29, 1962 20¢

Rosalind Russell
Tells Her Own Story
The Kind of Gal I Am

Let's Stop Cheating Our Children Out of Childhood



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Roz Russell, Author. The best authority on the life of actress **Rosalind Russell**—Miss Russell herself, who starts the first of her exclusive three-part autobiographical series this week—admits that she has not always been successful as a writer. In earlier years, Miss Russell wrote several short stories, submitting them to magazines under the pseudonym of C. A. McKnight (her mother's initials and maiden name), and receiving only rejection slips for her efforts. Success as a writer finally came to Miss Russell in 1956 when her original story about a schoolteacher's problems with students was sold to the movies and made into the picture *The Unguarded Moment*. While writing her memoirs for *The Saturday Evening Post*, Miss Russell was assisted by several members of the *Post* editorial staff in tape-recording and organizing her material. The final draft, however, assembled from 282 typewritten pages of copy, was put together and edited by Miss Russell and her husband, Frederick Brisson. The writing project was undertaken after Miss Russell completed shooting her 45th motion picture, *Gypsy*, which will be released by Warner Brothers in December.

Other By-Lines. **Alice Lake** is a free-lance writer who specializes in medical subjects and lives in Harrison, New York. . . . **Marguerite Higgins,** 1951 Pulitzer prizewinner for her reporting of the Korean War, has been the New York *Herald Tribune* diplomatic correspondent in Washington since 1958 . . . The political profiles in this issue were written by veteran *Post* contributors—**Joe Alex Morris** and **Milton MacKaye** . . . . *Post* contributing editor **Ernest Hauser,** who has written about Jesuit, Benedictine, Dominican and Franciscan Roman Catholic orders, now turns his attention to the Protestants with this week's article about the Huguenots. . . . Former New York Youth Board worker **Vincent Riccio** concludes his three-part series on juvenile gangs. . . . **Melvin Durslag** is a sports columnist for the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*. . . . **William Trombley,** 33, recently joined *The Post* as an associate editor after nine years with *Life* and *Show* magazines.

Tragic Accident. On Labor Day, *Post* assistant editor **Homer Grosvenor,** 27, was killed on the New York Thruway when a car involved in another accident went out of control, careened across the separation strip and struck his small car head-on. Mr. Grosvenor had been with *The Post* for two and one half years and was one of our most promising young editors. He will be sorely missed.

The Cover. The ubiquitous transistor radio cannot be escaped, says artist **James Williamson** as he depicts a weekending collegian violating the sacrosanct quiet of a mythical university club. Williamson (Yale '23) admits to having taken a few artistic liberties with the coats of arms around the fireplace. Clockwise from lower left: Grinnell, Stanford, Brown, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Navy, Tulane, Cornell, Michigan, and Columbia.

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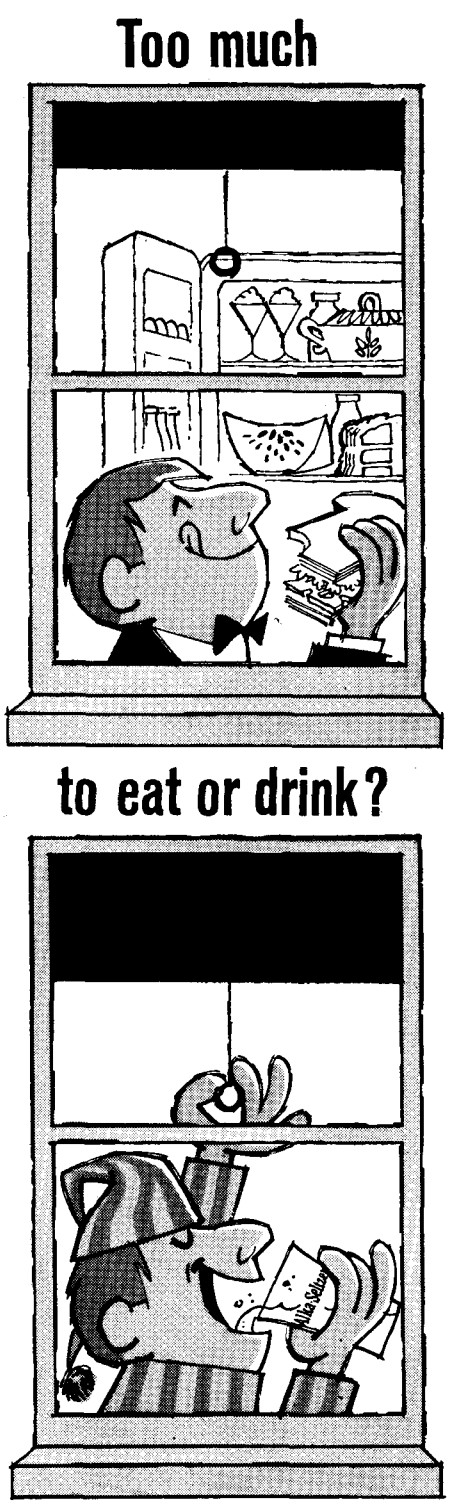


LETTERS

The Truth About Bobby?

Dear Sirs:

Brother Bobby's article has a wonderful title [THE WORLD NEEDS THE TRUTH ABOUT AMERICA, Aug. 25–Sept. 1] to which I subscribe heartily, but his whole story strays off into a political plug for the New Frontier on a worldwide basis. I was in Tokyo when Bobby arrived, and remained long after he left, doing what we businessmen do, quietly selling Americanism and American products to Japanese associates. You have to live with the people, learn their customs, make friends with them. Some of us have spent more time waiting for our bags to clear customs than Bobby spent in Japan.

LEE EBERHARDT
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

The article by Attorney General Kennedy is most commendable, and I hope it presages some of that famous "Kennedy forward movement" about which we read so much these days.

THEODORE JEROME
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

This article is a typical example of the flimsy, superficial and uninformed judgments that influence U.S. foreign policy.

CARLOS LLAMBI-CAMPBELL
Argentina

Dear Sirs:

Robert Kennedy's article was the best I have ever read. It not only showed our problems with the Communists but set forth ways in which we can combat their lies. Thank you for a fine magazine and for printing such a worthwhile article.

MARILYN SHARE
Fostoria, Ohio

The Battle Over Medicare

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial on our national domestic issues [THE PRESIDENT AND THE CONGRESS, Aug. 25–Sept. 1] makes a practical analysis and comes up with practical conclusions. Congress is going to pass Medicare sooner or later and, despite the A.M.A.'s cries of outrage, the Social Security approach is the practical way to finance medical care for the aged.

JAMES E. HILLEY
Macon, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

Has it ever occurred to you that Congress is only following the will of the people by not passing more social-reform legislation?

MYRON J. BASSO
Palo Alto, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Social Security is probably the most evil thing which ever happened to the United States, and Medicare is almost as evil. Both are absolutely and unequivocally contrary to what the framers of our Constitution intended.

LUCIAN TOUCHSTONE
Dallas, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

It is hard to imagine Benjamin Franklin demanding that the Government pay his medical bills in his old age.

A. R. TOMLINSON
Florence, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial omits one very important point. Congress is full of men who would have been retired from important jobs in business 15 to 20 years ago. These were good men in their day, but they have no instinctive feeling for today's world, and they will never understand the program of a 45-year-old President, no matter what his party.

GERTRUDE MARTINEZ
Wellington, Colo.

Sam's Dam

Dear Sirs:

Your excellent article on Lake Texoma [WATER-HOLE WONDERLAND, by Evan Hill, Aug. 25–Sept. 1] failed to mention the name of the man who brought this great project about: the late Sam Rayburn, former Speaker of the House of Representatives.

JULIAN H. SALOMON
Suffern, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Your writer ignored the obvious fact that you can't have a full reservoir and an empty one at the same time; flood control requires a low water level, whereas sportsmen demand high water.

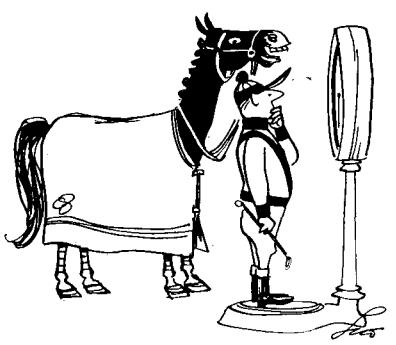
ELMER T. PETERSON
Westminster, Calif.

● *Says author Hill: "You are right. The sportsmen do not like this very much, but it has not kept them away from the lake."—ED.*

Oats for Lunch?

Dear Sirs:

Jockey Eric Guerin's article on dieting [DON'T TELL ME ABOUT DIETS, as



told to Jimmy Breslin, Aug. 25–Sept. 1] is crammed with good, sound horse sense.

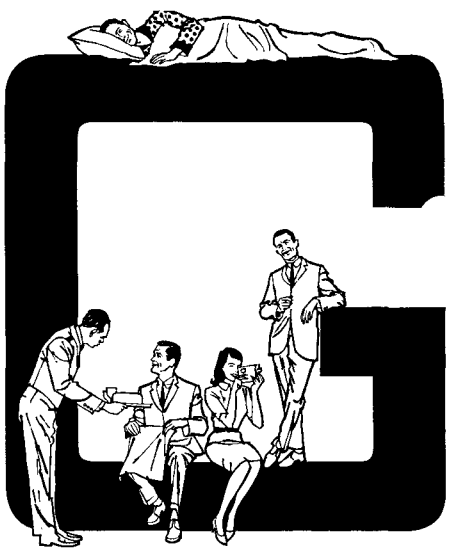
BARBARA ETRA-OHSMAN
Mankato, Minn.

Praise for the Pastor

Dear Sirs:

I was both surprised and delighted to read the excellent article on the Rev. Abraham Akaka, HAWAII'S HUSTLING SHEPHERD [by Frank J. Taylor, Aug. 25–Sept. 1]. Well do I remember his beautiful and moving devotions delivered at the general synod of the United Church of Christ, in Philadelphia, back in July, 1961. Thank you for such an informative background on his life and spirit.

EDWARD A. PUFF, PASTOR
United Church of Christ
Dayton, Ohio



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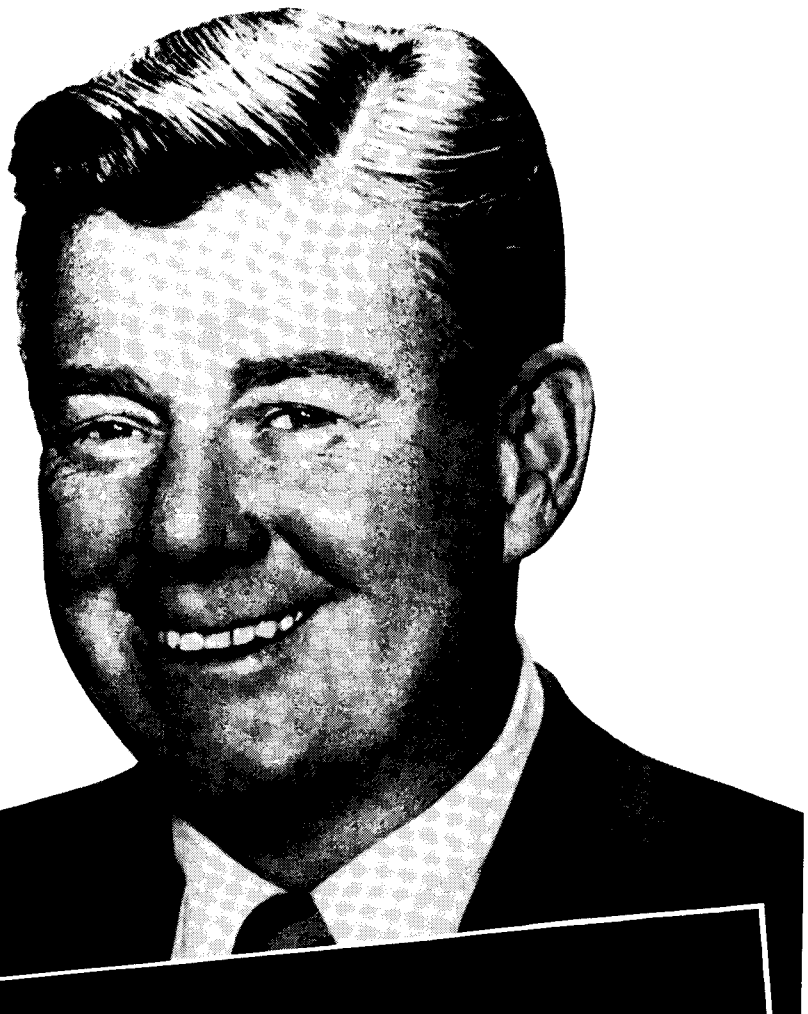

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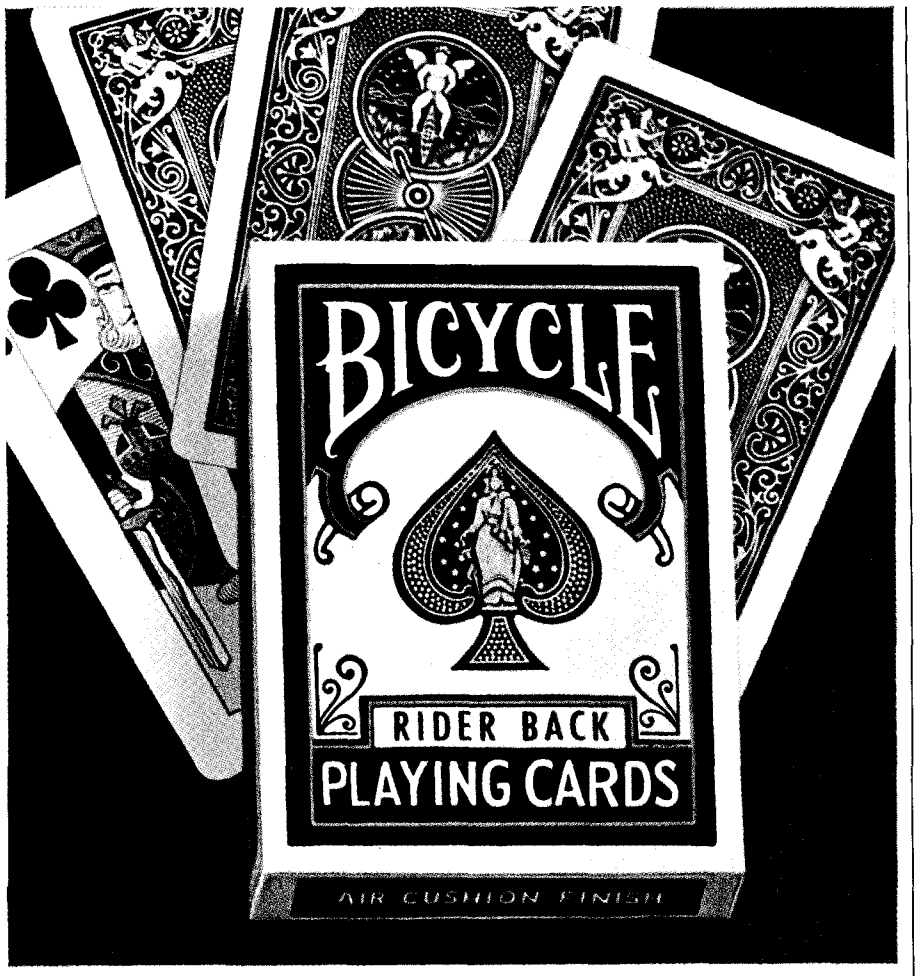
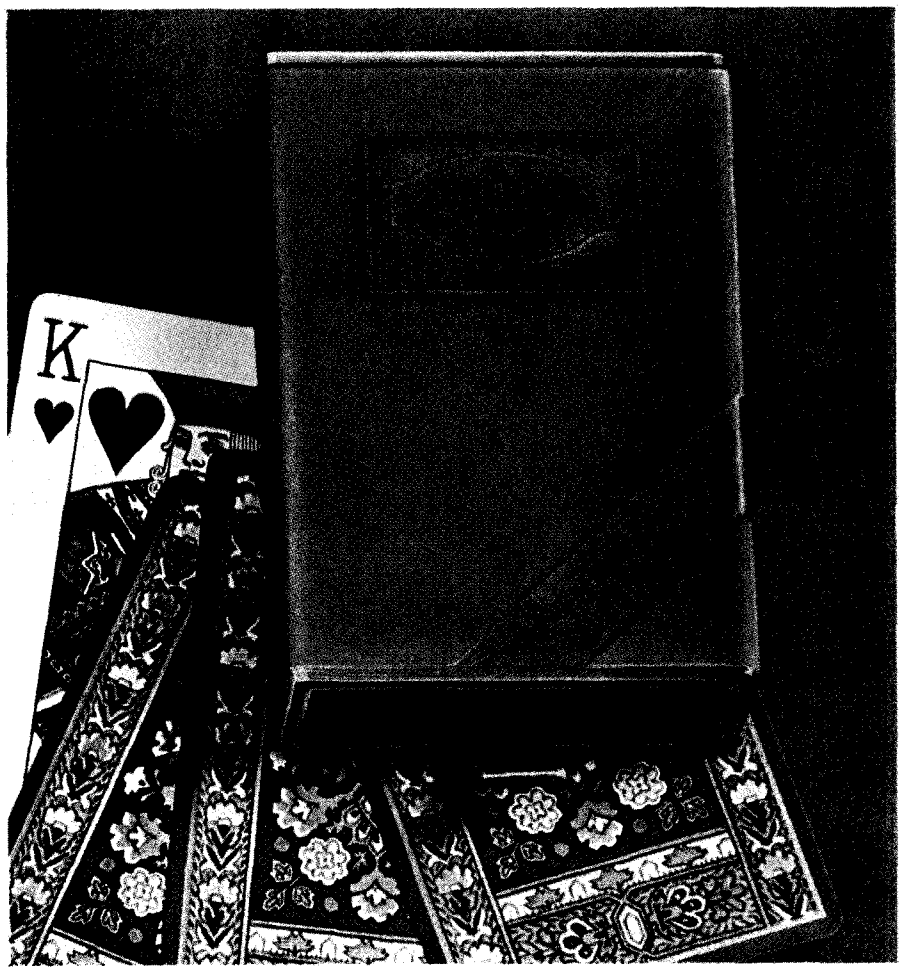


CARDS

THAT PLAY AS WELL AS THEY LOOK



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LETTERS

Probing Doctor Bergler

Dear Sirs:

The author of MERRILY WE PROBE ALONG [Ralph Schoenstein, Aug. 25–Sept. 1] might have found temporary personal satisfaction in attempting to reduce to absurdity the entire science of psychoanalysis. He has, however, committed a serious injustice upon your readers who might not be aware that this travesty is filled with distortions, inaccuracies and misrepresentations.

Ralph Schoenstein attributes to the late Dr. Edmund Bergler many statements that are either out of context or muddled conglomerations of antipsychoanalytic propaganda that is so popular with journalistic comedians.

In *The Writer and Psychoanalysis*, Doctor Bergler's great contribution to understanding of the creative process, unconscious motivations of artistic production are carefully and extensively analyzed. It is unpardonable levity to give the impression that Dr. Bergler ever said the need to write "is abnormal."

FRANK RAY RIFKIN, *Chairman*
Edmund Bergler Psychiatric Foundation
New York, N.Y.

● *Says author Schoenstein: "In* The Writer and Psychoanalysis, *Doctor Bergler says 'normal' does not suit the writer. It is like hot snow or fragrant putrefaction. I have never encountered a normal writer, either in my office or private life. I doubt if anyone has met such a phenomenon as a normal writer. Normal people just can't feel impelled to write. . . . I have seen a great deal of neurotics. The most depressed and pitiful lot has been that of writers."*—ED.

Cheers for the Cover

Dear Sirs:

Being a father of four, I was deeply touched by the cover on the Aug. 25–Sept. 1 *Post*. This poignant little drama, so eloquently captured by Amos Sewell, reminded me of how often I must have fallen short of their expectations.

VERNE F. HARRI
South Pasadena, Calif.

Two Views on Mitchum

Dear Sirs:

This is to congratulate you and thank Mr. Bill Davidson for his fine story on Robert Mitchum [THE MANY MOODS OF ROBERT MITCHUM] in the Aug. 25–Sept. 1 issue. He has been one of my favorite actors for as long as I can remember, and I am delighted that some magazine has at last had the courage to write about him truthfully.

SANDRA GUGLIOTTA
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Glorifying Hollywood figures is surely a malfunction of a national magazine of reputation. Surely this kind of fulsome material could well be left to the so-called movie fan magazines; to the average reader, not enamored of the wild antics of the movie colony, such articles are nauseous in the extreme.

A. FRASER REID
Vancouver, B.C.

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The Genial Pontiff

The Battle Inside the
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Parents Who Maul Children

T.C.U.'s Coach Abe Martin

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SPEAKING OUT

We're Cheating Our Children

A parent-sponsored junior rat race has warped the meaning of childhood.

By BETSY FANCHER

Gowned in crisp white organdy, her hair in a lacquered beehive, the graduate of an Atlanta charm school glided across the stage and with an exquisite curtsy accepted her diploma.

In a fifteen-week course costing $100, she had acquired the social graces and had become well versed in skin care, personal grooming, posture and the delicate art of entering a room effectively. Also, according to her instructors, she had learned "telephone technique, table manners and courtesy to elders."

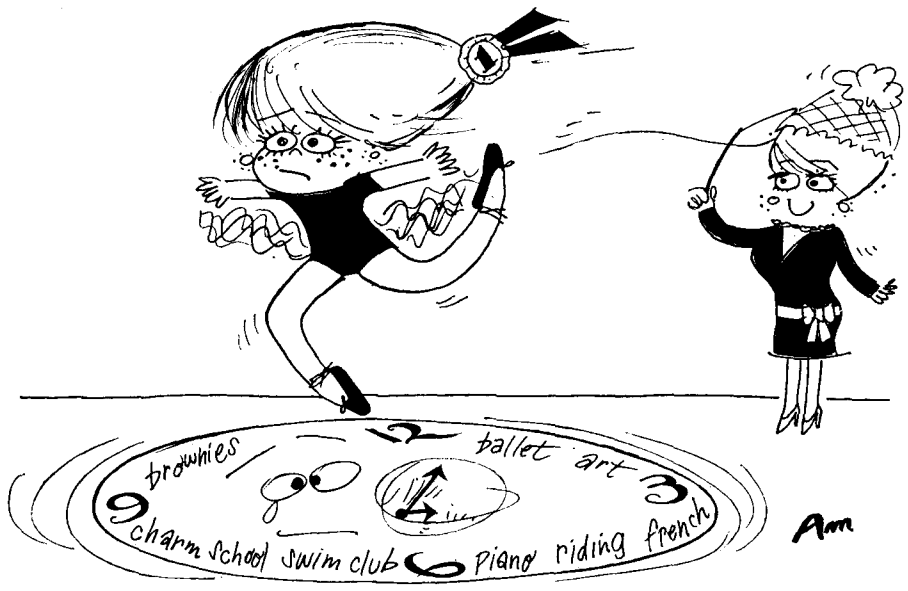
She was four years old.

And she already was being groomed for the junior rat race—the endless round of parties, special classes and club meetings which consume the rigidly scheduled after-school hours of our young and keep their little date books brimful of appointments.

Gone—long gone—are the idle days of youth. Sandlot baseball has given way to the high-pressure competition of the Little League. The enchanted age of dolls and fancy dress is now the time when girls must bethink themselves of poise—with a capital *P*. And the leisure, the freedom and the incalculable magic of childhood are being lost in an endless maze of planned activity.

In our efforts to provide "all the advantages," we have produced the busiest, most competitive, highly pressured and overorganized generation of youngsters in history—and probably the unhappiest. As the mother of three daughters, I have had ample opportunity to observe the junior rat race firsthand, and I've concluded—not without bitterness—that, if every five-year-old could be given a miniature car and a driver's license, the institution of motherhood could be abolished altogether.

Not that I object to any of the myriad activities which absorb our young. Lessons in piano, French and ballet would polish and stimulate my grade-school daughters. My four-year-old, who has an abominable telephone technique and conceives of skin care as a dash of mud on each cheek, would certainly benefit from a good stiff charm course. And if I had a son, I would swell with pride to see him come up to bat and strike a homer for our neighborhood Little League.



Not a Minute to Waste

But the number of activities which crowd the calendars of our busy progeny horrifies me. This mania for scheduling every minute of every day is madness. Not only are we robbing our children of the precious gift of childhood, we are denying them the freedom they need to be themselves, to fulfill their creative impulses and develop their own inner resources.

And in our arrogant efforts to mastermind whatever they do, we are infecting their wholesome activities with the cutthroat competitiveness and the shabby win-or-else complex of the adult jungle. Recently I watched a ten-year-old strike out in a local Little League game. Shoulders slumped, head bowed, he was leaving the field in the brutal glare of a spotlight when his coach seized him by the shoulders and loudly upbraided him for "losing the game for us." That ended one contest designed to promote fair play and sportsmanship among the young.

"Talk about good sportsmanship!" one parent said to me. "My boy has become an outrageously bad sport since he joined the Little League. When his team loses, he comes home, shuts himself up in his room and won't speak to anybody for hours. His coach is a little dictator, but then he's got all the parents pressuring him to win."

I have heard the father of a Gray-Y football player complain that his boy never just "loses." Says this man about his son: "He'll tell me he was 'robbed' or 'gypped' or that the officials were a bunch of 'cheaters.'"

Competitive Cub Scouting

And a Cub Scout mother told me: "One den is always pitted against another. They have to compete in everything. It's not really the boys' fault. The trouble lies with the leaders and the other grown-ups who get involved."

Little League, Gray-Y and the Scouts claim a lion's share of time in the jam-packed schedules of boys caught up in the junior rat race. And in themselves, they're excellent. They stand squarely beside God, Mother and Country in the minds of most Americans—and rightly so. Who, for instance, could overlook the obvious advantages of the Little League, with its trim uniforms, its manicured baseball diamonds, its stringent training and professional umpires?

And yet, at times I wax nostalgic for the careless, carefree days of sandlot ball. I wonder if the boys really want to be so completely organized. I grow weary of watching beery, bubble-gutted fathers exhorting their sensitive and dreamy little boys to make the all-star team. I detest the implicit snob appeal of juvenile baseball today. I wonder how many youngsters are being induced to play the right game with the right team for the right reasons by parents whose sole idea of recreation is to be dunked in the right swimming pool.

The plight of little girls is even worse. Pushed by flinty-eyed mothers, who realize the elite kindergarten car group is the first step to the Junior Cotillion, they are primed, groomed and schooled from the moment they're out of diapers.

The Mad, Mad Junior Whirl

Ballet on Monday, French on Tuesday, Brownies on Wednesday, piano on Thursday and horseback riding on Friday—thus do the precious and irretrievable days of little-girlhood slip by. The harried station-wagon set is whisked breathlessly from one "advantage" to another; their wardrobes rival those of their mothers, and they are more socially sophisticated than Zsa Zsa Gabor.

A pediatrician told me his fourth-grade patients come in wearing lipstick, powder, garter belts, stockings, heels and bras—"which they damn well don't need." By eleven, they are dating on Saturday nights, and at seventeen, jaded and worldly wise, they wearily succumb to marriage—a marriage whose chance of failure is five times as great as one contracted in the mid-twenties.

But this is only one result of the junior rat race. Tension is causing a

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Betsy Fancher, a former newspaperwoman, is the wife of an Atlanta attorney and the stepmother of three subteen-age girls whom she is determined to save from the junior rat race.

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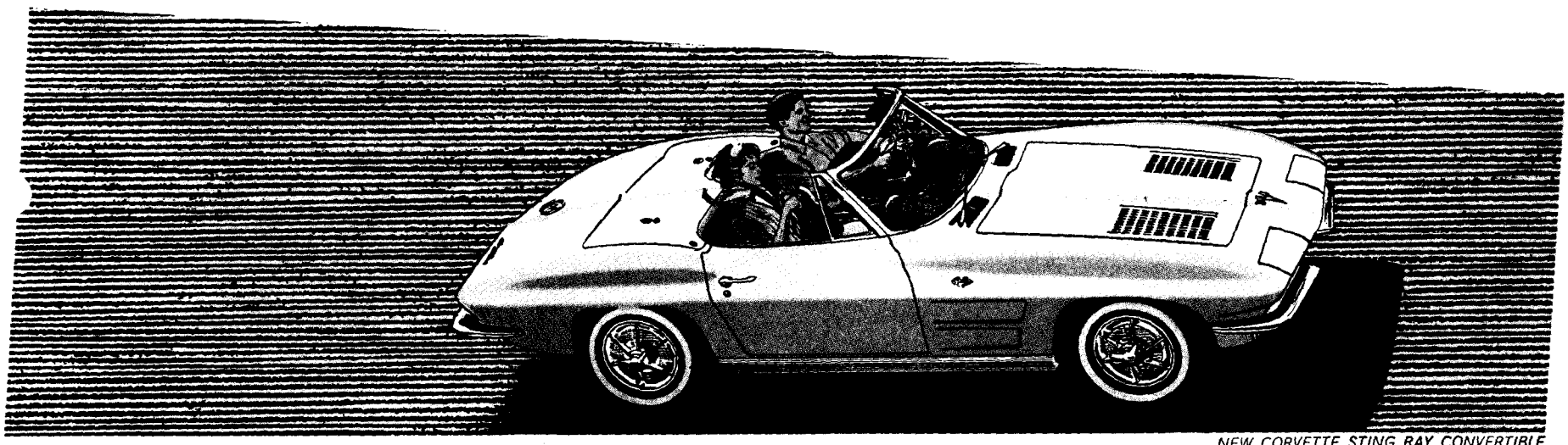

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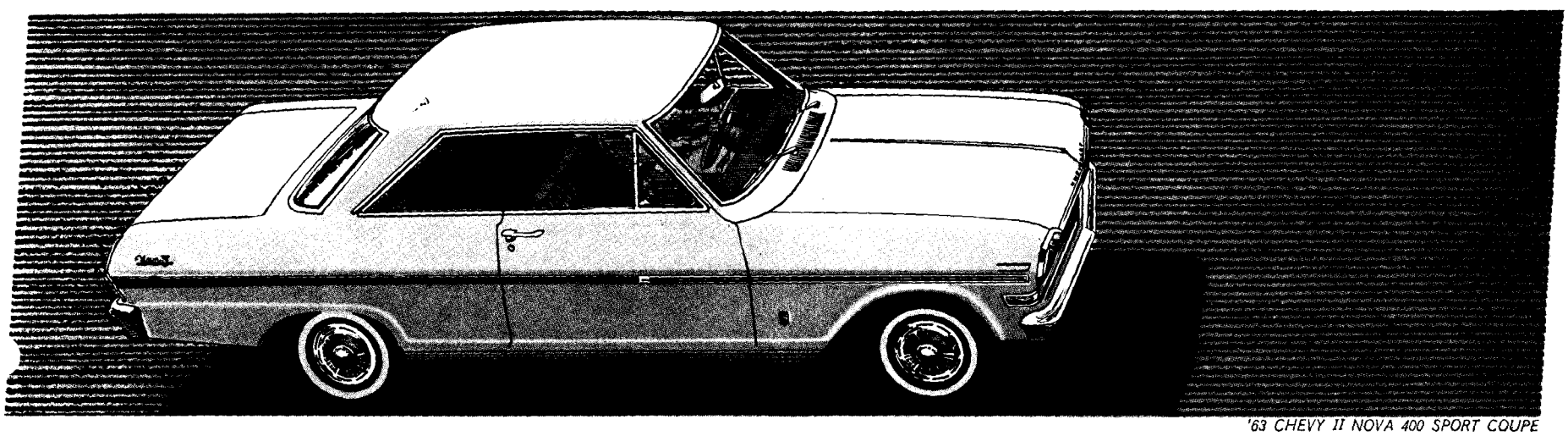
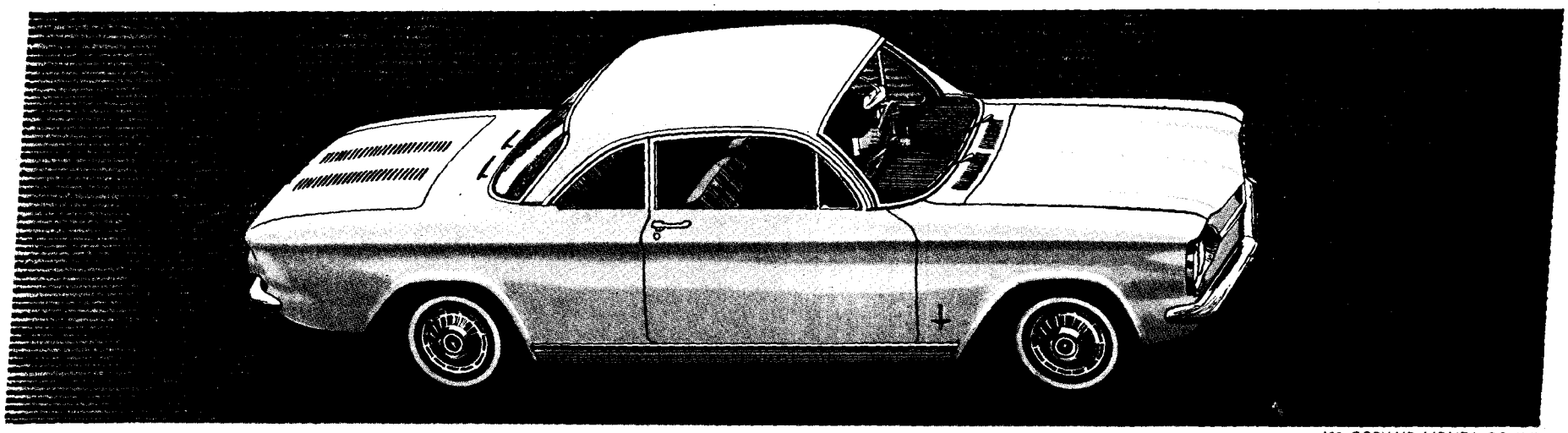
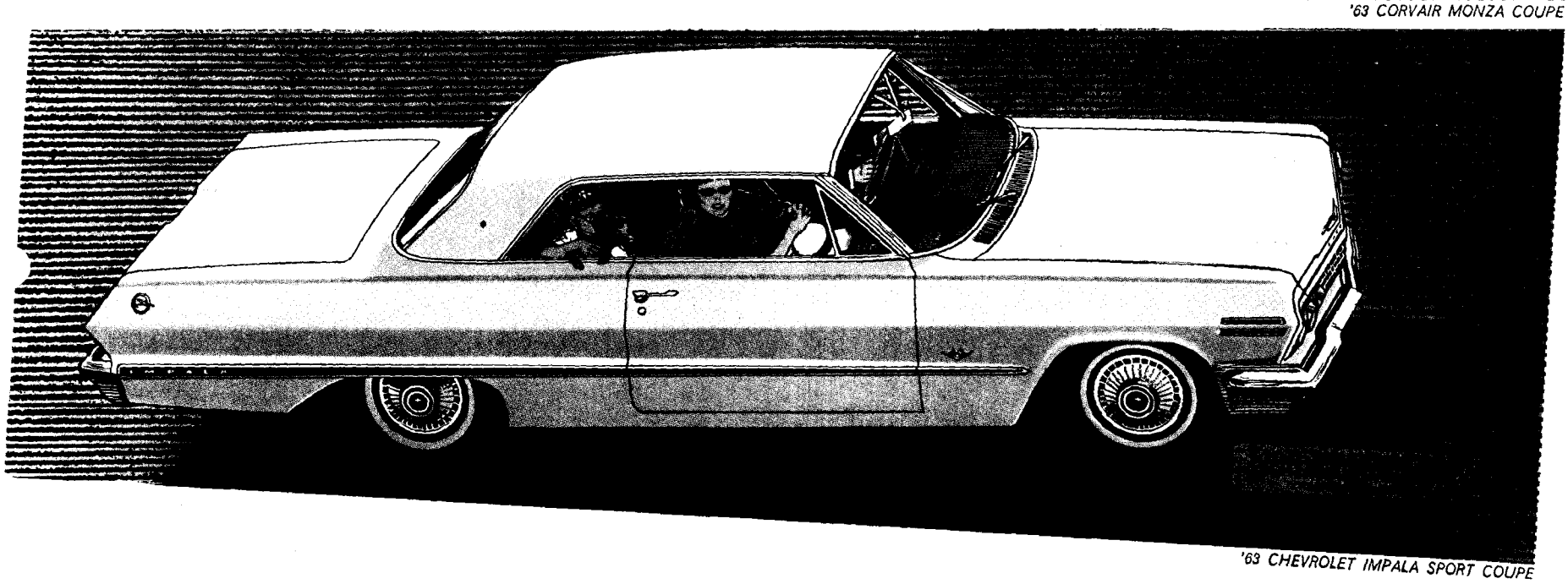


'63 CHEVY II NOVA 400 SPORT COUPE



'63 CORVAIR MONZA COUPE



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CHEVROLET

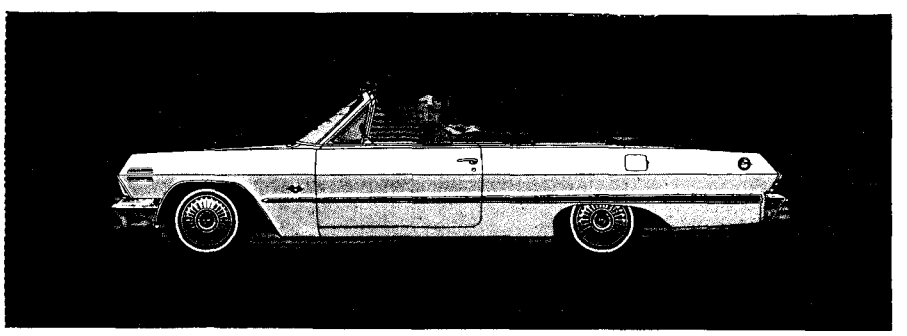
IT'S EXCITING!

'63 CHEVROLET IMPALA SPORT SEDAN

GO JET-SMOOTH '63 CHEVROLET

If it didn't say Chevrolet on the flanks of the superb automobile you see here, you'd have a hard time proving that it's a low-priced car. ■ Its styling is strictly first-cabin; its interior is more luxurious than most living rooms; it rides like a limousine and performs with the smoothness and silence that used to be limited strictly to cars for the very rich. ■ In addition to the good things you see and feel, there's a host of refinements that you may never notice, except that they'll keep your Chevrolet looking and running like a new car when a lot of others have started to sag and sigh. ■ Fisher Body with air-washed rust-cheating rocker panels for one, self-adjusting brakes for another, and the Delcotron generator to help you have an always-ready supply of electricity and lengthen the life of your battery. ■ If you ever wondered why Chevrolet leads the field, a drive in this '63 should answer all your questions.

'63 CHEVROLET BEL AIR STATION WAGON



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It's Chevy Showtime '63! – See the Go Show at Your Chevrolet Showroom

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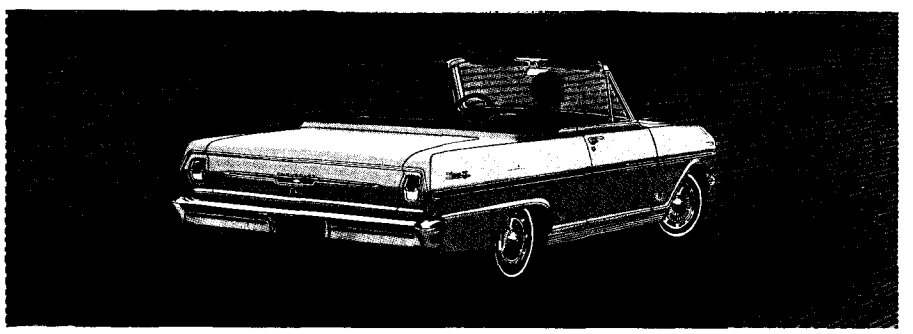
'63 CHEVY II NOVA 4-DOOR SEDAN

GO '63 CHEVY II

Hard as it may be to believe, this year's Chevy II is better, better than last year's and better than anything in its class. ■ It shares all of the new car-saving easy-care features of the big Chevrolet and combines them with its own wonderful attributes of parkable size, four- or six-cylinder fuel economy and interiors that'd do justice to cars that cost twice as much as Chevy II with half the charm. ■ Last year Chevy II arrived to give you, the buyer, a broader range of Chevrolet makes and models to choose from. ■ It captured the fancy of the American public in no time at all and made a permanent place for itself with its sparkling performance, nickel-nursing economy, low price, and interior comfort. ■ Yes sir, if you want maximum comfort and performance at minimum cash outlay and upkeep and a choice of 10 models that includes a sporty convertible, you're talking about the Chevy II for 1963!

'63 CHEVY II NOVA 400 STATION WAGON



'63 CHEVY II NOVA 400 CONVERTIBLE

It's Chevy Showtime '63! – See the Go Show at Your Chevrolet Showroom

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As dramatic to drive as it is to admire, the new Corvette Sting Ray is now available in a two-seater coupe or traditional convertible. ■ Both models feature a more torsionally rigid, light chassis, independent rear suspension, retractable headlights, and bigger self-adjusting brakes. Extra-cost options include knock-off aluminum wheels, Fuel Injection, a choice of Powerglide or a four-speed Synchro-Mesh transmission and Positraction. ■ The new Corvette Sting Ray is not only America's only true sports car, it's America's most advanced car, and it offers more genuine excitement per mile than any car of its kind. You may have to wait to get one, but it'll be worth the wait. Believe us! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

GO NEW CORVETTE—IT'S EXCITING!

NEW CORVETTE STING RAY SPORT COUPE

'63 CORVAIR MONZA SPYDER CONVERTIBLE

GO '63 CORVAIR—IT'S EXCITING!

Change it? Calm yourself, Corvair lover, nobody's going to mess with a winner like this one! Improve it, yes; we added self-adjusting brakes for your safety and convenience, and the muffler is more fully aluminized for longer life and corrosion resistance. ■ The interiors are refined some, and there are some trim changes on the front and the sides, but the rest of the car is pure untampered-with Corvair. It features all of the over-the-road goodness that you've come to expect from Corvair, and the optional-at-extra-cost Spyder equipment (150 horsepower) and knock-off wire wheels move it a shade closer to a true sports car; but that's all we did. ■ Oh yes, we changed the rings around the taillights so all the people you pass will know you're driving a '63.

CHEVROLET

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SPEAKING OUT

growing incidence of peptic ulcers in the young, according to a report read before the American Medical Association last year. The national suicide rate is higher among adolescents than any other age group, except the very old. The brooding withdrawal of overpressured, overorganized children is becoming a growing concern to Family Service societies throughout the country. And an increasing number of senseless and violent crimes is being committed by youngsters who have been given "every advantage."

Consider the psychologist's report on a fourteen-year-old boy indicted for stealing cars and instigating a wave of vandalism that rocked Atlanta's posh Northside. A son of wealthy, ambitious and presumably conscientious parents, the boy was gifted with a near-genius IQ. He had a brilliant scholastic record at a notably difficult private school, and he had excelled in a half dozen extracurricular activities, including baseball, music, boxing and church work.

"Both father and mother have pressured him to... excel in whatever he undertakes," said the court psychologist. "His entire life has been lived in a constant state of competition. This family is literally destroying one another by having to compete so desperately . . . that spiritual values have been lost or forgotten. The pace at which the family lives is frightening."

A similar analysis was made by a Family Service Society caseworker of a brilliant, but severely disturbed, eleven-year-old girl who had withdrawn from the real world in mute rebellion against the driving pressures of her parents. In the rigidly scheduled years of her childhood, she had mastered French, piano, organ, ballet, riding and art. But, confronted by a wonderland of toys in the society's playroom, she was pitifully confused—she didn't know how to play. "They have treated her as a grown-up, never allowing her to be a little girl," the caseworker told me.

America is often depicted as a vast nursery, presided over by child worshipers devoted to the slavish indulgence of the young. Probably there was never a nation of people so compulsively and nervously concerned with its children. Having accepted the crushing burden of guilt thrust upon us by a generation of parent-hating psychiatrists, we have meekly delivered our children over to the experts—the schoolteachers and football coaches, the directors of religious education and the scoutmasters, the choir leaders and the child-guidance clinics.

With wild and clumsy enthusiasm we encourage our children's meagerest talents. Let them bounce a ball or scratch a grubby design in the dust, and we lavish on them a king's ransom of equipment. Gladly we eschew our evening cocktail for the catcher's mitt, spend half our time chauffeuring them about, and the last hours of almost any day will find us whooping it up at the ball park or paying grim audience to some adolescent piano recital.

Americans do love their children! But childhood? There seems to be a mass movement against it. The bitterest epithet in our society is "immature." It was recently bestowed on my nephew who, as he put it, "goofed a test." This was in his first quarter in kindergarten.

An Atlanta pediatrician, Dr. Leroy Antrobus, states sadly that there is a mighty effort these days to turn children into miniature adults. He complains that children are behaving like adults, and adults like children, in households dedicated to the ultimate in togetherness.

Far be it from me to add one straw of guilt to the parental burden. Heaven knows, our intentions are good. We are forever insisting that "we want our children to have all the advantages we didn't have." Yet one advantage that the poorest of us had was some freedom to be ourselves, to explore the mysterious world around us, to follow our whims and indulge our enthusiasm for the sheer joy of it.

The busiest of us had time to chase butterflies or catch lightning bugs, to climb trees or just lie in a clover field watching a cloud-blown sky.

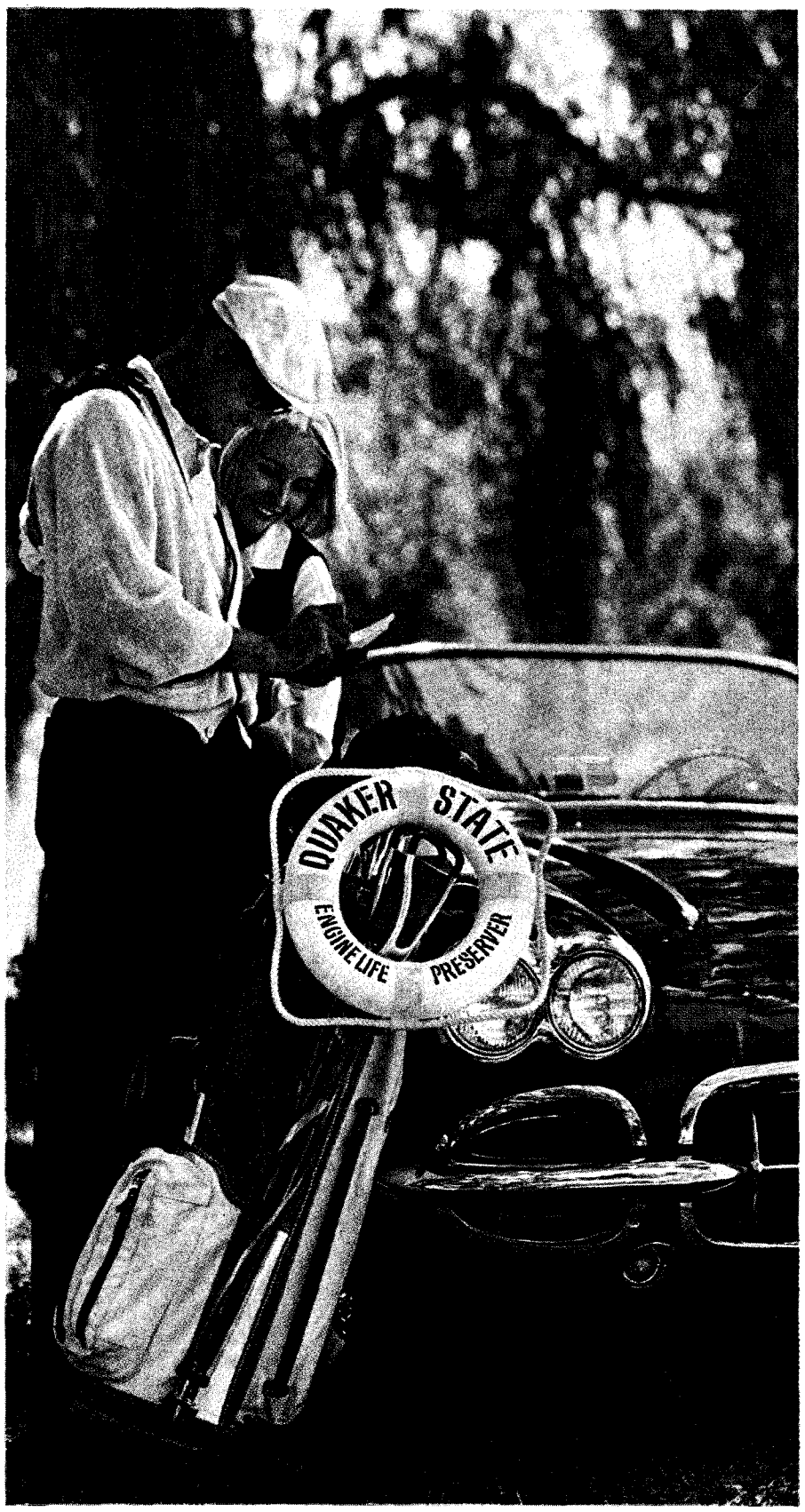
Survival Training

The really tough-minded pushers behind the junior rat race explain roughly: "It's a tough world out there; by damn, it's a jungle, and I'm going to teach my boy how to get along in it." I suppose this also represents good intentions of a sort.

Actually, however, I suspect the junior rat race really results from the fact that too often our children have become extensions of our own egos—human status symbols in whose bright light we may preen ourselves. We dream of the day our son will become the toastmaster of his Rotary Club, and the time when our daughter will be ushered into the rarefied regions of the Junior League. In other words, we're bent on producing a generation just like ourselves—only more so. And we're in terrible danger of succeeding.

The talents of many a tender, sensitive, contemplative child—a fledgling poet, or potential artist—will not survive the junior rat race. Others, gifted with more active thyroids and stronger nervous systems, probably will prevail and go on to become the sort of well-rounded supersouls who run our communities with a high hand. By and large I fear that the rat race will produce a wretched issue.

Our one hope for this beleaguered globe is that our youth will outshine us in the ways that really matter—that they will be builders of great buildings, tellers of great tales, singers of great songs and beholders of visions more wondrous than any we have ever known. The one real advantage we can give them is a climate of love, understanding and guidance in which to grow—and the time and freedom to grow as tall as they will. **THE END**



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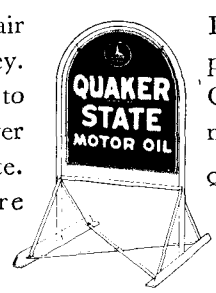
always use the best engine life preserver – Quaker State

If your motor oil doesn't give your car complete protection, then what? Your car goes into the repair shop and it costs you money. That's why it pays always to get the best engine life preserver —years-ahead Quaker State. Refined from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, it lubricates better and lasts longer! Insist on the best engine life preserver—Quaker State Motor Oil. It's the best motor oil your money can buy. *QSORC, 1962



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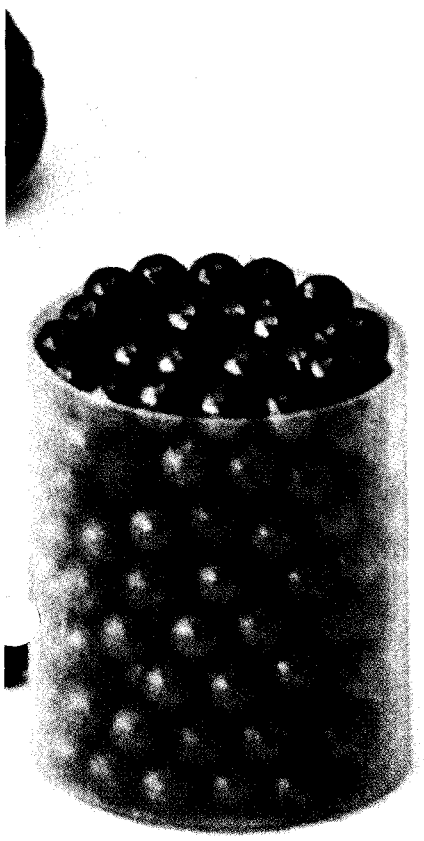

Little Collar is big news

Hailed as the greatest development in shotshell history, Winchester-Western's radical new "shot collar" gets more shot on target at longer range than ever before.

This collar, the first major addition to the shotshell in 17 years, is creating a minor revolution.

Inside the bright red Mark 5 shell, loose shot is held together by a tiny band of polyethylene. This collar stays around the shot until after it leaves the muzzle.

As hunters and trapshooters know, the longer shot stays together after it leaves the barrel, the more shot gets on target. You get a denser pattern . . . not a smaller pattern but a denser one *out where it counts.* This makes for more effective shooting at much longer ranges.

But something else happens when you fire a shotgun. Inside the barrel, nearly half the shot streaks along in contact with the sides. Even the most scrupulously manufactured shot becomes distorted from the friction and drops by the wayside.

By protecting the shot and carrying it cleanly through the barrel, this remarkable little collar practically eliminates friction-distortion. More of the shot stays in shape, stays together, and ends up where it belongs: on target. Winchester-Western's ballistics scientists call it "the best-performing long range shotshell in history."

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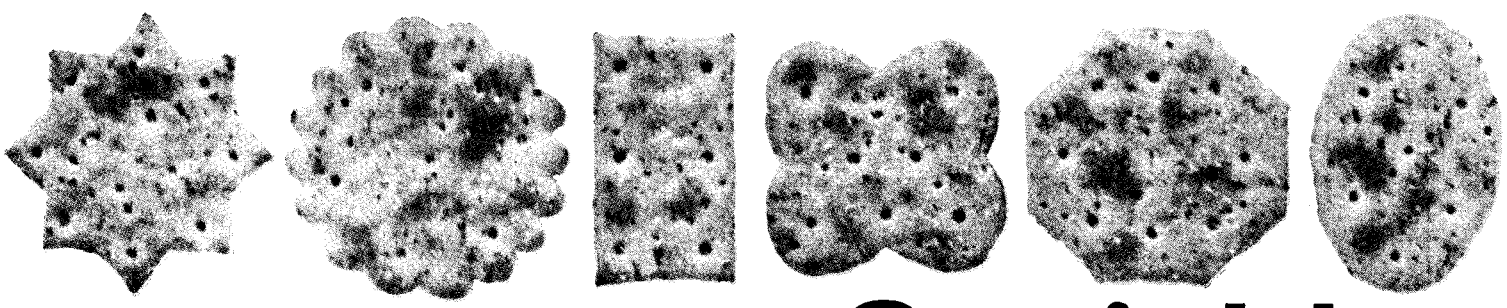

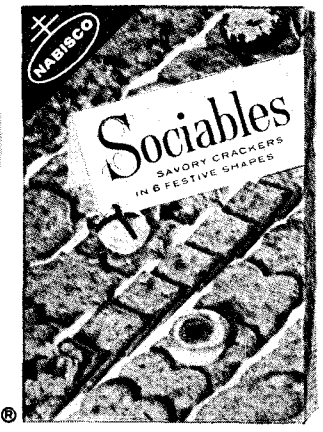

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

Patients for Profit

High-powered promotion, limited services and pursuit of the fast buck are bringing many proprietary hospitals under attack.

By ALICE LAKE

In June of last year the moviegoing public was shocked by the news of Jeff Chandler's unexpected death following a spinal-disc operation in a California hospital. The immediate cause of death was listed as "shock and peripheral vascular collapse," but one of the contributing causes was a staphylococcic infection. Now "hospital staph" infections are hard to prevent even in the most carefully run institutions, but in the uproar following Chandler's death the California Bureau of Hospitals decided to look into the matter.

The results were even more shocking. The hospital, a fully accredited institution in suburban Los Angeles then known as the Culver City Hospital, was cited for 23 violations of the hospital code. These included unsatisfactory methods of sterilization in the surgical department and uncleanliness in kitchen and eating utensils. Chandler's estate sued the hospital and the movie star's doctors for $1,500,000, settling for $233,000. The hospital changed its name to Memorial Hospital of Southern California and, after a temporary drop in business, started to prosper again.

Culver City—or Memorial Hospital of Southern California—is what is known as a "proprietary" hospital. As it is accredited, it is one of the better ones. Proprietary hospitals, as opposed to Government institutions or voluntary hospitals, are established to make a profit. And they do—but often at the expense of the patient.

If you live in an area of rapid growth, with prospering neighbors who carry health insurance, you may already have a proprietary hospital in your neighborhood. If not, you will attract one.

Institutions of this type promise such high earnings on capital investment that many are erected by real-estate operators. Many of these hospitals invite the practice of substandard medicine and unethical business conduct. Some, of course, ably fill a genuine need in their communities. But others spring up in areas already served by public hospitals, struggling to serve the entire community, and by needless competition threaten to ruin them.

Closed by publicity: Bixby Knolls Community Hospital, near Long Beach, Calif. Owners were indicted on charges involving lax operation.

"This group of hospitals (proprietaries) in general," says Dr. Ray E. Trussell, New York City's commissioner of hospitals, "has the weakest staffing patterns and the lowest percentage of accreditation. They do not maintain emergency rooms, clinics or wards, since they are built for a profit-producing purpose."

Only a decade ago hospital experts predicted that proprietary hospitals would soon die out. They were referring to small, service-minded institutions dotted throughout rural areas, and they were right. "But," says Susan Jenkins, executive director of the Kansas City Area Hospital Association, "there are distinct differences between the old-time proprietary hospital, built by a little group of doctors to serve a community, and this new breed that goes in for high-powered promotion, limited services and the fast buck."

The proprietaries are one of three kinds of hospitals upon which the nation's sick depend for medical care. Government institutions, under Federal, state, county or city ownership, serve mental patients, war veterans, members of the armed services and the indigent. A second group, voluntary hospitals, serves the public—those who can pay and often those who can't. These are nonprofit corporations. They include university hospitals, hospitals maintained by religious denominations or charitable groups, and institutions organized by public-spirited citizens to serve their community. The third type, the proprietary, is owned by individuals or a profit-seeking corporation.

According to American Hospital Association figures for 1960, there are 848 proprietary hospitals operating in the United States, compared to 3305 voluntary, nonprofit hospitals. Because many profit institutions prefer not to be listed in A.H.A. records, the actual number of proprietaries is probably about 1000. In 1960 more

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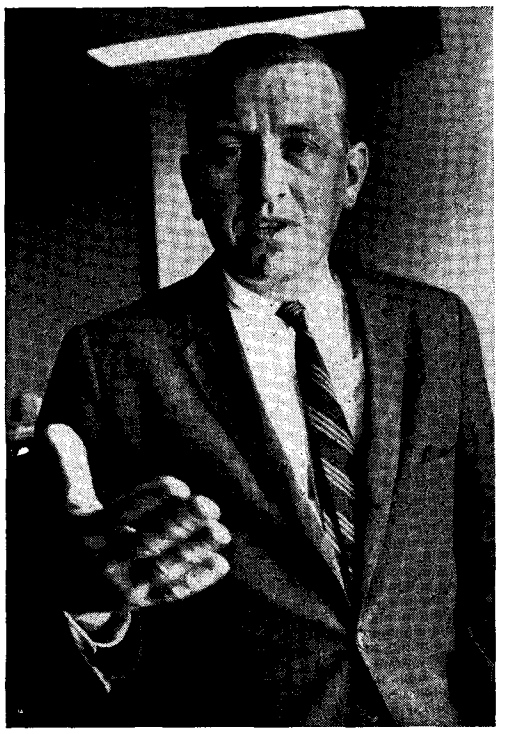
"Dollar for dollar, most proprietary hospitals offer less—and the patient seldom realizes it."



President of Blue Cross, Walter J. McNerney, threatens a crackdown on moneymaking schemes of hospitals.

than 1,500,000 persons—one of every ten who went to a non-Government hospital—spent their hospital dollar in proprietary institutions.

Booming California, fast becoming our most populous state, had only a handful of profit hospitals at the war's end, now leads the country with 141—exceeding voluntary hospitals by 41. In New York City one of every four paying patients now goes to a profit hospital. In Queens County, New York, the ratio is one out of two. On populous Long Island the number of profit hospitals has tripled in the past 15 years. Dallas and its suburbs had a bare dozen proprietary hospitals in 1956. There are now 32. In the Houston area the number has swelled from 21 to 38 in the past six years.

Hospital people to whom I have spoken in more than a dozen states—directors of hospital associations, Blue Cross executives, hospital administrators and Government officials who license hospitals—feel that the current spurt in proprietary-hospital construction raises questions about public health and the prices paid for hospital care.

Their concern is partly justified by the findings of the Columbia University School of Public Health, which recently completed the first extensive study of the quality of medical care in New York hospitals. The study was prepared at the request of Teamster Joint Council No. 16 and Management Hospitalization Trust Fund, a labor-management group formed to assess the care received by 500,000 New York teamsters and their families.

Medical records of 283 patients who went to 101 hospitals were submitted to a panel of seven outstanding doctors. The doctors rated each case on a basis of whether care was excellent, good, fair or poor. They made these findings:

- Only 39 percent of the patients treated in proprietary hospitals received good or excellent care, compared to 64 percent of those who went to voluntary or Government hospitals. One fifth of all patients received poor care, but in the profit hospitals the poor-care ratio rose to almost one out of two.
- One in five patients admitted to profit hospitals for medical care did not need hospitalization at all.
- Half of the hysterectomies performed in profit hospitals were unnecessary, or the need was questionable, compared to one out of five for the voluntary hospitals.

A few months ago I observed proprietary-hospital treatment of a member of my own family. My brother-in-law, stricken with a heart attack, was rushed to the nearest hospital, a 43-bed proprietary, in New York City. I visited him there three days later. Smoke from the floor nurse's cigarette curled upward toward the NO SMOKING sign on the wall. My brother-in-law's room looked like an enlarged broom closet. At his bedside was a small hand bell to summon aid, instead of the usual electric call button. Its tinkle competed for attention with the pay telephone which shrilled outside his door.

Often these medical hotels are built by real-estate operators wherever the prospects look good, then are usually leased to a group of doctors. Sixty-six doctors have shares in one Long Island hospital; fifty in a California institution. The investment often runs high. One hospital of 220 beds built recently cost $4,500,000. But profits can be juicy—25 percent or more on invested capital, according to a top Blue Cross official.

To a young community, the prospect of a "free" hospital looks dazzling. Raising the money and building a nonprofit hospital can take up to 10 years. A real-estate operator can take over the entire job, and in two to three years hand over the hospital, lock and key, to a group of local doctors. No sweat, no sacrifice, and the community has the hospital it wants.

They Duck Many Community Needs

But does such a hospital meet community needs? Hospital experts say no. "This type of operation runs counter to the community's long-range interest," says Dr. Karl S. Klicka, executive director of the Hospital Planning Council for Metropolitan Chicago.

A nonprofit hospital serves rich and poor, all the community's sick. For outpatients who cannot afford a doctor's fee it offers clinic care at cost, or less. It treats the accident victim whether he can pay or not. Often it trains nurses, interns and residents, and carries on important research.

Out of these multiple functions, proprietary hospitals select only those which make money. They rarely run low-cost clinics. They rarely conduct research. They seldom train either doctors or nurses.

Many proprietary hospitals duck emergency service whenever they can. Policemen learn which hospitals don't welcome accident victims. "The police ambulance brought in a man with a severe head injury the other day," one Long Island hospital administrator told me. "The driver had stopped first at a proprietary hospital, but a doctor there took one look at the unconscious victim and waved the ambulance on. When a man's unconscious, I suppose they can't tell whether he carries Blue Cross."

Most proprietary hospitals do not maintain wards for the indigent and seldom admit a patient who is unable to pay his bill. Their collection rate runs 98 percent, compared to 75 percent for the voluntaries.

Why, as the New York teamster report reveals, is substandard care more likely in a hospital run for profit? "The best medicine is practiced," a Blue Cross official told me, "when someone is looking over the doctor's shoulder." Normally it is other doctors who look over shoulders, policing their hospitals against medical incompetence and dishonesty. They screen prospective staff members. They limit them to functions for which they are qualified. They check frequently on each doctor's performance.

Financial Interests Come First

But in many proprietary hospitals nobody looks over the doctor's shoulder. The major supervisory plums—chief of staff, chief of surgery—are likely to go to the man who has a substantial financial interest in the hospital.

Medical records—the detailed medical biography of each patient—are the heart of a hospital's self-policing function. In a nonprofit hospital these records are under constant scrutiny. In profit hospitals the attitude is likely to be more casual. I saw the result of such an attitude in a proprietary hospital where one doctor had failed to complete his records on over 200 patients. Without records, no one could check on the adequacy of his care.

Some hospitals go through the motions of keeping records, but only honor them with a cursory glance. A "tissue committee," composed of staff doctors, is a hospital's guardian against unnecessary surgery. If the tissue removed in an appendectomy turns out to be normal, it's the tissue committee which asks the doctor why he operated.

In one new hospital I looked over the minutes of the tissue committee's meetings. These groups normally meet once a month, but in this hospital the committee met in November and then in February, a three-month gap. The minutes of one meeting were three paragraphs long. They simply stated that all tissue had been examined and no discrepancy found between pre- and post-operative diagnoses in any case.

"That's preposterous," a surgeon told me later. "Nearly a thousand operations must have been performed during those three months. Even the best hospital would turn up a dozen cases in which normal tissue was removed by design or in error."

An active medical staff and thorough medical records are basic to the standards set by the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals, organized medicine's own watchdog. Sponsored by the American College of Physicians, the American College of Surgeons, the American Hospital Association and the American Medical Association, the commission surveys hospitals of 25 beds or more at the hospitals' request and certifies them if they live up to standards. Seventy-six percent of all voluntary hospitals were accredited in 1960, compared with 33 percent of the hospitals run for profit.

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Some proprietary hospitals don't seek accreditation because it costs too much. Oscar Gottfried, executive secretary of New York's Association of Private Hospitals, estimates that it costs $50,000 a year to employ enough personnel and to make sufficient space available to comply with joint commission's standards.

With voluntary hospitals so frequently in the red, how does the proprietary group manage to make a profit, running upward of 25 percent on invested capital and in at least one case more than 50 percent? A few hospitals pad bills, or deliberately overcharge. They bill for the day the patient arrives at four P.M. and the day he leaves at 11 A.M. One young man recently had to pay $200 as a nonreturnable "admissions fee."

Most proprietaries, however, charge no more than the voluntary hospitals with which they compete. But dollar for dollar, they offer the patient less, and he seldom knows the difference.

"Because of the complicated nature of hospital services, it is not easy for the public to distinguish between the reasonable charges of the large, expensive-to-maintain nonprofit hospital and the charges of a fifty-bed proprietary hospital," says John Bigelow, executive director of the Washington State Hospital Association. "In one instance, the income beyond direct operating cost goes to support other activities in the public interest, such as educational programs, research and seldom-used highly specialized services which do not pay for themselves. In the case of the proprietary hospital built solely as a financial venture, excess of income over operating cost goes into the pockets of the owners."

Essential Services Limited

Profit hospitals keep their operating costs low by limiting many services which nonprofit hospitals consider essential. They cut corners on personnel, a hospital's major expense. The average nonprofit institution employs 240 persons for each 100 patients; the average proprietary employs 205. It employs fewer registered nurses. It may skimp on a laboratory technician, make do with a part-time pharmacist. "A hospital will barely break even if it's properly staffed," a real-estate man who invests in hospitals told me.

The voluntary hospital buys expensive medical equipment, even if only a few patients may need it. "We keep an iron lung in our basement, fully maintained, just in case," an administrator told me. "On a pure business basis it's a losing proposition. You're not likely to find one in a proprietary hospital."

Postoperative recovery rooms, radioisotope labs and X-ray departments, commonly available in voluntary hospitals, are seen less than half as often in proprietary hospitals.

The very sick are not usually welcomed in profit hospitals, which for financial reasons prefer to specialize in short-term cases, a policy known to cynics as the hot-bed trade. The average patient, according to A.H.A. statistics, remains 5.8 days in a proprietary and 7.5 in a voluntary hospital.

"The hot-bed case—the simple-surgery patient who remains a couple of days—is a sure money-maker," an expert in hospital administration told me. "In a brief time the hospital can charge him

When two local men tried to convert this partially completed Chicago nursing home into a profit hospital, the city's Hospital Planning Council vigorously opposed them. The battle is still raging.

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"To a young community, the prospect of getting a 'free' hospital looks dazzling..."

New York Dept. of Hospitals head, Dr. Ray E. Trussell is critical of standards of most proprietaries.

for X rays, for drugs, for the operating room, for dressings. It can't get rich on the desperately ill patient who pays the same room charge, but needs weeks of skilled nursing care."

When profit hospitals grab only the easy cases, the effect on the nonprofit voluntary group can be financially disastrous. Take any hundred hospital patients and divide them in half. On one side stack the cases on which the hospital makes money—appendectomies, hernia operations, tonsillectomies. On the other side put the tough ones—chest or stomach surgery, open-heart cases, premature babies. Give all the easy cases to the proprietary hospitals and turn the tough ones over to the voluntaries. Then try to guess which hospital will prosper and which will end up in the red.

By lapping the cream off the top of the bottle, proprietary hospitals threaten the solvency of the voluntary institutions. And by building where profit lies, not necessarily where hospital beds are needed, they threaten increased costs to Blue Cross and its 56,500,000 U.S. subscribers.

To fill their beds, proprietary-hospital owners frequently encourage the medical staff to hospitalize their patients for relatively trivial complaints. Such unnecessary hospitalization results in higher costs for Blue Cross and higher premiums for its subscribers.

"Any group which builds without reference to community planning jeopardizes the solvency of Blue Cross," Walter J. McNerney, president of the national Blue Cross Association, told me.

As more proprietary hospitals are built, the push to fill the beds becomes more frantic. There are now six profit hospitals within an eight-mile radius on Long Island. And in Southern California, Gordon R. Cumming, chief of the state Bureau of Hospitals, likens the problem to "four gas stations on four corners, each trying to knock the others out."

These charges constitute a serious indictment of hospitals run for profit. Even the points made in their defense are disputed by hospital experts:

● *The profit system is the American way; discouraging it is socialistic, say hospital owners.* Not quite so, planning officials respond. Hospitals are quasi-public institutions, paid for directly or indirectly by the entire community, and they should not serve the health needs of only a small segment. "It is one thing," says Doctor Klicka, "for the community to provide enough beds for proper care of its sick and injured citizens. It is quite another for it to provide beds in quantities to satisfy the personal conveniences, personal ambitions and in some cases restrictive practices of some of its physicians."

● *In fast-growing communities, profit hospitals have filled a void which the community could not or would not fill.* Sometimes true, say hospital experts. But quick construction of a profit hospital has frequently killed an area's chance to secure Government funds for a nonprofit institution. Under the Hill-Burton Act, Federal funds go first to the community with the greatest need for beds. In California real-estate promoters use Hill-Burton priority lists as a guide in picking their hospital sites. Once they've thrown up a hospital, the community usually loses its chance for Government help.

● *Not all proprietary hospitals make high profits and practice substandard medicine.* Correct, say the hospital experts. Those charges seldom apply to the small rural hospital, whose doctor-owner barely breaks even financially. Nor do they apply to accredited hospitals which, within their limitations, usually give fine medical care. Yet by its economic nature, even an accredited profit hospital cannot serve the entire community, but can serve only those who can afford to pay.

Gray-Market Hospital Invasion

While officials have been worrying over hospitals built for profit, a subtler version of the problem is growing—the hospital masquerading as nonprofit while putting money into the pockets of the men who promote it. These gray-market hospitals exist today in at least 10 states.

The latest and most dangerous version is the hospital described as not for profit, but built by the sale to the public of 8 percent mortgage bonds. In May the Texas State Securities Board called a halt to the sale of 8 percent bonds for the partly finished $1,275,000 Southwest Memorial Hospital in Houston. An order issued by Securities Commissioner William M. King called the bond sale "a fraud and a deceit" and gave these details:

● The hospital corporation was not organized for charity, but for the profit of its promoters. They planned to retain 20 cents on every dollar of bonds sold and pocket additional funds through kickback arrangements with contractors.

● The "consulting company," hired for $25,000 to guide the construction and management of the hospital, consisted of one person, an ex-butcher with no hospital-management experience.

More than $10,000,000 worth of 8 percent bonds have been sold to build hospitals in Arizona, Ohio, Florida, Texas, Hawaii and Washington State. The projects flopped in the last two states, but in Arizona and Florida alone seven hospitals have been built, and three more are under way. One has recently defaulted on its interest payments to bondholders. Behind the promotions in all six states are several groups of businessmen in the Phoenix area.

"I consider this development to be one of the most serious threats we have in the hospital field," says Richard L. Johnson, director of the Hospital Counseling program of the American Hospital Association. "It is likely to undermine public confidence in the entire hospital system."

What is being done to protect the sick against substandard care and the public against unneeded hospitals? Legally, not much. Most states license hospitals, but their licensing codes usually regulate only physical construction and, in some cases, nonmedical staffing.

Strong laws are in effect in a handful of states. In Massachusetts a tough-minded advisory committee to the state Division of Hospital Facilities must pass on all applications for hospital building permits. No new profit hospitals have been built there in a decade. Connecticut has a stiff licensing law with standards close to those set by the Joint Commission on Accreditation. Illinois now requires proof that a hospital is needed.

In the past few months New York City's Department of Hospitals, under Doctor Trussell's aggressive leadership, has so tightened city regulations that profit hospitals complain they are being strangled. Accreditation by the joint commission will be required by 1965. Plans for expansion or new construction must now be OK'd by the Hospital Review and Planning Council of Southern New York, a nonprofit organization maintained by hospital, medical, charitable and trade groups. The council recently has turned thumbs down on eight schemes to provide more hospital beds.

In a few areas Blue Cross has taken the lead. The nation's 78 Blue Cross plans have the financial power to influence hospitals to upgrade their medical standards, build or expand only where beds are needed and curb excess profits. Two Blue Cross plans—Michigan and Northeast Ohio—forbid member-hospital status to profit institutions. Proof of need for a new hospital is required by Michigan and by Associated Hospital Service of New York, the Blue Cross organization which includes a 17-county area in and around New York City. Michigan and Chicago require accreditation, and New York's Associated Hospital Service will require it in 1963.

Battling the Proprietary Boom

Hospital planning councils and hospital associations are battling the proprietary boom, particularly in Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Seattle, Los Angeles and Kansas City. The most spectacular victories have been won by the Hospital Planning Council for Metropolitan Chicago, under Doctor Klicka's vigorous leadership.

Without him the Chicago area would probably have 25 unneeded new proprietary hospitals. In the last three years he has thoroughly discouraged 23 builders, persuaded a 24th to shift to nonprofit operations and fought a 25th to a draw.

When Doctor Klicka thinks a building plan is not in the public interest, he tries politely to dissuade the persons involved. If that fails, he turns to sharper weapons. He has asked officials to

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withhold building permits by pointing out local pitfalls—in one case, inadequate parking facilities which would create a traffic hazard. He has suggested financiers refuse to provide money. "We believe that even mortgage money has a responsibility to the community," he says.

The boom days of high hospital profits in California seem to have ended. Following widespread complaints about overbilling, the Hospital Council of Southern California adopted a system of establishing hospital charges which makes bill padding difficult. The system is binding on the council's 163 members, including all the voluntaries but less than half the proprietaries. However, 26 nonmembers have pledged compliance.

The Southern California Problem

Haphazard location of undersized hospitals, however, is another problem facing Southern California. The Los Angeles area is already saddled with more than 100 profit hospitals in the 50- to 100-bed range.

To discourage uneconomical growth, the Hospital Council has recently adopted a set of principles recommending a minimum hospital size of 150 beds for metropolitan areas and setting up regional committees of local citizens to advise on new construction. "Although the effort is voluntary," says John Brewer, director of the Hospital Council of Southern California, "we hope that publicity will cause community support to be withheld and will discourage lending agencies from backing construction attempted outside our planning framework."

Hospital experts believe that community planning is the keystone of future hospital construction. With plants costing upward of $20,000 a bed, experts are convinced that hospitals can no longer be built on the whim of a promoter, or even of a charitable group.

With the blessings of the Public Health Service and A.H.A., community hospital planning councils are on the rise. In New York State, regional councils have been formed in Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse and Albany, and the New York City council has expanded to cover a 14-county area. At least 10 other cities now have planning groups, and more are being organized. These groups are becoming bolder in scrutinizing the motives of prospective builders and slapping down plans which do not meet community needs.

The twin problems of substandard care and haphazard growth must be solved before the public can be confident that it gets true value for the $5,000,000,000 it spends for hospital care each year. These problems are not limited to the proprietary hospitals, and the public must be aware of the dangers in haphazard selection of a hospital. Right now it's each man for himself in picking a hospital. How to do it? The best advice boils down to this:

Patronize only hospitals which are accredited by the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals. The commission's standards may be minimal, but they offer the only available yardstick of hospital quality. Choose a doctor as carefully as doctors themselves do. A recent report shows that when members of their own families need surgery, most New Jersey physicians choose qualified specialists who serve in accredited nonprofit hospitals. **THE END**

Dr. Karl Klicka, head of Chicago's Hospital Planning Council, chats with Sisters at the new St. Joseph's Hospital on the North Side. This is the kind of voluntary institution Klicka favors.

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He Takes the Starch

Chief of Protocol Angier Biddle Duke has

Not long ago Angier Biddle Duke had a rare evening free of his duties as Chief of Protocol of the State Department and thought, for a few rash moments, that he had escaped from the tyranny of the telephone. He was relaxing in the Washington hotel suite of an aunt by marriage, Mrs. Anthony Drexel Biddle. At about 10 P.M. the telephone rang, and Duke was informed that the White House was calling him.

"What are you doing up at this hour, Angie?" inquired a familiar voice at the other end of the line. Before Duke could stammer, "Why, Mr. President . . ." the voice continued, "if you can't stay awake at my lunches, how can you be awake now? Hadn't you better get to bed?"

It was several minutes before Duke realized that President John F. Kennedy was twitting him about an item in a news magazine reporting that he had dozed off during a White House luncheon for the president of Finland. Duke hadn't read the magazine, but he could honestly deny the report, for he had not dozed off at the White House function. It was at a National Press Club luncheon for the Finnish president that Duke, sitting at the head table in full view of several hundred guests, had fallen asleep.

That incident served to dramatize the tiring, round-the-clock demands made upon the protocol function by the New Frontier and by Duke himself. An intense 46-year-old scion of a tobacco fortune, with the concealed energy of a nuclear submarine, Duke has pioneered changes on the Washington scene that have raised eyebrows and blood pressures alike.

Until he took the job, protocol was looked upon as a bureaucratic version of pillow-fluffing. The Chief of Protocol acted as the arbiter of an ancient code of diplomatic behavior that determines where guests sit at official dinners and stand in reception lines. By tradition he served as a greeter and guide when officially invited foreign leaders, such as monarchs, presidents and prime ministers, came to call. His job, in a social sense, was to keep them happy, avoid unpleasant incidents or embarrassments and send them away radiating goodwill.

Reluctant Recruit to New Frontier

Believing that protocol was just "a lot of fripperies," Duke was a reluctant recruit to the New Frontier. The President-elect prevailed upon him not to make a judgment until Duke had talked to Secretary of State-designate Dean Rusk. A two-hour conversation with Rusk dissolved most of Duke's doubts. Rusk explained that protocol in a democratic society always poses problems, but that if properly handled, it could become a positive instrument of foreign policy.

He then went to Washington determined "to make things work" in the protocol section, even if the rules had to be bent on occasion. He successfully proposed that the protocol chief be elevated to the rank of ambassador, making him a personal representative of the President and enhancing his authority to bend the rules.

"We are trying to avoid being a victim of precedents," Duke says, "especially those unsuitable to the fast-changing times and requirements. Our guides are common sense, good taste and, above all, what serves our national interests."

Occasionally those guidelines are put to the test by the oddest incidents.

Panic has been caused in protocol's ranks by the simple ceremony of laying a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery across the river from Washington. This gesture of homage to America's fighting men is standard for visitors. However, their embassies in Washington frequently forget they are supposed to purchase the wreath and bring it along with them for the ceremony. Once, when the president of a Latin-American country appeared without a wreath, a quick-thinking protocol officer staved off embarrassment by "borrowing" one from a nearby grave. Duke is prepared for emergencies now. He has equipped the guardhouse at the tomb with a plastic wreath to be pressed into use for the forgetful.

Apologizing to a Foreign Diplomat

Only a few days after he had moved into his State Department office, Duke was informed that he would have to deliver a formal apology to a foreign diplomat. "I decided that if I had to apologize," he now recalls, "I would find out at firsthand what I had to apologize for and see what could be done about making such apologies unnecessary."

The offended foreign diplomat was a scholarly African leader, Dr. William Fitzjohn, the chargé d'affaires of Sierra Leone, a former British colony on the west coast of Africa. A quick investigation revealed that Fitzjohn had been refused service in a Hagerstown, Maryland, restaurant while en route to Pittsburgh to make a speech. Duke invited Fitzjohn to his office.

"I thought it important to try to temper his bitterness by putting the incident in perspective," says Duke. "I explained to him that we live in an imperfect society, especially in the area of race relations. But I went on to say that the United States Government was doing its utmost to promote complete equality for all its citizens. He seemed to have a better understanding of our problem after this conversation."

Duke was not content merely with placating Fitzjohn. He promptly got in touch with the Americans involved in the Hagerstown incident from the restaurant owner to city officials. "When I explained how harmful such incidents were to the picture abroad of an America founded on the principle of equality," says Duke, "they were embarrassed, maybe even a little shocked. Like a lot of other Americans, they simply hadn't realized the connection between their behavior and the nation's foreign policy."

The civic leaders in Hagerstown did their best to repair the damage by later inviting Doctor Fitzjohn, his wife and ten other Sierre Leone officials back for a gala banquet at which the mayor presented the diplomat with keys to the city. The restaurant that had barred the diplomat announced that henceforth it would open to all citizens, regardless of color.

Duke cherishes the memory of the visit of Nigeria's Prime Minister, Sir Abubakar Balewa, to the region of the Tennessee Valley Authority as heartening proof of progress. The protocol chief had to exert pressure on a Knoxville, Tennessee, hotel to admit the entire Balewa party, but the outcome was, he recalls, "richly rewarding."

"You Must Be Happiest Man Alive"

Duke had made advance arrangements for Balewa to spend an afternoon at the farm of Max Everett, about 22 miles from Knoxville, in Blount County. Everett, his wife and two sons greeted the Nigerian leader as he walked into the modest farm home clad in the long flowing white robes of his tribe. A gaunt black man with an ascetic expression, standing well over six feet, Balewa towered over the open-shirted white farmer as he spoke in flawless Oxford English his appreciation of Everett's hospitality.

When Balewa finally took leave of the Everetts, Duke recalls, the African statesman made a parting speech. He told Everett, "I could change places with you because I am a farmer too. I know your life. But if I were you, I would not change places with any man in the world. You must be the happiest man alive."

Balewa's remark had an ironic poignancy for Angier Biddle Duke. Not many days before he joined the Balewa party, his wife, Maria Luisa de Arana Duke, died in an airplane crash in New York. The Spanish-born Mrs. Duke had helped her husband find a focus in his life. "Her calm, unruffled temperament was always a comfort to me," he has said. "She never became involved in my political passions, but she always supported me in them. People forgot that she was a foreigner, because she integrated her life so completely with mine. But I want our children to remain aware of their immigrant heritage." The children, Maria Luisa, 7, and Drexel Dario, 4, are being reared to speak both Spanish and English.

Duke's own parents were Cordelia Drexel Biddle of Philadelphia's Main Line and the late Angier B. Duke of Durham, North Carolina, whose father, Benjamin N. Duke, was one of the founders of the American Tobacco Company and Duke University. They were divorced when Angier, called "Bunny" by family and friends, was six years old. Two years later Duke's father, then 39, with a lively taste for gay parties and fast cars, drowned in Long Island Sound while trying to step from a dock into a motorboat.

Young Angier dropped out of Yale in his junior year. In the next few years he traveled

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Out of Protocol

By MARGUERITE HIGGINS

pioneered dramatic changes on the Washington scene.

Duke's diplomatic uniform of white tie and tails belies his informal approach to protocol.

around the world with his teen-aged bride, the former Priscilla St. George, a distant cousin of Franklin D. Roosevelt. He tried his hand at writing advertising copy, was ski editor for a sports magazine and ventured briefly into the produce business. In January, 1941, he enlisted in the Army as a private. Five years later he was discharged as a major.

Restless and dissatisfied, he became active in the Democratic Party in New York, working with Stanton Griffis, a wealthy New York investment banker who turned to diplomacy during the Second World War and received ambassadorial appointments to Poland, Egypt, Argentina and Spain from President Truman. Duke's failure to get a degree from Yale hampered his efforts to take the foreign-service examinations, but Griffis interceded and got his young friend into the diplomatic corps.

Later Griffis took him to Madrid. At this time Duke was separated from his second wife, from whom he was subsequently divorced. In Spain he met and married Maria Luisa de Arana. After nearly a year of lonely living following her death, Duke was quietly married last spring to a long-time friend, Robin Chandler of New York.

Hoping for More Than Protocol

In the 1960 Presidential primaries Duke worked as chairman of the Democrats' Nationalities and Minorities Division in New York City. For his labors, Duke hoped to be rewarded with an ambassadorship. He was therefore a bit chagrined to receive a call from President-elect Kennedy, shortly after Christmas, asking if he would become Chief of Protocol.

Duke concedes that his most elaborate social function in Washington is the White House state dinner for a visiting king or president. Those white-tie affairs once had a rigidity of style and manner that had varied little since the age of Victoria. But the President and Mrs. Kennedy had enlivened them with startling innovations that have bolstered Duke's own bent for creative alterations in the protocol style.

The dinner for Pakistan's Ayub Khan, for example, was held on the lawn of George Washington's stately Mount Vernon home south of Washington along the Potomac River. At a White House dinner for the President of the Sudan, extracts from Shakespeare's plays were presented. Performances of American ballet and other imaginative entertainments that defy the starched concepts are being planned for future White House functions.

Duke is far from finished with revamping the rigid notions about protocol. He is constantly reappraising the old way of doing things. His endless enthusiasm for change has prompted one veteran protocol officer to observe: "I don't know what protocol will be like when Duke gets finished with it. But I know one thing. He's taking the starch out of it." **THE END**

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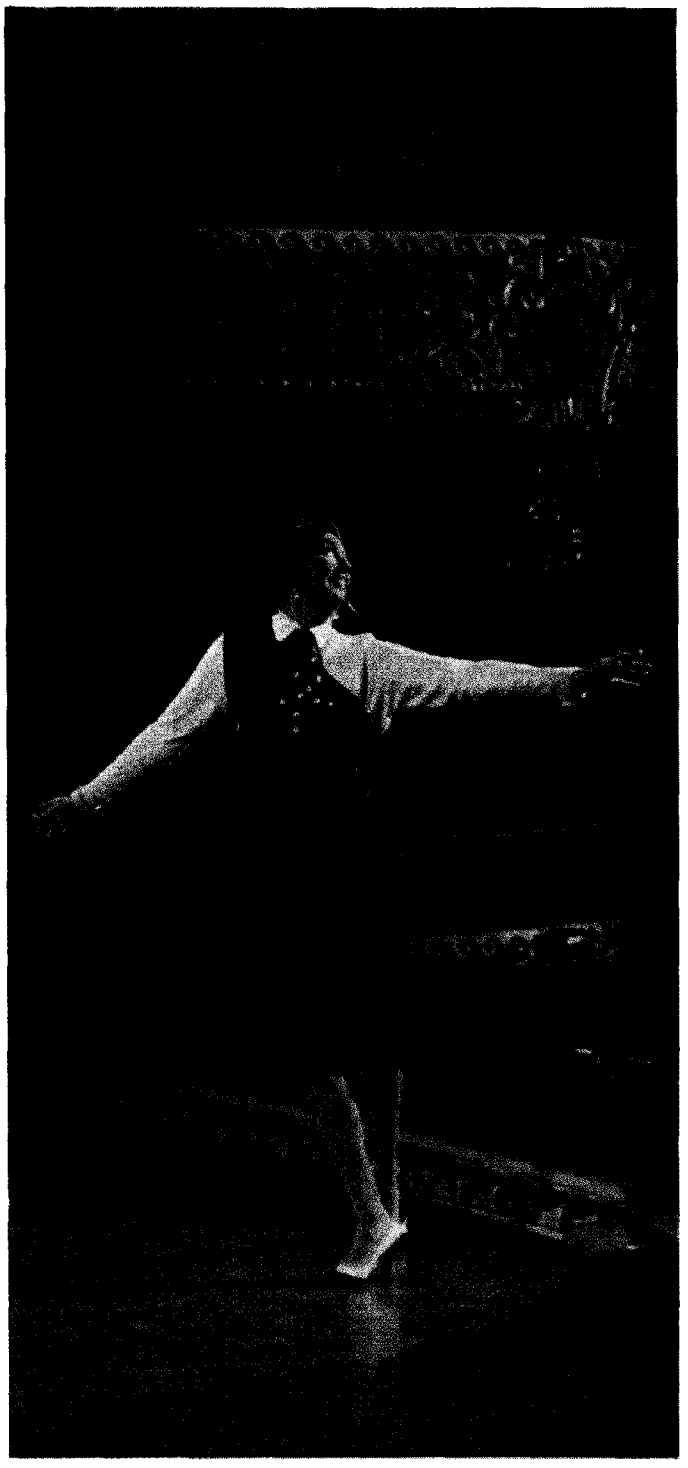
Rosalind Russell tells her own story

The Kind of Gal I Am

By ROSALIND RUSSELL



Still a popular star after thirty years, Roz dances in Gypsy, *her new movie set for release in December.*

It was during the long run of the Broadway production *Wonderful Town* that I first realized the public was beginning to regard me—to put the matter delicately—as one of the more durable actresses of our times. I had been around quite a while on screen and stage, and people had become accustomed to my name and face, probably without thinking much about my years. But *Wonderful Town* was something different, and it apparently gave them pause.

For those who didn't see that show, I might explain that it was a fast-paced musical, and I was pretty much in the middle of things from beginning to end. In one of the scenes the male dancers hoisted me over their heads and tossed me around like a beanbag. I particularly loved that part of the show and, to the eternal credit of the boys, they dropped me only once during the run of the play.

One of the men in the chorus said to me, "I know some great ballerinas who wouldn't do what you are doing."

"Keep quiet," I replied. "I don't know what I am doing, and I don't want to know."

But to get on with the story of my rude awakening. . . .

The show opened in February, 1953, and that spring, after school was out, my son Lance, who was then ten years old, came from our home in California to be with me during the summer months. I sometimes allowed him to come to the theater with me on Friday nights. He stood in the lobby as the audience was assembling. Between the acts he counted the standees. Lance and I called it "counting the candies." It was our little private joke, and it kept him busy.

What People Said About 'Mother'

One night as we were driving home, I said to him, "Lance, in between the acts when you are counting the candies, what do you hear people saying about the show and mother?" He averted his eyes and looked out the window in embarrassed silence. I thought, *Good Heavens, what are they saying?* I persisted: "Well? What *do* they say, darling?"

"Only one thing," he said reluctantly, still looking away from me. "Always the same thing." I was dying inside, but I had to know the worst. Finally, in answer to my prodding, he blurted out, "All I ever hear them say about you is, 'How old *is* she?'"

I settled back in the seat of the car, roaring with laughter, and explained to Lance what the people were saying was really a compliment. And so it was. After all, I was in my early forties and very pleased that I could handle an agile part well enough to make people ask questions.

"A Voice Like Ambrose Lightship"

The way I got into *Wonderful Town* is a rather amusing story—and also an interesting study in the somewhat frantic goings-on behind the scenes when the stars for a new Broadway production are being lined up. Moreover, in this series of articles for *The Saturday Evening Post*, I believe I am supposed to reveal—in a subtle way, of course—what kind of gal I am, and this little story may help in that department.

First, let me say that by trade I am not a singer or dancer, but since *Wonderful Town* was a musical, the leading lady certainly was expected to sing and dance. I have sometimes described my singing voice as loud gargling, and indeed when the show opened one of the reviewers wrote, "Miss Russell's voice is like the Ambrose Lightship calling to its mate."

In 1951 I had grown very weary of playing the eternal, successful career woman in films. I had played that role twenty-three times and, while these pictures were highly successful, I had the itch to try something else.

Consequently I made the break from Hollywood, went to New York and took the lead in the national production of *Bell, Book and Candle*, a play which had been on Broadway with Lilli Palmer and Rex Harrison. We had a long run in Chicago lapping over into 1952, and I then returned to Hollywood. I had proved to myself after years of work in films that I could still handle a part on the legitimate stage, and this gave me a warm feeling of satisfaction. It also gave me the confidence to venture into *Wonderful Town* and, a few years later, *Auntie Mame*. To this day people stop me on the street and say, "Hi, Auntie Mame." There was something about

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Bejeweled Roz tackles the role of the stage mother in **Gypsy,** *a brassy musical based on the life of burlesque queen Gypsy Rose Lee.*

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Close friend Jack Benny drops in on fellow trouper Russell to swap quips on Gypsy *set.*

Hamming it up on the Warner Bros. lot, buoyant Roz displays her verve on a borrowed bicycle.

"I don't think it's funny to tease a girl because she is afflicted with the vocal cords of a frog."

Mame—perhaps the way she defied conventional behavior—that appealed to millions all over the world.

But to get back to *Wonderful Town*. . . .

When I returned to Hollywood after *Bell, Book and Candle*, my husband, Frederick Brisson (and I shall have more to say later about that Freddie—the only husband I have ever had), and I went to a party at Bill Powell's house. Late in the evening as we were about to leave, Joe Fields, the writer-director, who was chording on the piano, called out, "Roz, don't go home yet. Give us a song." To go along with what I thought was Joe's gag, I did my gargling routine.

There and then Joe told me about *Wonderful Town*, which was in the discussion stage. It was based on a movie of mine, *My Sister Eileen*, a highly popular picture which I made in 1942. "You've *got* to do the musical version on Broadway," Joe said.

"Joe," I said, "you are a very witty man, but I don't think it's funny to tease a girl because she is afflicted with the vocal cords of a frog."

Oddly enough he was serious and, although I was still dubious, I had lunch with him at Romanoff's the next day. He talked. I ate. Finally he said, "If George Abbott directs the show, would you consider it?" That was the first time I stopped eating.

Shortly thereafter I went to New York to meet with the authors, the producer and with George Abbott. When I walked in, his first words were, "I knew you were the kind of actress who would be on time." I didn't tell him that punctuality is a fetish with me—that I have never thought that it adds to the stature of an actress to keep people waiting.

Battling Over "Wonderful Town"

We talked awhile and agreed to meet again. I went back to Hollywood to make a movie, *Never Wave at a Wac*, and while doing so I was bombarded with telegrams and phone calls from New York. Finally I said to my husband, "I've got to go east. I have to tell them I'm not doing their musical." Perfectly deadpan, he asked, "Why do you have to spend a thousand dollars going to New York when you can pick up the phone and tell them for four dollars?" I said weakly, "I want to see my family too." I leaped on the train and was gone.

When I arrived in New York, I was told that Leonard Bernstein was doing the music for *Wonderful Town*, and Betty Comden and Adolph Green, the lyrics. That rocked me. However, I was still reluctant. (I am the world's worst procrastinator when it comes to such decisions.) So I said, "Right now I can think of nothing but the fact that I've got to go to Madison Square Garden and make a speech for Eisenhower. See you next Monday."

This was the early fall of 1952, and General Eisenhower's first campaign for the presidency was in full swing. So I made my speech, and the following Monday I met Bobby Fryer, the producer, and Joe Fields in my agent's office. I said, "Fellows, I can't do it." They closed in on me. The room suddenly seemed very small. "I'll talk with my husband," I said. "Get him on the phone. He won't want me to do this, not possibly."

Husbandly Response to an SOS

I tried all afternoon to get Freddie at the studio in Hollywood, but it was 7:30 that evening before he could be located. "Where the devil have you been?" I began. "In the cutting room," he said. The men withdrew to an outer office, ears pinned, I was sure, to the door. "They've got me trapped here," I whispered. "I've had nothing to eat all day but a soggy cheese sandwich. Now, you've got to get me out of this." He roared with laughter. "What's so funny?" I shouted.

"You," said Freddie. "You got yourself into it. Get yourself out." I gave him the full wife treatment, pointing out that if I went into the show I might well be away from him a long time. (Freddie, being a film and stage producer, has his own fish to fry and can't tag me around.) I pointed out also that little Lance would miss me, but the more emotional I became the more he laughed. Finally he said seriously, "If I tell you *to do it* and it's a flop, you'll say, 'I shouldn't have done it.' If I tell you *not* to do it and it's a hit, you'll say, 'I should have done it.' So I'm not advising you. Make your own decision." He hung up, and on cue the men trooped back in.

"Once and for all," I said firmly. "I am not going to do the musical. I'm sorry I've taken so much of your time. I'd like to pay for everything, telephone calls, the wires, even the cheese sandwich."

I started walking to my hotel, and somehow Joe Fields and Bobby Fryer were walking with me. We had gone about a block when I leaned against a lamppost and began to cry. It lasted about ten seconds, and then I said, "I'm all right. It's just that I've been away from my husband and my child much too much lately. You've assembled a fabulous team for the show and I know you'll find the right star."

"Sorry," Joe said firmly. "We won't do it without you." That upset me even more.

When we reached the hotel, I turned to say good night, but they walked right through the lobby and into the elevator with me. Before I

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could put the key in the door of my apartment, it was flung open by Hazel, my maid of twenty years. "Well! At last! Where have we been?" She always used "we" when talking to me about me. "We are due at a dinner party at eight, and we don't know what we're wearing, and our hair has to be done."

She brought a bowl of water, threw a towel around me and began to roll my hair, glaring at Joe and Bobby. They sat there watching the proceedings owlishly. Suddenly Bobby said, "Roz, if we put this show on with you for just three months, would you do it?" I knew he was tired, but how tired can you be! "It would cost a fortune," I said. "You couldn't possibly get your investment back on such a short run." "I think we could get it off the ground with you," he persisted, "and then maybe we could keep it flying with someone else after you go back to your family."

I looked at them for a full minute. Then I said, "That's the sweetest thing that's ever been said to me. It's silly, but it's nice. And because you're so nice, I *will* do the show for you. And now will you please get the hell out of here? I have to take a bath, and there isn't room in the tub for the three of us."

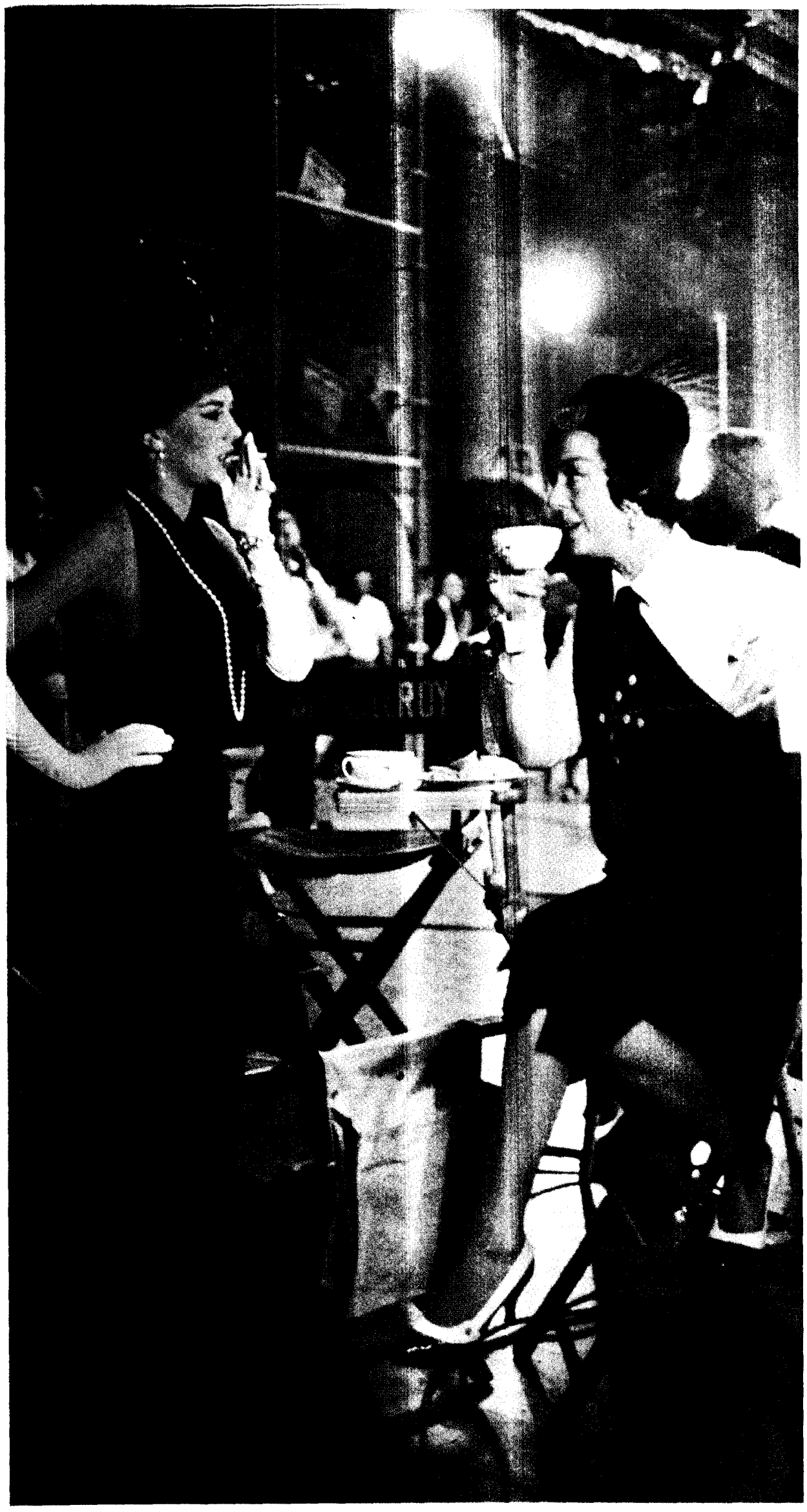
In the end I stayed with the show for more than a year and a half, and we won every award that season for which we were eligible.

Singing for Leonard Bernstein

Even so, I went through the tortures of the damned during the preparation and rehearsal of *Wonderful Town*. We began in Leonard Bernstein's apartment, but I kept putting off the evil day when I would have to let him hear me sing. This was the great Bernstein who had been guest conductor at the Philharmonic, and I was scared to death. So every time I saw George Abbott pick up his coat to leave, I left too. Finally Bernstein said decisively, "Please don't leave today, Roz, when the others do. I can't continue writing the score until you sing for me. I have to know your range." "Mountain range? . . . Gas range? . . . Firing range?" I quipped. I continued my delaying tactics for several days.

Finally, however, I had to face up to it. So I sang, and Lennie Bernstein took it without flinching. We went on from there, but I confess that it was hard going for me, learning those songs. There were many times when I felt like quitting and going back to California, but fast. But I have never been a quitter since I was twelve years old, and my father, whom I adored, gave me a loving lecture on that subject. More about that incident later.

Right now I want to tell you about how one of the Bernstein-Comden-Green songs in the



Taking a coffee break during the filming of Gypsy*'s final scenes, Roz chats with costar Natalie Wood, who plays the title role.* Gypsy*, adapted from the Broadway hit, is Roz's forty-fifth movie.*

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"When I was six years old I found that males are not as hot stuff or omnipotent as they often think they are."

show, *One Hundred Easy Ways to Lose a Man*, came to be written.

When *Wonderful Town* was in its tryout period on the road, before the Broadway opening, I suggested the trio write me a number about the fact that I couldn't get a man. "It will help the audience understand the character I am trying to interpret," I said.

They looked puzzled. "You mean a blues song?"

"Not a blues song," I explained. "That's when you've had your man and he's done left you. Maybe it will help if I tell you something about me. When I was a girl, I'd go to a football game with a boy and say, 'The next play is going to be an end run,' and he'd say, 'You're crazy. It'll be a forward pass.' Then they'd run an end, and I'd never see him again. Or I'd go out in a jalopy with a boy, and it would stall. He'd get out and open the hood. 'I think it's the carburetor,' he'd say. 'It's not! It's dirt on the points,' I'd argue. 'I'll fix it.' I never saw *him* again! On the porch or in the parlor a boy would put his arm around me and say, 'Roz, you certainly are attractive.' I'd cross my eyes and say, 'Are you kidding?' I never saw him again either. *That* kind of song." A few days later they were back with *One Hundred Easy Ways to Lose a Man*. I knew it was a show-stopper after hearing the first few lines.

I really understood the role of the girl in the song that Bernstein, Comden and Green wrote. I have suffered more at the hands of men than any five girls I know, but while suffering I've learned a few facts about the beast. I made my first discoveries in this area of life when I was a scrawny, freckle-faced six-year-old in my home town of Waterbury, Connecticut. I found that males are not as hot stuff and as omnipotent as they think they are.

Showing Up the Little Monsters

Somehow the boys in school had learned—probably from their fathers—that there were two sexes; an inferior sex composed of skirted creatures and a muscled, superior sex to which they belonged. My life would have been different if I had accepted those facts without quibbling and had lavished upon the little monsters the admiration they expected. But somehow I couldn't, because even then I didn't believe it—I could walk higher fences or rooftops, wham more home runs and jump higher than any of the little tigers. Males dislike being shown up athletically by females. They brood about it darkly. It took me a long time to accept this.

Even when I grew old enough for romance, my older sister, whom I call the Duchess, kept trying to launch me socially. She trotted me down to Princeton to a house party that was supposed to touch flame to masculine tinder. Just before a tea dance, I found myself talking with two lads who were debating as to which was the better pool shot. When the Duchess saw me next, I was in the poolroom, one leg up on the table, announcing that I was going to drop two balls in separate pockets on the next shot—and I did. Many years later in Hollywood—before I was married—I worked up a weakness for a motion-picture director, who invited me to play golf with him. His score was ninety-six. I made the mistake of shooting ninety-two. So long, director.

Lessons From a Bachelor Girl

In business, as in romance, men are deathly afraid of a girl who makes the mistake of not at least pretending to be a cuddly idiot. Men want to do all the talking. They want women to listen. I discovered that at a dinner party. While I was attempting to discuss the implications of the President's latest "must" bill, my date was playing footsie under the table with the blonde next to him. After that I resolved to learn to listen to men. It's not difficult. All you need to do is trill one of the following phrases whenever a male pauses: "Really! . . . When did that happen? . . . What do you know! . . . Oooh, I wish I were *that* smart."

Something more I discovered about males: They have to believe that their lovemaking is taken seriously. One beau, groping for a compliment that would make me collapse into his arms, said that I looked like an antelope—or was it a gazelle? "That's me," I hooted. "Long legs, long arms, long neck. I leap here and there, but not to you." He leaped to the door.

As an "eligible bachelor girl" I became curious to find out why men fell so hard for practically any helpless cupcake. I watched those eye-batting blondes as they managed to get lost just as a party was breaking up. There was always some hearty, competent male around to rescue them, even whole herds of helpful stags competing to take itty-bitty home. Once I got the clue, I made an effort to be helpless too. I even found myself imploring men to get poor little me a drink of water, although sometimes I had to show them where the faucet was and supply the glass.

End of dissertation on men—who, after all, are very nice people. Suppose we get on to my father's brief but memorable lecture on the art of not being a quitter.

Whenever I get an urge to quit, I have a vision of a pair of man's brown-and-white sport shoes. They almost touch my nose.

When I was twelve years old, I could dive noiselessly. I was built like a pipe cleaner, so there was nothing about me to splash when I hit the water. That year I entered a diving contest in a regatta at Laurel Beach, Connecticut, where we spent our summers. My only real competition was a bosomy eighteen-year-old who was a dish in a bathing suit. But I told myself confidently that diving form, not maiden form, would pay off.

In the midst of the contest, however, as I poised on tiptoe at the end of the diving board, a key button on my bathing suit popped off. In fact, it was the only button. My suit dropped to my knees, exposing practically nothing, but I purpled with embarrassment. I stepped off the board and sliced the water feet first. Weeping, I swam beachward.

Pulling myself ashore, still sobbing, I could see my father's brown-and-white sport shoes inches away. I didn't raise my eyes to his face. I didn't have to. His voice reached down to me. "Rosalind," he said, "a winner never quits and a quitter never wins." When my father died—while I was still in college—he left me many things, but nothing quite so valuable as those words.

On the night of that ill-fated diving contest, I began my campaign to win back Dad's respect and affection—although I suppose I had never lost either. I went to the Casino, where the silver cups were being given out, and clapped long and hard when my curvaceous competitor was given hers.

Reservoir for a Demanding Career

I often think of my father's words as I grow a bit older each year and my career as an actress becomes more and more demanding. How do you keep people going to the theater to see you when you are gradually becoming, shall we say, more mellow? For one thing, the older you get, the harder you have to work. The competition gets tougher and tougher. On the other hand, you have a blood bank of experience and skill to draw upon—and it can be fun, if you make it fun. For example, I have an exciting part in my latest movie, *Gypsy*, which will be released this December. It is the role which Ethel Merman played so beautifully on Broadway, and I can only hope that I have done it justice. Parts such as this are mighty demanding, and I sometimes think it would be simpler just to sit down and let the world go by. Then I remember Dad's sport shoes and that one-sentence lecture he delivered to a heartbroken little girl.

Somewhere in this autobiographical thing I believe I am supposed to say that I was born—and where and when. In next week's *Post* I promise to be born and to tell you how I got to Hollywood and about some of the goings-on in that tinseled city. TO BE CONTINUED

Photographs by Wayne Miller

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At home in Beverly Hills, Roz and her husband, producer **Frederick Brisson.** *A gardening buff, she planted many of the flowers herself.*

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The Party Chairmen

A pair of tough political opponents joins battle as the election campaign moves toward the homestretch.

Republican Miller

By JOE ALEX MORRIS

Aggressive Bill Miller views the election as a chance to broaden the base of the GOP's power.

When Congressman William Edward Miller was selected as Chairman of the Republican National Committee, a veteran politician who had sometimes clashed with him in the House of Representatives shook his head in surprise and admiration. "Bill Miller, eh?" he mused. "Well, I've called him this or that at various times. But the Republicans might have won the 1960 election if they'd staged a harder-hitting campaign—and you can say for Miller that he's a scrapper."

If fighting spirit is what the Grand Old Party needs to win in this year's midterm election campaign, most professional politicians would agree that the Republicans had picked the right man. Miller, who is forty-eight, was a trial lawyer and a district attorney before his election to Congress in 1950 from what is now the 40th New York District, which edges into the city of Buffalo. In typical district-attorney style, he is sharp-tongued, fiercely aggressive and inclined to boil a complicated situation down to a barbed phrase easily understood by a jury. (*Continued on page 34*)

Democrat Bailey

By MILTON MacKAYE

Terse John Bailey, "old pro" of the New Frontier, feels jaunty about the coming off-year election.

Long before cigar-smoking John Moran Bailey, the highly professional Democratic National Chairman, suspected that he might someday see in his own mirror the lineaments of a kingmaker, he had impressed youthful contemporaries with his talents as an amiable conniver. Bailey was captain of the baseball team in his senior year at Catholic University in Washington, D.C. He was, a classmate recalls, an accomplished outfielder who couldn't hit curve balls. Yet he was the team's leading scorer.

"John had a secret weapon," said the classmate. "It was an oversize uniform shirt—actually Size 46—which billowed out from his skinny belly whenever he went to bat. In a crisis he would seem to make every effort to avoid being hit by the pitcher; it was an early version of the Twist. But that shirt was just too big a target. Off he'd trot to first with the umpire's benediction. John's whole idea of baseball was to get on base."

For thirty years Bailey's goal in politics has been pretty much the same, and he (*Continued on page 34*)

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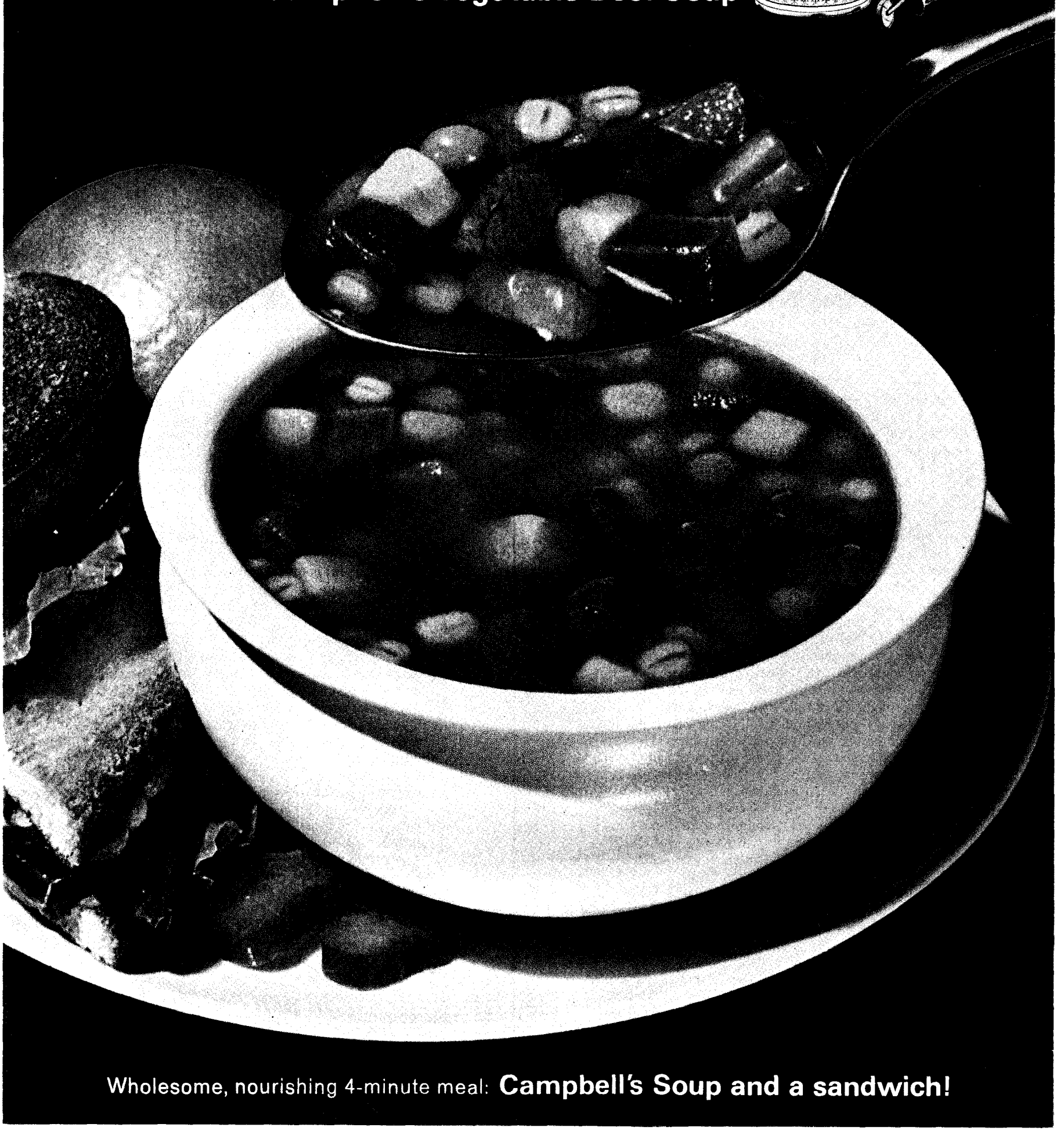

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Republican Miller

Miller and House Minority Leader Charles Halleck (left) compare political notes in a Capitol hallway.

"In politics," he says, "you jab where you can."

Miller is a jabber and an exhorter of the highest order. In 1960 he—a Catholic—accused Democratic presidential nominee John F. Kennedy of "religious bigotry in reverse." He said Kennedy was promoting a "nationwide, well-financed" campaign to imply that anybody who voted against a Catholic was a bigot.

Later he referred to President Kennedy as the "foundering father of the New Frontier." The Administration, he said, was "inept" in the Berlin crisis, "bungling" in regard to Laos and Cuba and had a "general attitude of appeasement in dealing with Communism."

He accused the President and Press Secretary Pierre Salinger of "running a tandem censorship-and-huckster operation at the highest government level to suppress unfavorable news and publicize news favorable to the Administration." He advised Mr. Kennedy to learn the difference "between a sense of history and a sense of histrionics."

Miller's rough-and-tumble style and his conservatism have not always endeared him to all Republicans; but as chairman he has pursued an impartial course. He has sought to encourage a healthy variety of opinion within the party and he has labored, with considerable success, to put over the idea that all Republicans had better work together as a team in this year's election.

"If we don't elect more Republicans in 1962," he insists, "there won't be anything to save in 1964. We'll have to look under rocks to find somebody to take the party's presidential nomination."

Basically Miller is a practical politician who believes in an efficient, tightly knit party machine right down to precinct level. He is an efficient organizer, a modernist in methods, with a flair for dramatization.

Away from politics Miller is a cool, outwardly relaxed family man. He is slight—five feet seven inches and 137 pounds—with a thin, youthful face, quick eyes, and dark hair that lies smoothly back from his forehead. He dresses carefully. A long-time associate says he has never seen Miller with his pants uncreased or his hair ruffled.

Miller is enthusiastic about football and baseball. "About the only thing (*Continued on Page 36*)

Democrat Bailey

Bailey and presidential aides Ken O'Donnell and Larry O'Brien (right) meet at the White House.

usually has got on base. He served for sixteen years as Connecticut's Democratic state chairman and had his political training in a rough-and-tumble school. He has emerged from continual intra-party tussles between liberals and conservatives comparatively unscarred, having aroused, as he philosophically expressed it, "only about the amount of ill will normally to be expected." But one result of this ill will may have been the surprising report that he was to be replaced as national chairman.

The story appeared in a Washington newspaper when Bailey and President Kennedy were out of town. If it emanated from the chairman's enemies, it was a stratagem that backfired. When the President returned he issued a statement: Bailey would remain, and Kennedy would "lean heavily on him in the coming elections."

Even before, Bailey held a special position in the Kennedy Administration. He and Abe Ribicoff, then governor of Connecticut, were the first politicians of national prominence to unfurl the presidential banner of a young senator from Massachusetts. They worked for his nomination for the vice presidency in 1956, and during the next four years Bailey was Kennedy's faithful and sometimes only companion on his forays across the country to make himself known to voters.

Today, except for Secretary of Commerce Hodges, the national chairman is the oldest adviser around the President; Hodges is sixty-four, Bailey fifty-seven. There was a time when the ambitious young men around the President expected to take over, and make over, the Democratic Party. An election victory by the narrowest of margins cooled their fevers; compromises were in order. Here John Bailey, who speaks the language of state and city leaders, has been immeasurably useful to the President. Two of his powerful allies in supporting the President's policies have been Gov. David Lawrence of Pennsylvania and Mayor Dick Daley of Chicago, both political bosses in the true, old-fashioned sense of the term. In times of trouble they can be tapped for support—and, in times of financial difficulty, for money. The money they siphoned into New Jersey, at Bailey's request, kept Governor (*Continued on Page 36*)

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Republican Miller

I have in common with John F. Kennedy," he once said, "is that we both played a good game of touch football." Although Miller's home at Olcott, New York, is on the Lake Ontario waterfront, he can't swim. Around the house he is a total loss as a handyman. His culinary talent is limited to turning out popcorn on an evening at home with his wife and four children: Elizabeth Ann, who is in college; Mary Karen, who is in high school; plus William E. Jr., three, and baby Stephanie.

The Republican chairman was born March 22, 1914, at Lockport, New York. His father was a factory janitor. His mother ran a millinery store. When he was in the seventh grade Miller decided he wanted to be a trial lawyer. He was barely seventeen when he entered Notre Dame University, working summers and part time to help pay his expenses. He became a star debater and chairman of the student government.

Next, after three years at Albany Law School, he entered practice at Lockport in 1938 with an older, established attorney. One day he represented a woman in a routine automobile-accident case—and came away walking on air. The key witness was the woman's daughter, Stephanie Wagner, a recent high-school graduate. "She was a first-rate witness," Miller remembers, "*and* she was a nifty-looking girl." When the judge handed down his decision days later, Miller somehow felt he should drive out to the Wagners' lakeside summer cottage to deliver the good news that they had won. He waited until evening. Miss Wagner was alone when he arrived. There was moonlight on the lake. It took Miller several hours to get around to saying, "We won."

The couple became engaged in 1942, shortly before Miller was invited to join the Army as a private. They were married in 1943, and went to live in Richmond, Virginia, where he was assigned to the Military Intelligence Branch. In 1945 Miller attended the Officer Candidate School of the Judge Advocate General Branch, became a 1st lieutenant and joined the War Criminals Branch in Washington.

After Miller returned to his law practice in Lockport, he was elected District Attorney of Niagara County in 1948. When, in 1950, the opportunity arose to run for Congress, Miller was inclined to pass it up. He liked being a trial lawyer. He was just getting on his feet financially and he didn't believe politics would offer any security for his family. His wife, however, urged him to run. "I thought it was a good idea," she says. "It was the only time I've ever interfered."

Perhaps Miller's sharpest congressional battle involved two bills: a civil-rights measure which he cosponsored in the mid-1950's, and a bill for public development of Niagara Falls power which clashed with private power interests in his district and which he bitterly opposed.

Miller moved in vain to recommit the civil-rights bill, asserting he had discovered grave constitutional flaws in it which should be corrected in committee. The House Rules Committee, controlled by Southern Democrats opposed to civil-rights legislation, shelved the public power bill to which Miller objected.

The two moves gave rise to claims that Miller had made a deal with Southern Democrats. This he vigorously denied, pointing out later that the civil-rights bill eventually was amended along the lines he advocated. Nevertheless, Republican House Leader Joseph W. Martin Jr. criticized Miller's action as "making things difficult" for other Republicans.

Several years later Miller joined other young Republicans in Congress in a revolt which overthrew Martin and installed Congressman Charles A. Halleck of Indiana—who had befriended and guided Miller as a freshman Representative—as House Republican Leader.

(*Continued on page 38*)

Democrat Bailey

Hughes's campaign going when he and his committee were broke and could no longer buy TV time.

Bailey accepts no salary as national chairman (the late Paul Butler, his predecessor, received $25,000 a year) and no salary as Connecticut state chairman, a job he continues to hold. He can afford the luxury of party leadership because he is a millionaire. Part of his fortune is inherited, but a thriving law business in Hartford also helps to insure him against want. His father was Dr. Michael Bailey, a prominent physician. His mother was a businesswoman who inherited tenement properties and built her stake into large real-estate holdings.

Both parents were active in church and civic affairs. Doctor Bailey served on the Board of Aldermen and once ran for office against Thomas J. Spellacy, then Hartford's Democratic boss. He lost. Young John, an only child, was not a bookish boy. In parochial school and public high school he had only one passionate interest: sports. At Catholic U. he was not only baseball captain, but a 145-pound quarterback.

After getting his diploma at Catholic U., Bailey went on to Harvard Law School where he was graduated in 1929. While at Cambridge he met a pretty coed named Barbara Leary who was attending the state teachers' college at Framingham, Massachusetts. They did not marry until seven years later—when he had proved that he could support a wife. (The Baileys now have two married daughters and a teen-age son and daughter who attend boarding schools.)

There were lawyers to spare when John returned from Harvard. He set up his office in the family residence, ran errands for local politicians and soon found himself installed as Boss Spellacy's unpaid chauffeur. "I drove Spellacy all over the state," Bailey said recently, "and attended conferences of Democratic leaders. I was only the kid on the door, but I was learning my trade." His first reward was a thirty-two-dollar-a-week job as secretary to Hartford's mayor, and then, two years later, a post as a judge of Hartford's municipal court.

"John learned by studying Spellacy's weaknesses," Jack Kelly, Hartford town chairman, told me. "One of Spellacy's faults was his towering vanity. Bailey, I suppose, has as much ego as the next guy, but he has taken more personal affronts without retaliation than any working politician I know."

This outward coolness of temperament—the inward churning was real enough at times to threaten him with ulcers—was important to a careerist who had decided it was his destiny to be a behind-scenes maneuverer and manipulator. Bailey ran for office only once. That was in 1940, and he wanted to be a probate judge. He was personable, well-known, had bench experience and came from a prominent Irish Catholic family. Yet he was soundly beaten. Then and there he decided that his future posture in politics was not to be that of the candidate, but the man who gets the candidates elected.

Bailey kept alive his national friendships in the party by activity in the Young Democratic movement. At home he held a number of appointive jobs: clerk of the Hartford court, secretary to the Legislative Council and statute-revision commissioner in his state's struggle to modernize its governmental machinery. His experience in the latter job, together with his substantial abilities as a lawyer, gave him a mastery of the Connecticut legislative process which was invaluable to the governors he subsequently served.

Personally, John Bailey is neither a glamour boy nor a man of pretensions. He can be rough and gruff. When a Hartford lieutenant telephoned him in Washington recently, Bailey answered, "If you're calling about that job, you aren't getting it." The lieutenant wasn't calling about a job, but he took no offense. Perhaps he was heartened by one of

(*Continued on page 39*)

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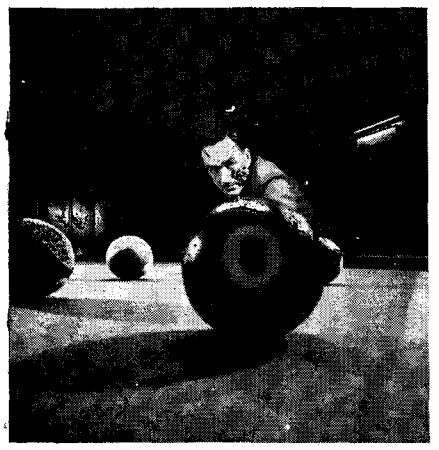
Republican Miller



When briefly away from politics, Miller relaxes with a game of pool. He is an excellent player.

Halleck was instrumental in 1960 in making Miller the chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, a job that had often served in the past as a stepping-stone for advancement in the party hierarchy.

Miller declared himself early for Vice President Richard M. Nixon for the Presidency. Prior to Nixon's nomination a move was made to get the solid support of the New York State congressional delegation for Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller. Miller thwarted it by announcing for Nixon, the choice of Halleck and the GOP old guard. "We had everything on our side in 1960," Miller has said. "Nixon should have won, but his campaign was inept."

The selection of Miller to succeed Sen. Thruston Morton of Kentucky as Republican National Chairman, after Morton's resignation last year, surprised most politicians. Miller was almost unknown nationally.

Miller tackled the big new job much as he had run the Congressional Committee. He streamlined the Republican National Committee from nine to three divisions, and the staff from 109 to 83. He stepped up research and publicity to keep in closer touch with local Republican committees over the country. He sent teams out to encourage better, brighter and more articulate Republicans to seek public office. He abandoned fund-raising through a state-committee quota system as unsatisfactory and reestablished direct solicitation in an effort to refill the national committee's war chest.

Perhaps Miller's greatest problem is the Democratic domination of big urban areas, whose vote often decides state contests. In 1960 the GOP lost a half dozen key states, after piling up big nonurban votes in them, because they made a poor showing in the urban centers, where about 70 percent of American voters now live. This can be overcome, Miller believes. He points out that the Republicans can carry statewide elections if only they are able to win over enough urban voters to cut down the Democratic majorities in cities.

"What we have to do is broaden the base of our party," Miller insists. "We have an affirmative program; we provide affirmative alternatives to the welfare-state philosophy. Frequently the Kennedy Administration has gotten credit for forward-looking social legislation that actually was enacted only because the original bill was revised or rewritten entirely by Republicans in Congress. We do not follow a policy of negativism, but our big problem is to make clear to the country what we stand for and what we have accomplished."

Miller is professionally optimistic about the coming election. He cites impressive Republican gains in elections since 1960. John Tower became the first GOP senator ever popularly elected from Texas. In eight of nine special House elections, Republicans sharply increased their percentage of the vote as compared to 1960. Democrats were ousted from office by Republicans in a score of municipal elections in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky.

Such gains are important in restoring party morale. But much remains to be done. Success or failure at the polls in November will turn primarily on Miller's ability to strengthen the party machinery at the precinct level and on the efficiency and industry of party workers, especially in the big cities. Or, as Miller sums it up: "What the Republican Party needs is more muscles!" **THE END**

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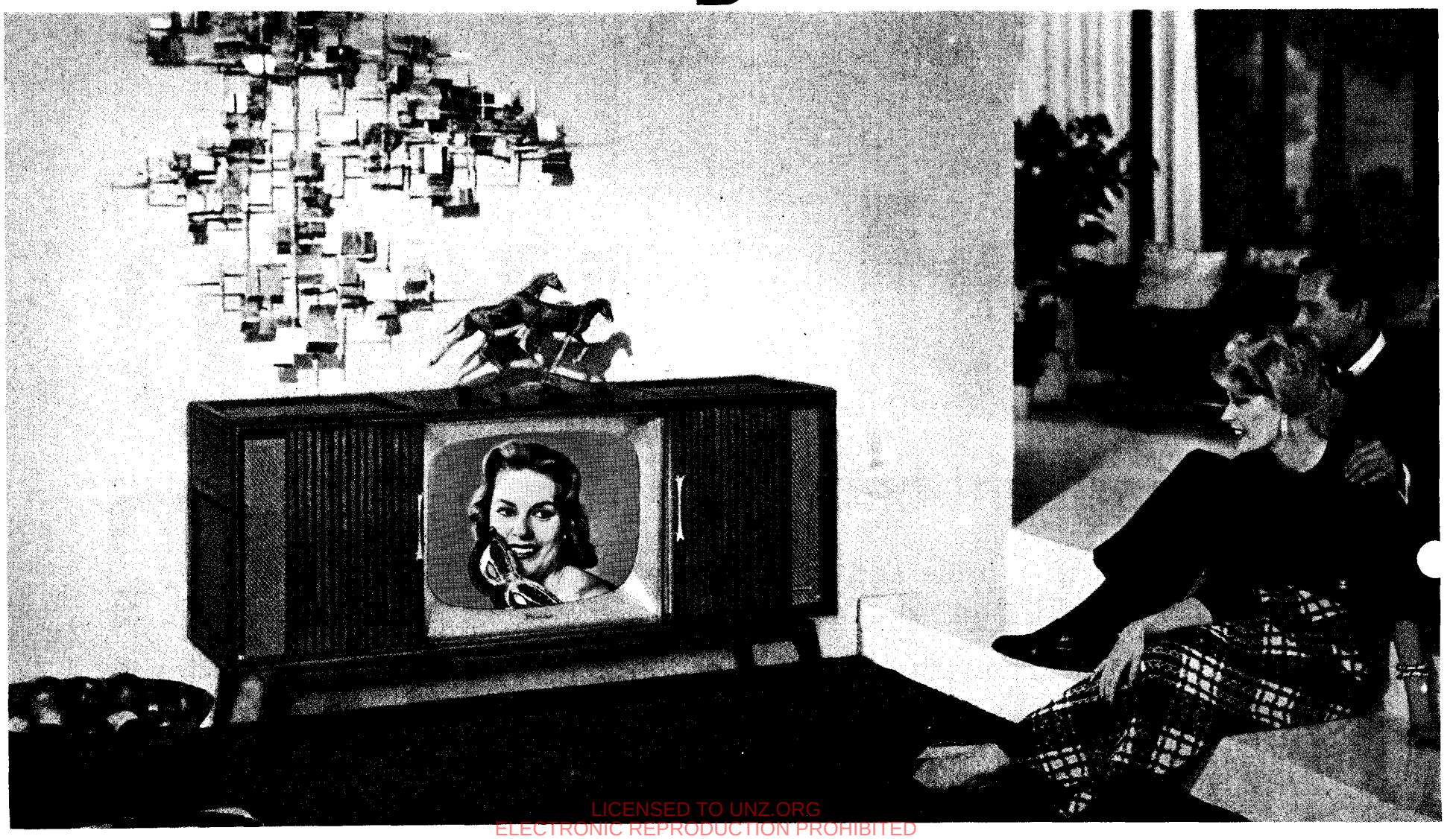

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Democrat Bailey

Bailey will turn from politics once in a while for a round of golf. He shoots in the seventies.

Bailey's own apothegms: "There is one situation in which a politician can break his word. If he has said 'No' in the first place, an office seeker will always forgive him for changing his mind."

Bailey has two recreational outlets—watching sports on television and playing golf. He shoots in the 70's. Once he made a famous "penny bet" during a golf tournament. The year was 1958 and an insurance executive offered to wager that Ribicoff would not win by more than 10,000 votes. "You are cheating yourself," said Bailey in the clubhouse. "I say he will win by 25,000 votes. I will pay you a penny for every vote below that and you pay me a penny for every vote above."

It was agreed. A few days later the insurance executive came around to pay his penny debt. It had mounted up to more than $2200. His obligation was settled with a handsome set of golf clubs.

Politics is both recreation and profession to Bailey. At times he carries it a bit far. "I like John," said a prominent Democratic senator, "but after a half hour he bores me. I like to talk politics; John won't talk anything else."

Friends had predicted that Bailey, used to power, would be uneasy in the Kennedy Administration. Around the White House there are a number of men who consider themselves political realists and have acceptable working papers. Top-ranking is Attorney General Bobby Kennedy. Next in line are Lawrence F. O'Brien, White House liaison man with Congress, and P. Kenneth O'Donnell, appointments secretary.

It might seem that so many cooks would cause feuds in the kitchen, but there is an effective working arrangement. Biggest patronage plums were the seventy-odd Federal judgeships made available by a Democratic Congress. Selection of personnel is being processed through the Department of Justice—not through the Democratic National Committee. This does not mean Bailey keeps quiet when a particular appointment threatens to blow a state organization apart, but it does mean that the awarding of Federal judgeships is not Bailey's part of the pie.

Practically speaking, Larry O'Brien and Bailey divide between them the nonjudicial jobs which are the normal spoils of party victory. In patronage jousts O'Brien represents the senators and congressmen who think they should control appointments in their areas, while Bailey represents national committeemen, state and county chairmen, party strongmen. Bailey and O'Brien assistants meet regularly to adjust claims.

Nevertheless Bailey and his lieutenants are feeling reasonably jaunty about their prospects in this fall's elections, although they know that only once in forty years has the party out of power (now the Republicans) failed to improve its position in the off-year balloting. But their greatest hope has been the increasing evidence of President Kennedy's popularity in the country.

Any seasoned politician examines public-opinion polls with caution, but a recent Gallup report gave the soothsayers at Bailey's headquarters no reason for discouragement. Among citizens polled, 66 percent of those who expressed an opinion approved Kennedy's performance in office. In comparison, only 44 percent favored Kennedy in the summer of 1960.

What does this portend for November, 1962? We'll have to wait and see. **THE END**

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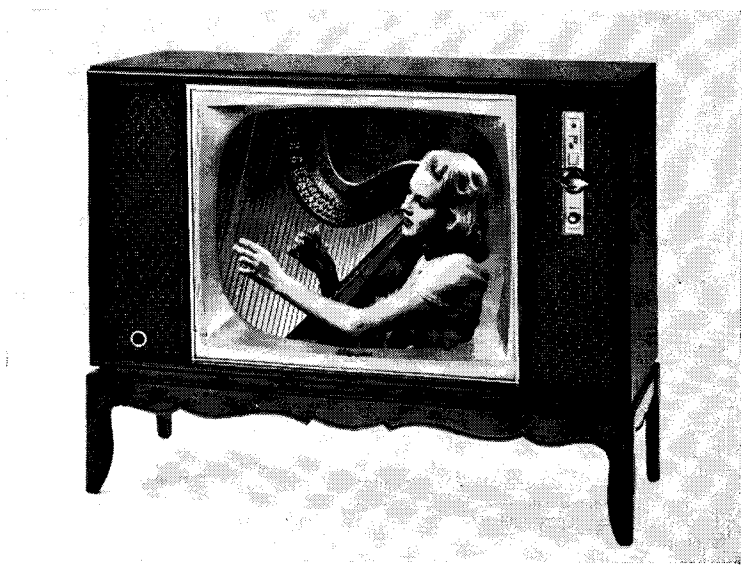

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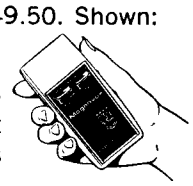

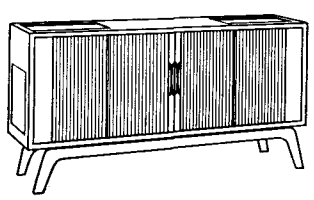

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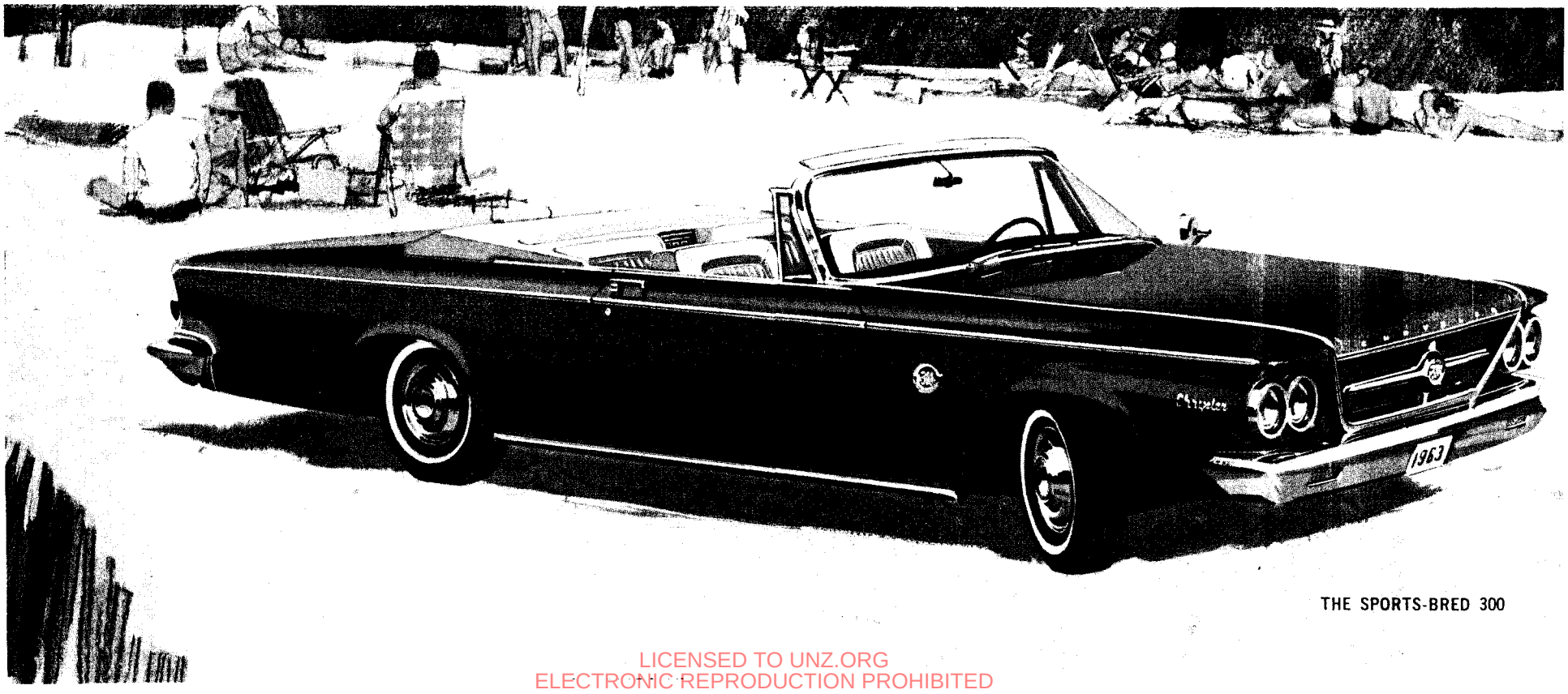

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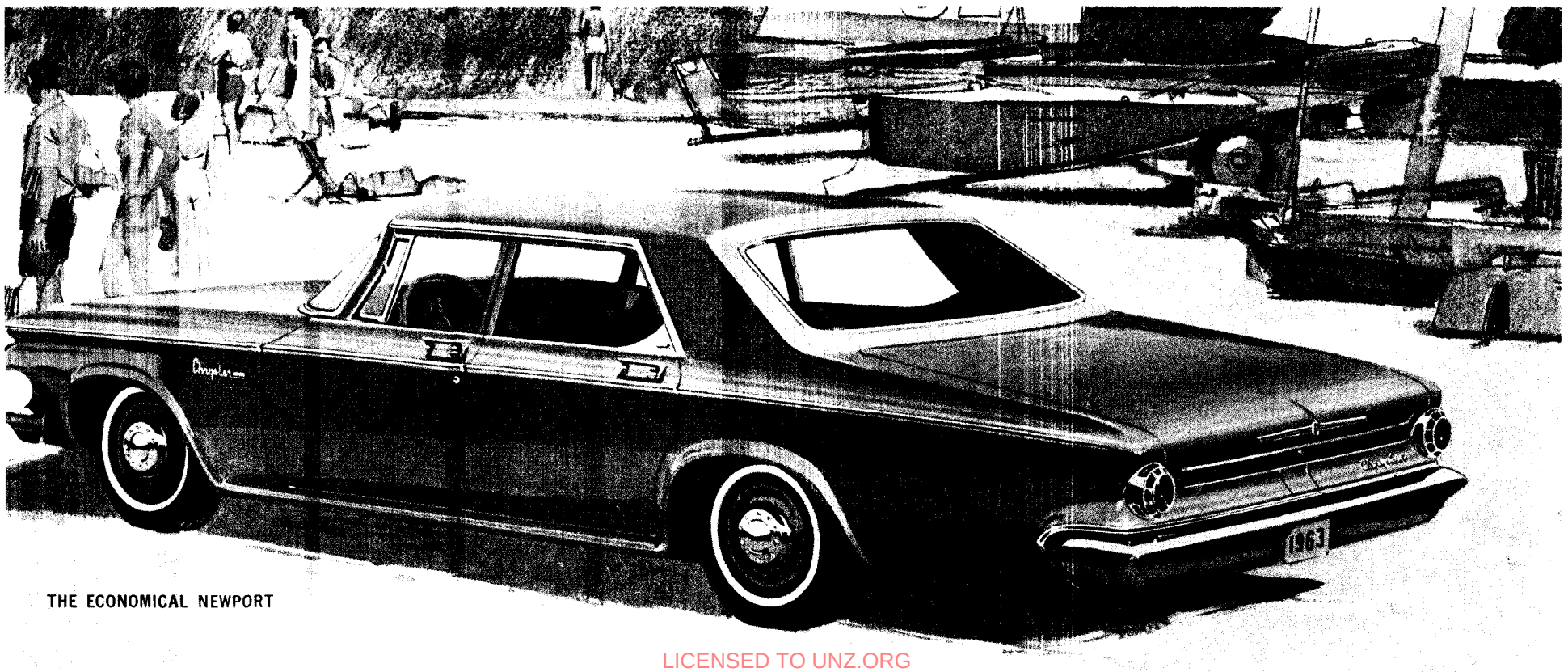

THE ECONOMICAL NEWPORT

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Gone from Glory

The peculiar handful who seek beauty and truth.

by DAVIS GRUBB

Tolerance is not one of my strong points. There are three human weaknesses which I can neither countenance nor forgive. And these are Stupidity, Pretension and Greed. Most of the other false colors in the human spectrum I can overlook. But as for those three I am harsh, accusing and implacable. That's the chief reason my family and I don't live in Glory any more. They'll tell you a lot of different reasons why I was fired from my position as chief chemist at the Rowan Glass Factory. If you believe them, then I will know that you are either Stupid, Pretentious or Greedy. And I'm afraid I shall be unable to forgive you. But I am sure that if you are one of these three, you will not care what I think of you.

For the most part, the people of Glory despised us. The reason they despised us was because they considered us dangerous. Or rather they considered our ideas dangerous. My wife Betty, my two sons Jack and Donnie and my daughter Liz—we were what Glory labeled as Free Thinkers. I have no idea what that phrase means to you, but I can assure you that to Glory it spelled out peril. The danger of ideas. Any idea, of course, is dangerous. If it is not dangerous, it is not even an idea. It is only Habit, which is safe. And the reason for this is that Habit is an Idea which is dead and fossilized. A hundred and fifty years ago the ideas which fused together this Republic were treason. Today they are habit. And any idea which questions them now—that's treason.

We settled in Glory a year or so after the Armistice. My job with the glass factory was a good one. I was competent and well trained for it. In 1909 I got my master's degree in chemistry at Cornell University. Then I spent two years in postgraduate study in the chemistry of glass and ceramic glazes. My wife Elizabeth was a major in sociology at the University of Chicago. I met her while I was in the Army in Western Pennsylvania where she was doing work among the miners in the Pittsburgh area. That region was not new to her. She was born in the Squirrel Hill section of Pittsburgh where her father was a powerful and wealthy steel magnate. During a strike in 1910 he walked out of his office and saw his wife and daughter on the picket line carrying signs. Without a pause or a word he walked back into his office, sat down at his desk, wrote out his resignation as president of the mills and sold his stock before noon of that day.

At the beginning things were reasonably pleasant for us in Glory. The Rowan Glass Factory had been established and financed in 1894 by Davis Cresap and several other honest and forward-looking Glory businessmen. In those days the glassware was all blown and handshaped by skilled craftsmen. The lovely tumblers, dishes and goblets were etched by hand. By the time of the 1907 Panic the factory commenced to lose money, and Walter Rowan and G. Vernon Tompkins fired all the glassblowers and installed machinery to do the work. The designs in the glassware were now etched by hydrofluoric acid. By the time I came to the Rowan Glass plant all the methods had been completely modernized. The glassware produced was strong and useful, but it lacked all the charm and beauty of the old, vanished days of craftsmanship. I tried to give it back a new beauty. Since the lovely shapes and patterns of the old times were gone, it seemed to me that I could bring to Rowan glassware something almost as beautiful. Color. I began to

Davis Grubb's story is taken from his novel, The Voices of Glory, *which will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons on October 15, 1962.*

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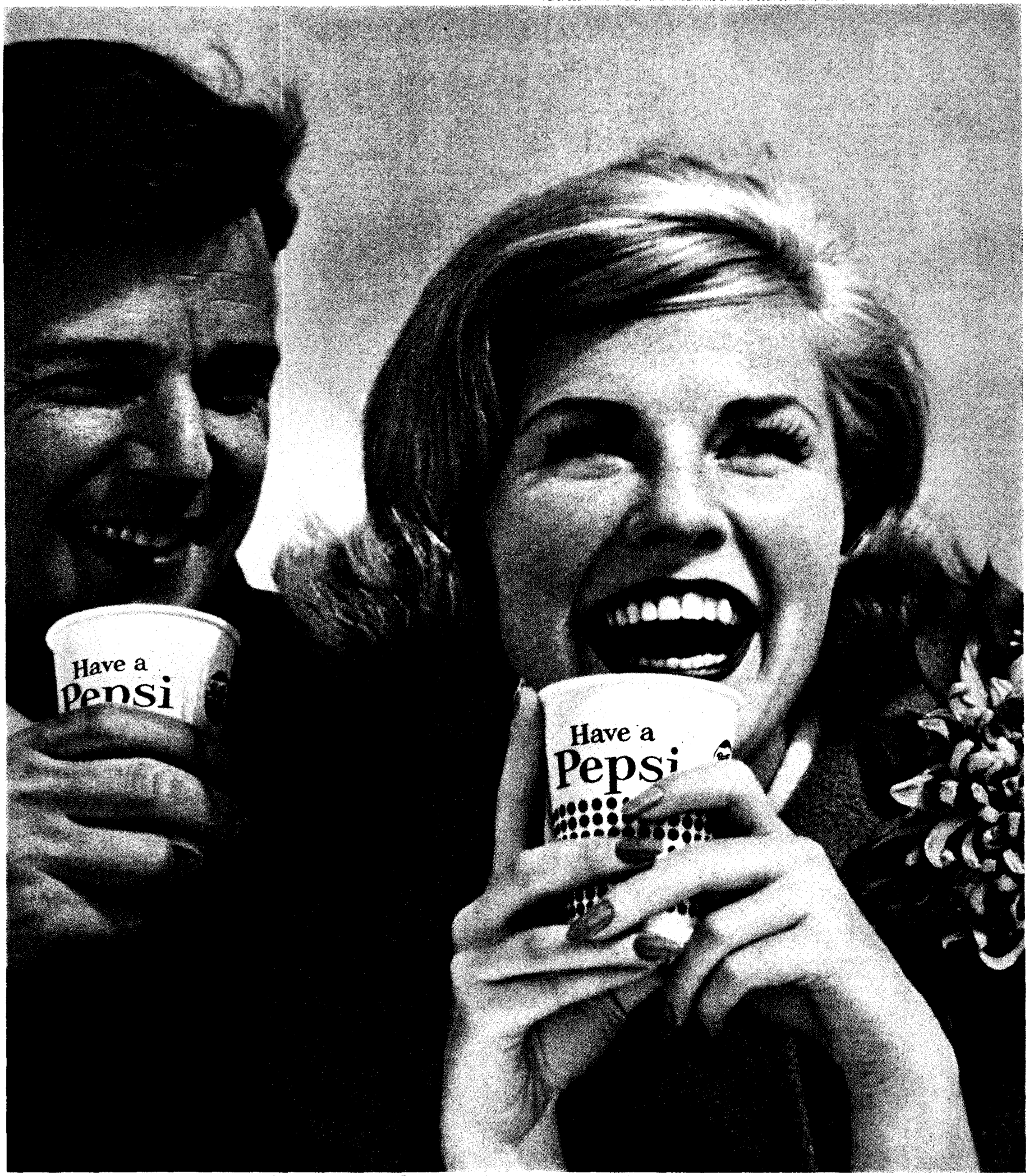

now it's Pepsi-for those who think young

It's a great way of life: thinking young. Today more people are entering into the spirit of things, having more fun. This is the life for Pepsi—light, bracing, clean-tasting Pepsi. So go ahead—think young. Say "Pepsi, please!"

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Glory experiment with small batches, using cobalt and copper oxides.

When Walter Rowan found out what I was doing, he had the vice president in charge of production, Albert Biddle Beam, send me a memo of the most mild and vaguely troubled reproach. The gist of it all seemed to be that company thinking had long been moving in the direction of colored glassware, but that even the most optimistic management heads feared it would be years before anything came of it. Nevertheless, within eight months the factory was in full production of colored glassware. I remember sitting at the long board-room table staring at the row of glass goblets in six colors and hearing Walter Rowan and Vernon Tompkins and Karcher McCombs get three cheers for their go-getter imaginativeness and their zip-and-ginger determination in getting their innovation into production at such amazing speed.

It was a strange day; yes, it could be called grotesque. Because that same evening Calvin, the son of Rowan's general manager, Karcher McCombs, drove home drunk with a carful of youngsters from his high-school class and crashed headlong into a tree on Jefferson Avenue. Both of Calvin's legs were broken, but he got off the easiest of all. Two boys and a girl died instantly, and Darleen Yost, the only daughter of a Glory mail carrier, went through the windshield headlong and was blinded for life. Karcher and his wife had invited us all to a dinner party at their home that night. He did not feel, apparently, that the accident was any reason to call the party off. Dr. Ed Follansbee had assured him that Calvin's fractures were simple ones and that he would be up walking again in less than a month. If young Calvin had been the child of anyone in Glory but Karcher McCombs, a charge of manslaughter while drunk would have been filed against him and he would have served time in the Pruntytown boys' reformatory or even at the state penitentiary.

As it was, Walter Rowan's lawyer, Robert Kemple, got together with Ansel Carruthers, the prosecuting attorney, and certain simple arrangements were agreed upon. An expensive private nurse from Wheeling and Dr. Ed Follansbee were the only persons permitted in Calvin's hospital room until the last trace of any liquor smell was gone. My wife Betty said she absolutely refused to attend the dinner party that night. I talked her into changing her mind. I said that a firsthand study of Karcher McCombs that night was a psychological phenomenon I wouldn't miss for the world. I had to see how a man could play the pleasant host on the same day his son had been responsible for the bodies of three young friends lying up in Marple's Funeral Home and the permanent disfigurement and blinding of a fourth. Karcher solved that problem as I had known he would: he got tight. Not drunk, mind you, but just high enough to keep his mind off sordid thoughts. Everything might have gone off smoothly if Chester Yost hadn't come hammering on the front door a few minutes after dinner. Karcher went to the door. We could all hear Chester Yost cursing him slowly and eloquently, from where we were sitting in the study.

"Chester, nobody could feel sadder about all this than I," Karcher was saying. "Try to think of it all somehow as the will of God, Chester. You're a church man. Go home and pray. And remember that God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

Chester cursed him again, and his voice had broken a little; he was crying.

"My girl will never see again, you son of a bitch," said Chester Yost.

"Chester, I don't blame you for feeling bitter," said Karcher McCombs. "But try to turn your thoughts tonight to that great soul, Helen Keller. Try to think of her tonight, Chester. Maybe your girl has felt the great hand of destiny on her shoulder today. Can't you look at it in that light?"

"And not only blind either!" Chester went on. "She'll be disfigured too. And only this morning my girl was the most beautiful child in Apple County. They told me at the hospital that no number of operations could ever bring that beauty back! Don't use the word 'destiny' to me. It was liquor; that's the word you don't dare say! Your boy was drunk!"

"That's not so, Chester," said Karcher McCombs. "My boy has never touched a drop of drink in his life. His mother will swear to that and so will I. Chester, get hold of yourself. I understand your feelings. And I want to do the little I can to make it right. I want your girl to have the best hospital care that money can buy. I want to have the finest Pittsburgh eye specialists and plastic surgeons examine her. I want to pay for all of it. And knowing you're probably under a little financial pinch at the hospital right now, I want to give you this as a starter. Chester, take this five-hundred-dollar check as a token of good faith in my intentions."

I remember how nobody in the study that night was able to look into anybody else's eyes. We heard something rip and the scuffle of feet out on the front porch. Chester Yost had dragged Karcher to the edge of the porch and knocked him down the flight of steps to the flagstone walk. When Karcher appeared there was a blue mark under his left eye, and his collar and tie were torn open.

"I'm sorry about all this," he said to us. "Men of that class always tend to get a little overemotional."

He poured himself a stiff drink of bootleg Scotch and turned his back on us. Presently he turned around. His face was a little drunk now, and his eyes were furious. He looked at his wife Helen with such savage intensity that he did not seem aware of anyone else in the room.

"You're to blame," he said. "You know that, don't you, Helen? You were the one who gave Cal his first drink, not me. And before that it was you who made him so rotten spoiled that it sometimes makes me ashamed to know he bears my family name. You're the one who should have faced that man out there tonight, not me." And with that he threw the remainder of the liquor in her face.

Somehow I have always felt that Karcher never forgave me for having seen that. Walter and Vernon and Albert were there too, but they were his superiors so it didn't matter. I was merely the factory's chief chemist, and besides that, both Betty and I were—relatively speaking—strangers in Glory. Within a week I knew that Karcher McCombs's attitude toward me had altered sharply—that he in fact hated me.

Not that I blame Karcher McCombs for our having to leave town so fairly soon after that. Karcher was part of it, all right, but he was not the only one in town who hated us. We never belonged in Glory from the beginning. There was scarcely a single one of our family habits that did not come under the frowning scrutiny of most of the town. The way we lived and thought, the books we read, and how we raised our children: All these things seemed to most Glory folk evidence of the most heretical and outrageous Bohemianism. Even the fact that Betty was my second wife provided delicious gossip.

My first wife, Ellen Marie Connell, and I were married in high school. In 1903 Ellen gave birth to my daughter Liz and died a few days later of puerperal fever. Betty and I have had two sons—Jack and Donnie. The gossip in Glory had it that I had divorced Ellen to marry Betty. From time to time hints and fragments of Glory's other objections to us came back to me. Since Ellen's senseless death because of a doctor's dirty fingernails, I had had a rather strong interest in public health; Betty's work in the slums of Pittsburgh gave her a background and enthusiasm for health reforms even stronger than mine. That was what attracted us originally to the only young couple who seemed to be doing anything about it locally: Dr. Louis Delaplaine and his wife Marcy.

It was common knowledge around Glory at the time that Lou was hopelessly tubercular. What neither Betty nor I knew, when we first made friends with this charming and dedicated couple, was the passion and the unreasoning outrage with which they were hated by most of the really powerful people of the town. When word got round that the four of us were friends, it was as if I had given the announcement to the Glory *Argus* of my daughter Liz's engagement to a Negro. The spring before Lou Delaplaine's death he, Marcy and their child had found a dilapidated and deserted log cabin on the highest point in Apple County—Roberts' Ridge. The place needed tar roofing and a new chimney, but it seemed to them a place where Lou would be up out of the damp river mists of the Glory nights: A place where sunlight and fresh country air might give him a last, desperate chance of beating his TB.

At that time, neither of them knew that the child was infected as well. Betty and I used to go up there two or three times a week that spring. The girls would cook a simple outdoor dinner while I took an extra hod and trowel and helped Lou patch up the crumbling mortar of the old chimney. I loved those nights. Betty and Liz and Marcy getting dinner, the boys climbing among the apple trees, and Lou and I singing at the top of our voices. Oh, yes—that caused talk too. We were both Gilbert and Sullivan fanatics and, after we'd stopped exchanging choruses from *Iolanthe* or *Ruddigore*, I used to climb to the chimney top and pose there like a Roman orator, waving my trowel at the stars and recite long verses from the Book of Job, which I know almost entirely by heart.

Either we were followed up there one night, or a young couple overheard us from a parked car down the dirt road a ways. At any rate, word quickly spread around Glory that Lou and I alternated dirty limericks with sacrilegious recitations from the Bible. I wonder if the Book of Job has anywhere on earth ever sounded as fitting and lovely as it did on those spring nights on that unsoiled hill, among the stars and young spring winds of that brave year. Yes, brave. Because I don't think either Marcy or Lou were kidding themselves any longer about the outcome of his infection. When two people in love know they have a limited time left together, they either grow dour-faced and self-pitying, hating the sight of each other, or they try to pack into those last few months a sort of ferocious adoration of life. And in the months of that summer I will swear that Dr. Lou Delaplaine and his wife Marcy shared together more love and fun, more passion and devoted work, more sheer, bared zest at being alive than most couples are lucky enough to experience in fifty years of life together.

I am not a sentimental man. In most ways I am a hard man, but somehow the sheer courage of those two moved me to feelings which often, in the light of our supper fire, caused me to knuckle moisture from my eyes and grate my teeth. And then Lou and I would do some more mortaring of the chimney of that as yet uninhabitable house. And I'd clamber to the topmost stone and shout in a voice which those two had given fresh pride in being human:

"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble.

"He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

And once I paused, remembering, and thought I had chosen a verse that might depress them. And then I would look down and see the face of Marcy Cresap Delaplaine smiling up with purest joy in her eyes at the splendor of Job and know that what I had said had made them think nothing of the kind; that nothing I could say, nor anyone, could shake the grip of these two loose from life. And I would fling my trowel toward the Great Bear or the Pleiades and cry:

"Because thou shalt forget thy misery, and remember it as waters that pass away!

"And thine age shall be clearer than the noonday; thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning!

"And thou shalt be secure, because there is hope; yea, thou shalt dig about thee, and thou shalt take thy rest in safety!

"Also thou shalt lie down, and none shall make thee afraid. . . ."

It was strange, but as the year moved into summertime, Lou's impending death did leave me affected with a curious sorrow. Curious, I say, because it was nothing really to do with Lou that came to mind. Strangely, the thought of Lou's dying made me feel acutely something I had not felt especially strongly when it happened: the death of Ellen, my child-wife. We were both so young. No, that's not it. We were both so desperate—that's it. Both of us nearly penniless, both our parents dead set against us; it's as if when Ellen died back then I didn't dare feel grief.

But that summer it suddenly came alive and hurting in me. And it was the thought of Lou's impending death that triggered it. I don't know how. Maybe I thought that had he come to tend her and deliver her of child that night that his hands would have been clean. His oncoming death reminded me of the needlessness of hers. I think Betty understood; perhaps she even sensed it in me. She was marvelously understanding. Particularly since almost every atom of parental devotion within me seemed to turn suddenly to my daughter Liz.

Liz and I have never been closer than we were that summer. She had just turned eighteen with fine brown hair like Ellen's had been, and violet eyes like my mother's and the kind of total, stunning beauty which in a town the size of Glory

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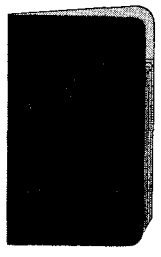
Turkey?

Until it hatches, you can't always tell. But some things you want to be sure of — in advance. For instance, your savings. You want to be sure that they're safe. That they'll grow. That they'll hatch exactly the way you've planned. When it comes to your nest egg, you want just one thing: a bank.



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Glory is a fact of instant and outspoken suspicion. For the first twelve years of her life I had reared Liz alone, and yet when Betty married me nothing about that upbringing changed: We were both in complete agreement that the only way to teach a child cleanness and candor of spirit was to teach it honestly.

To most of Glory, of course, this philosophy of child-rearing was pure obscenity. Betty and I never made a point of going around the upstairs naked simply because it seemed a good way to teach unashamedness of nakedness. Most of the time nobody could ever find a bathrobe—that's all it was. And in the summer, at least, we'd all take baths when we came in from work or school and not bother to dress again simply because it was so comfortable the way we were. When someone would think of it he'd pull down the window blinds upstairs. It didn't seem to matter much to us, because nobody had ever learned to feel that anything on, in, or about his body could be shameful. So what was there to hide? That did little to improve our local prestige either. The Methodist minister lived next door to us, and on the other side dwelt two maiden ladies by the name of Peabody. So that if we had staged Roman orgies on the front lawn at noon, the gossip could have been no more brutal.

Nor was that the worst of it. I told you earlier that I am not a very tolerant man. In fact, I am a snob. Which is only another way of saying that I should prefer the very best thoughts and actions in people as opposed to their meanest, shoddiest sides. In addition there are other qualities which afflict me; tendencies which did more than anything, probably, to finish me at the glass plant.

I have a keen, sarcastic wit, a loathing for self-pity, and an occasionally ungovernable temper. Walter Rowan's first assistant, Kimper Darling, is a particularly uxorious and truckling sort, the repulsively ideal type for the role as underling to a managerial mentality. Kimper is the kind who corners you by the water cooler after staff meetings and, with nudges and in a whispering voice, tells dirty jokes whose point invariably hinges on deformities or indignities about women's bodies; the kind of man who unfailingly causes me to suspect sexual impotence. His wife, a massive Wagnerian amazon, is Glory's most pathetic and notorious hypochondriac. As some women's power over their mates rests in strength, Hilda Darling's lies in weakness; she is always on the point of becoming an invalid. And so one night during a bridge game, when I referred to this couple as Kimper and Whimper, the thoughtless witticism was being circulated all over the Rowan Glass works by ten o'clock next morning. That did me even more damage than the news that we were subscribers to the *Nation* and *New Republic* and when Liz chose for her last reading in Senior English a scene from Ibsen's *Enemy of the People*, we might just as well have packed up and left that day.

Neither Betty nor I has ever told a child beneath that roof what is wrong in life and what is right. We have told them only what we believe to be beautiful and what we believe to be ugly. We have taught them that life is full of decisions and that every decision has its consequence. We have tried to help them understand that poverty is a disgrace to their home even more than it is to those of the poor. We have hoped that they may see that sickness anywhere on earth is an insult to the health of their own bodies if the sickness of those others leaves their hearts and hands unmoved. Neither Betty nor I has ever sent any of our children to Sunday school or church. That is so that they may have a chance to become religious. And there has never been an evening in all our years together when each of us has not been expected to recite after dinner some delightful or thrilling new passage he has learned that day from the Holy Bible.

When the word came back to my ears that my daughter Liz was a degenerate young slut, I went to my dresser drawer and fetched out the .25 caliber Mauser automatic my brother Jeff brought home from France. It was a warm summer night. I stood for a moment with the pistol in my hand, glaring out at the dark. What was I going to shoot—the town of Glory? I laughed in a chill of relief and took the clip of bullets out, hurling them out in the shrubbery where I prayed they would lie forever, rusting. I took a ball-peen hammer from the kitchen cabinet, hammered the gun barrel out of shape and dropped it in the garbage can. Betty was working with Marcy that night. Liz had a date somewhere with someone. The boys had gone to the Orpheum to see Douglas Fairbanks.

I had known for some time about Liz's friendship with Glory's only artist—a man named Harold Post Robinson. It was Marcy and Doctor Delaplaine who had brought him up to the hill that spring where we were trying to fix the cabin to save Lou's life. Harold did the whole roof himself—every sheet of tarpaper, every roofing nail. And while Lou and I took turns reciting verses from Isaiah, Harold in his good baritone hummed an aria from Bach none of us knew. We sat up there that night long after the fire we'd built had gone out with the stars. Below us the mists of morning lay on Glory. The boys, wrapped in robes, had long ago crawled into the car to sleep. Liz sat with her legs tucked under, her head against my shoulder, watching us all with wise and drowsy eyes. The string of smoke from our old and burned-out supper fire stood gray and still in the pure air like the ghost of someone slender. Harold had been reciting Blake for an hour. But after a while he had fallen still. Nobody said anything for a long while; all of us, it seemed, like creatures in Genesis witnessing the earth's first sunup, heard sheep bells far off, tinkling like some forest carillon summoning beasts to praise. Suddenly Marcy Cresap Delaplaine began to speak, almost absently, and yet with sleepy conviction, her mouth smiling, her voice saying something so oddly beautiful I will never forget it.

"You, Arthur. And you, Betty," she said. "And you, Hal and Liz and the boys sleeping yonder in the car. And me. We're all doomed for a little while. I mean Glory's got it in for each of us. And in the end Glory will win. They'll drive us away. And it will take us a little while to find a new place, a new beginning, a grand comeback."

Then she laid her hand on her husband's hand and squeezed it hard and looked at him.

"You, too, old darling," she said softly. "You too. It will take you a while to find your lovely comeback. But I bet you make it sooner and easier than any of us."

The fact of the scandal about Liz was that she and Harold Post Robinson got to be friends. Wasn't that a dreadful thing, now?

In September of that year Hal finished a small bronze statue of Liz. I was the first one he showed it to. He came into the living room that night and unwrapped it and stood back from it where it stood upon the table. I called Betty and the boys downstairs to see. And later Marcy and Lou came up to see it too. Liz had kept it a secret. But not for the reason that Glory women thought! She had wanted it as a gift for me. And I am a hard man, an intolerant man; I am sarcastic and acid tongued and awful tempered. But I stood there that night with the tears in my eyes blurring that lovely image of my girl, my first-born child, my Liz. I knew two things suddenly that night, things that small bronze figure said to me. I knew that Harold Robinson was a great artist; I knew my daughter Elizabeth was a splendid woman.

Who spied into my house that night, who stole across my lawn and peered through my window? I'll never know. It doesn't matter. Maybe no single person spied at all. Maybe just something evil in the night out there looked in. By midnight all the party lines in town were tied up and fighting for each other. By morning the word was everywhere in Apple County: my daughter Liz was an immoral girl; she had posed without clothes for that artist, Harold Robinson.

Maybe I would have resigned anyway. I like to think I would have. Yet in the final summing up of things, what does it matter? Glory is everywhere. All the good of it; all the evil too. We live now in a town that's just the same. And it's a thousand miles from Apple County!

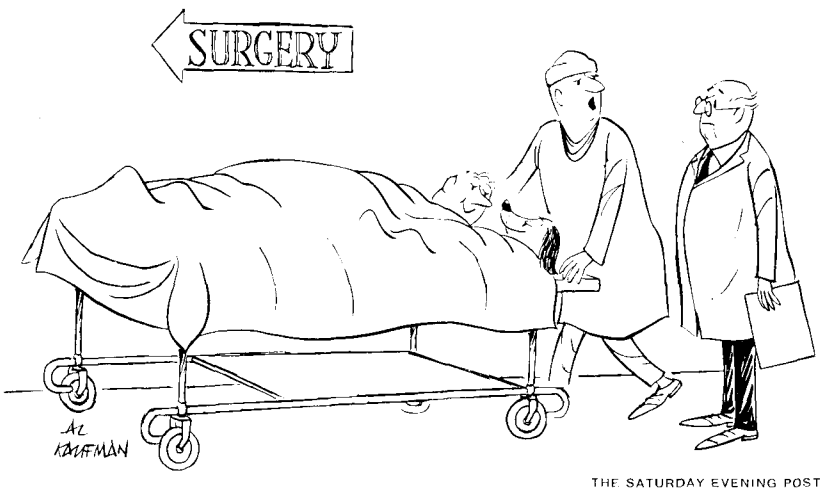
It wasn't just the statue of Liz that made them decide. It was everything about me and my family. It was everything we stood for there in Glory. It was Liz posing in the nude. It was Betty choosing a nasty book like *Main Street* to review before the Tuesday Arts. It was me and my Kimper and Whimper. It was the boys playing games with the Negro children on Water Street, or looking for arrowheads with the waifs of Angel Swamp. It was all of us running around the upstairs with no clothes on, just like that favorite family of Reverend Toombes: Adam and Eve and their two loving sons, Cain and Abel. It was all of these, summed up and totaled neatly like a row of deficits on a ribbon of paper in the adding machine up in the office of the Rowan Glass Works. We had to go. You can see why, of course? When we were gone, the town would once again be safe. Safe, at least, from Arthur Malcolm Keynes and all his shameless and immoral family.

I'm a good chemist. I don't make mistakes. That much I know, and I can look back on my work in Glory with pride and a feeling of distinction. Walter Rowan, G. Vernon Tompkins, Albert Biddle Beam, Kimper Darling, Karcher McCombs and some richly bribed workman in the plant one night fixed me once and forever. They spoiled a batch of expensive ruby glass and blamed it on some lab mistake of mine. It wasn't hard to do. A handful or two of extra chemical tossed in the vat while the glass was still hot. Enough to throw the color off just a shade—a shade of difference from the specifications. The glass hadn't even been poured when Walter Rowan called me into his office and regretfully told me the news. He said it wasn't the first time; he said I'd spoiled a dozen other batches.

"Arthur, I like you," Walter Rowan said. "I'm sorry things have got to end this way. Good luck. And here's a check for three months' pay. I know you'll have no trouble finding something new."

I took that last stroll along the high catwalk above the glowing, molten vat of scarlet glass. I leaned over the rail, and I dropped what I had carried there from home, right after they'd called and told me the news. I watched it fall and disappear into the batch of ruby red they said I'd ruined. Then I went home and told Betty to start to pack.

A thousand years from now—or maybe two or three—the men with spades will come where Glory was; the archaeologists who scrape and wonder at what the world we live in now was like back then. They'll sift through Apple County's dark rich earth and ponder, and put our Coke bottles and tin cans and the crankcases from our Fords into their museums. But one day they will come upon the loveliest and strangest riddle of them all: one giant blob of glass once dumped out there in the town trash heap beyond the place men then called Angel Swamp. A huge red lump of glass, scarlet as the blood of life itself, catching the light and glowing like some crimson, fallen star. Lord, how they'll rack their brains at this, these men! And stare and scowl and try to plumb its meaning. Maybe that day they'll change their minds about our gods. Maybe those men will scrap their old, snide notions that what we worshiped were the cold, hard gods: Stupidity, Pretension and blind Greed! They'll stare inside that one great lump of glass and see in its center, fixed in its glow forever, deathless in bronze and safe from earth's corrosion, in grave, wise charm, with tilted, listening head, the shy, fresh nakedness of a pretty girl! **THE END**



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"They're inseparable."

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ne liveliest, ost care-free ars of the year are here!

See the greatest auto show ever assembled under one dealer's banner—at your Ford Dealer's! For '63 there are four complete lines of fine cars from Ford! 44 different models, including the first convertible! The brand-new Ford Fairlane wagons and hardtops! The new Super Torque Ford Galaxie! The most luxurious Thunderbird ever! Turn the page and start the fun.

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The Saturday Evening Post

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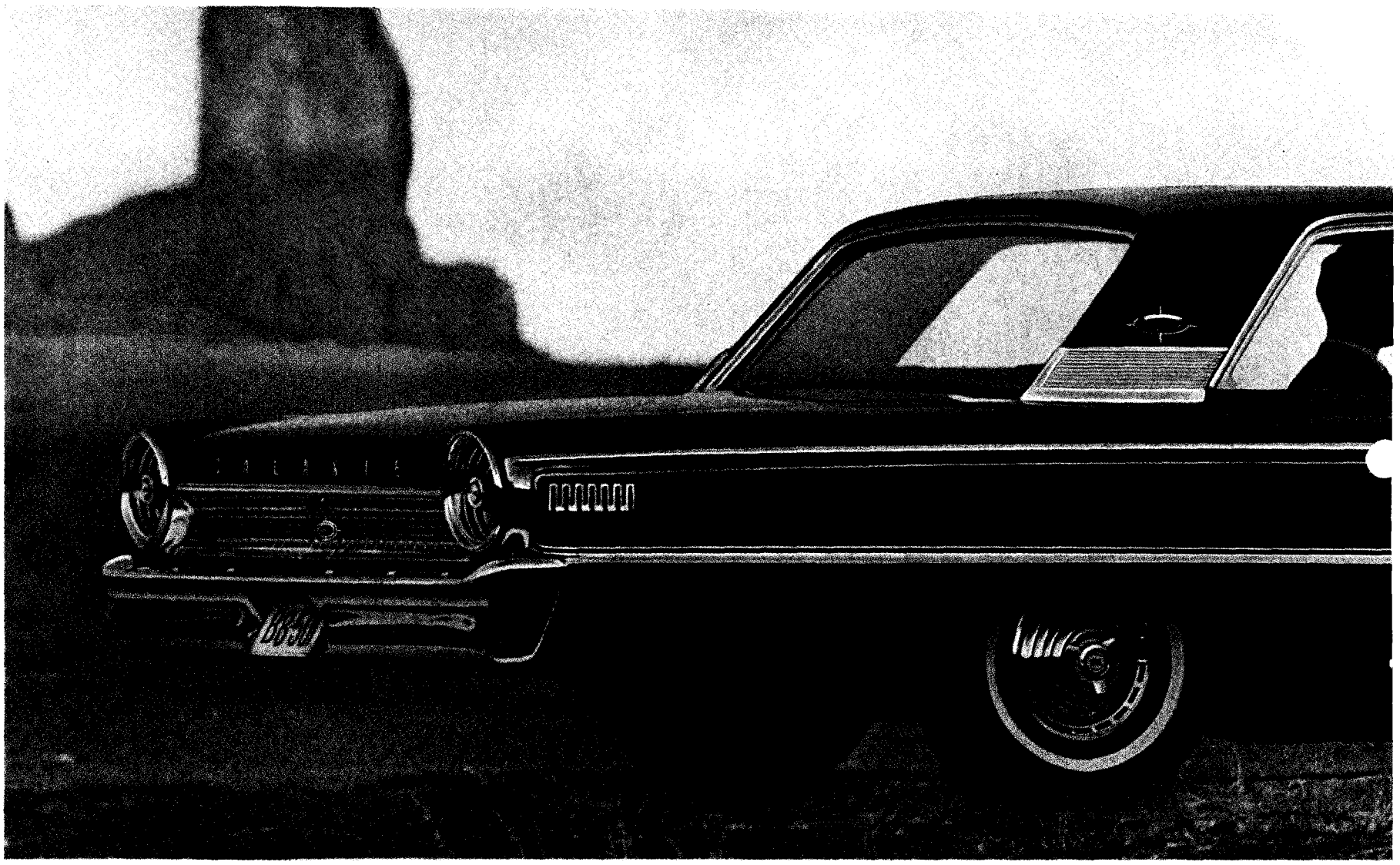
the look, the power...and nov



FEEL THE THUNDERBIRD VELVET OF THE 1963 GALAXIE'S ALL-NEW RIDE! Here's the nearest thing to flight itself. With road-tami improvements topped by new front and rear suspensions, Galaxie's ride is so smooth you'll have to try it to believe it. Until now or Thunderbird knew the secret of this kind of fun, this kind of comfort. Until now only Thunderbird had this way with a corner—t sports-car flair for winding roads. And to match Ford Galaxie's velvet ride—there's a live-it-up elegance, inside and out, found only cars costing hundreds more. Maintenance? It doesn't come any easier. Galaxie's the car that pioneered the twice-a-year or 6,000-m service schedule!

FEEL THE SUPER TORQUE THRUST OF GALAXIE'S NEW THUNDERBIRD POWER! Torque is what makes a car go. Super Torque is what makes a Galaxie go—with Thunderbird V-8 horsepower up to a mile-splitting 405. In '63 you can choose from five different transmissions—including a 4-speed floor shift, Cruise-O-Matic (the ultimate in automatic transmissions) and Synchro Smooth Drive (America's first fully synchronized 3-speed manual transmission).

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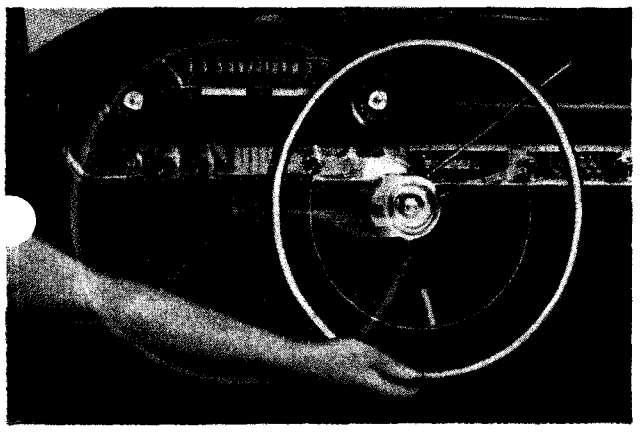

GALAXIE'S THUNDERBIRD FEEL STARTS HERE! Available until now only in Thunderbird, Galaxie's optional Swing-Away steering wheel moves over a full 9 inches to let you in—locks firmly in position before you can drive. It's a symbol of all that's Thunderbird-new and wonderful in the new Ford Galaxies.

feel of the fabulous Thunderbird!

NEW ROOM UNDER THE WHEEL! Deep-foam bucket seats in the Galaxie 500/XL—deep-foam bench seats in other models. Crank vent windows, standard.

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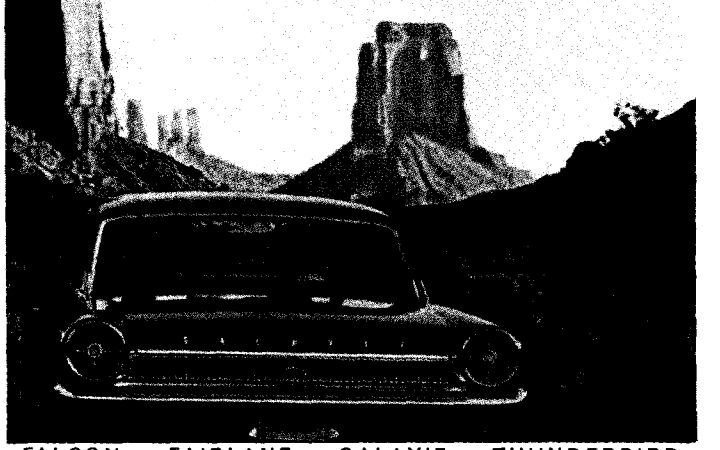

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new '63 FORD FAIRLANE

...hot new

GO-GO-GO WITH FAIRLANE'S ALL-NEW V-8—THE OPTIONAL CHALLENGER 260! It's the only V-8 of its kind—and lightning's the word for it. Other engine choices include the optional Challenger "221" V-8 and the standard Fairlane Six. Transmission choices include Fordomatic—and new Synchro Smooth Drive (available with the Challenger V-8's).

NEW FAIRLANE HARDTOPS! NEW FAIRLANE WAGONS! Presenting, for the first time, a full line of Ford Fairlanes. The styling's new. The choice is high, wide and handsome. There are three new 4-door Fairlane wagons that load like the big ones and cost like the compacts. There are four lively, lovely, low-priced sedans. And for the live-it-up crowd—a dashing new Fairlane Hardtop and (shown above) a jaunty, bucket-seated Sports Coupe. Quick, quiet, solid as they come, all Fairlanes are built to a high standard of quality unprecedented at this price. And all Fairlanes have the service-saving features introduced by Ford Galaxie.

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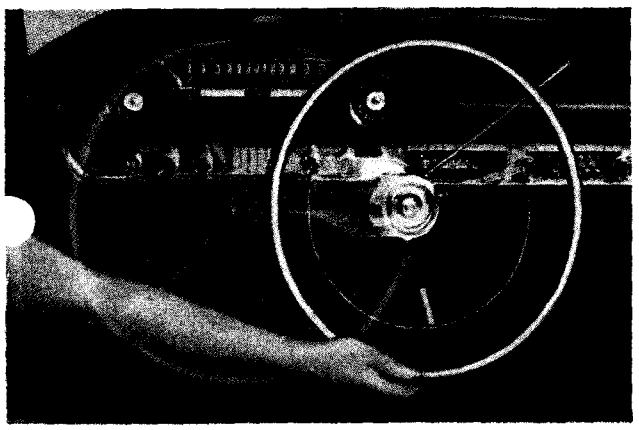

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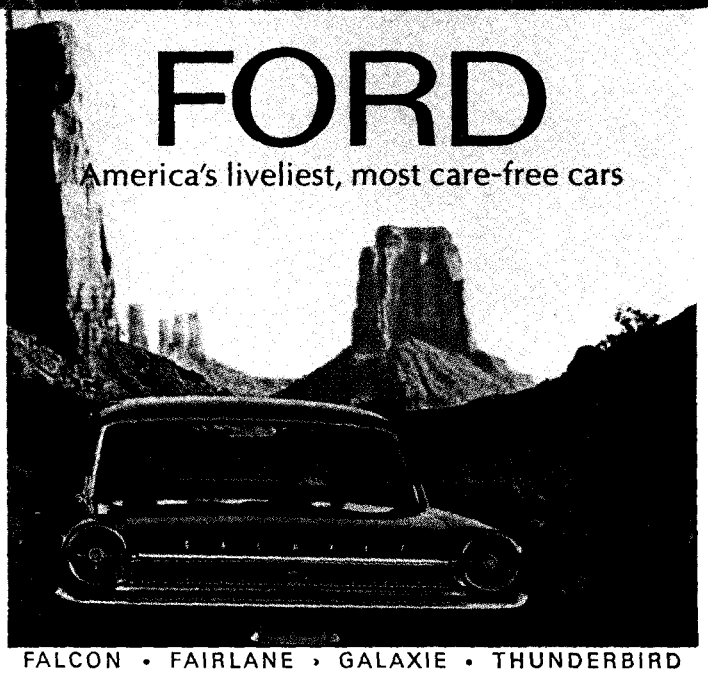

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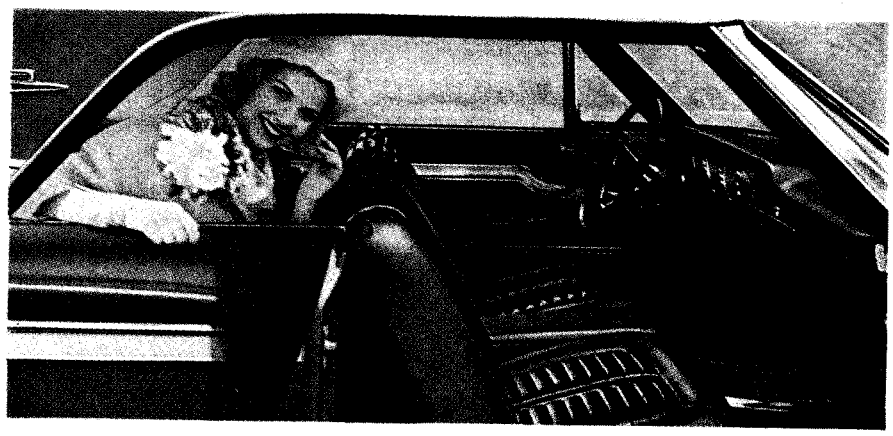

FAIRLANE'S FULL SIZE—WHERE IT COUNTS! Here's big-car room, ride and performance all wrapped up in a neat and nimble new size, at a remarkably slim and saving price. It's the newest, happiest idea in cars to come along in years—and it's a Ford exclusive! (The elegant Fairlane Sports Coupe interior is shown here.)

middleweight...with V-8 punch!

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new '63 FALCON

Fun is what's new in Falcon...

LOOK! THE NEW FALCON CONVERTIBLE—Here's the newest, liveliest, loveliest Falcon of 'em all! This exciting new convertible gives you more fun in the sun, for it comes with a power-operated top and the Falcon 170 Special engine as standard equipment. Choice of Sports Convertible (shown below) with deep-foam bucket seats and handy personal console in between, or a Convertible with foam-padded bench seats.

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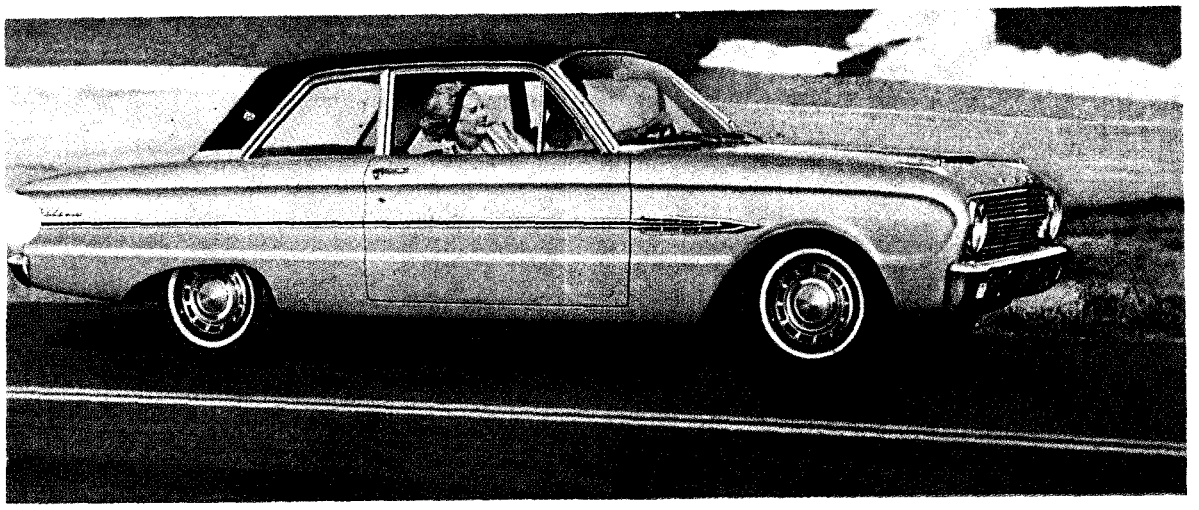

NEW STYLE! LIVELY NEW FALCON FUTURA SPORTS SEDAN. Lovely to look at, delightful to own, and a WOW to drive—the new Futura Sports Sedan has form-fitting bucket seats, a handy personal console, thick wall-to-wall carpeting, a Thunderbird-style roofline. And for those who want to GO, it's available with Falcon's sizzling 170 Special engine and a 4-speed floor shift!

the all-time economy champ!

NEW TWICE-A-YEAR MAINTENANCE, FAMOUS FALCON GAS ECONOMY. For 1963, Falcon*—America's economy champion—now has all the twice-a-year or 6,000-mile maintenance features pioneered by Ford. It goes 36,000 miles between major chassis lubrications...6,000 miles between oil changes and minor lubrications...even adjusts its own brakes! You get Falcon's traditional award-winning gas economy, too ... and a price low enough to be the economy news of the year!

NEW FEATURES! BUCKET SEATS, PERSONAL CONSOLE, FOUR-SPEED FLOOR SHIFT. Here they are... the lively new Falcon options for 1963... the widest choice ever! For luxury-lovers there are bucket seats to cradle you in deep-foam comfort... a mid-seat console for maps, gloves, sunglasses ... thick wall-to-wall carpeting—just to mention a few. For the performance-minded, Falcon gives you a choice of two great engines (the famous Falcon Six, and the peppy Falcon 170 Special) and three smooth-shifting transmissions (Fordomatic, standard 3-speed and special four-speed floor shift).

*Except Falcon Bus and Club Wagons

PRODUCTS OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY

NEW FUN! THE FALCON SQUIRE WAGON. Most luxurious of all the compact wagons, this elegant 1963 Falcon Squire has an electrically operated tailgate window as standard equipment. The Falcon Squire has a loadspace over 7 ft. long, and is available with deluxe bucket seats and handy personal console! It's one of 15 fun-filled new Falcons for 1963.

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An American girl who stays at an English pub decides to Put a Stop

If you drive west from the ancient English cathedral city of Salisbury into the Wiltshire downs, taking the secondary route toward Shaftesbury at Coombe Bissett, you are bound to pass through the village of Chalke Magna where, if you happen to be a patriotic American tourist, you will pause before a long, low structure, thatched of roof and half-timbered of wall, to salute what may well be the most unlikely monument to your country's free-enterprise system in all of Great Britain.

It's called the Devil and Clerk, as you will perceive from the large, gaily painted sign which depends from a vast, intricately wrought, iron bracket jutting out over its low central door, upon which a portly and rubicund clerk of holy orders is depicted wrestling manfully with Satan for possession of a wine cask. The clerk is clearly winning. And if your fancy runs to ancient, smoke-blackened oaken beams and vast, red-tiled hearths, to polished pewter and gleaming copper and the delights of a freshly baked cottage loaf, a wedge of marbled Stilton and a tankard of foaming brown English ale, you will stay for a while, for there's not a finer wayside inn to be found between London and Land's End.

Above all, while you're there, don't forget to drink a toast to Miss Angie Trimble. Miss Evangeline Trimble, to be more precise, of the Baltimore, Maryland, Trimbles. If it hadn't been for Angie—well, Chalke Magna doesn't like to think about that. The Devil and Clerk would be no more; torn down in the name of efficiency and economy by the mighty brewery combine of Slingsby, Blore & Walkinshaw, Ltd. Why, if it hadn't been for Angie, a man would have to walk all the five miles to The Bell, in Bower Chalke, for his evening pint and a friendly game of darts—and speaking of darts: what would have happened to the finest darts team in south Wiltshire if Slingsby, Blore & Walkinshaw had accomplished their designs? And what village cricket team in its right mind would today travel to Chalke Magna of a sunny summer afternoon to challenge the local eleven, were there no cool, hospitable inn to offer refreshment after the rigors of the sport?

No, Chalke Magna doesn't like to think of what might have happened if Angie Trimble hadn't decided that what she needed more than anything else in the world was a vacation. Being the private secretary to the chief of the United States Information Agency's London office was, as overseas secretarial assignments go, a very fine job, but no sinecure, and when her boss was called back to Washington for a series of conferences, the opportunity was too good to be missed. She had packed her bags, tossed them into the back of her gill-sized English roadster and headed generally west toward Devon and Cornwall, and rest.

Wiltshire was, so far as Angie was concerned, simply one of those patches of ground that lay between London and her objective, and if all had gone as planned, she would never have laid eyes on Chalke Magna. A couple of misread route signs, encountered amid the maze of Salisbury's streets, coupled with an entirely natural feminine distaste for map reading, fetched her at dusk to the village and disaster of a sort. Mr. Arthur Honey, proprietor of Chalke Magna's minute garage, diagnosed the actual trouble tentatively—as nearly as Angie could comprehend his rich rustic accent—as a creeping paralysis of the gearbox, probably requiring deep surgery.

"Yurr can likely find yurrzulf rum at Devil an' Clark," Mr. Honey volunteered courteously as he hauled himself from beneath the roadster. "This yere bain't about to go no vurthur tonight," he added, giving the car a reproachful pat.

As a result of which, Angie had come to the Devil and Clerk, her small, heart-shaped face a study in distress and frustration beneath its cap of jet-black hair. So much for her dreams of a leisurely drive to Brixham and the comfortable hotel on the cliffs overlooking the bustling little harbor. She was stuck in the wilds of Wiltshire. But at least, she thought, the inn Mr. Honey had recommended looked cheerful, its diamond-paned windows glowing yellow in the deepening twilight. She walked in and plonked a hand down on the bell beneath the sign which said, RING FOR SERVICE. Almost at once a very low door to one side of the entrance hall opened, and there came the sharp report of one solid object meeting another.

"Damn!" said the tall, blond young man who appeared, rubbing his brow, his expression pained. "Sorry," he said quickly, seeing the slender, dark girl and grinning ruefully. "I never fail to crack my skull against these doors. Can I help you, please?" Angie explained her situation and observed, to her bewilderment, a dubious pursing of the young man's lips. "H'm-m-m," he breathed thoughtfully when she had finished. "I suppose it would be all right."

"This *is* an inn, isn't it?" Angie asked a trifle impatiently, for she felt, not unreasonably, that she had already suffered much that day.

"Oh, it's very definitely an inn, all right. It's just that—" the young man hesitated and looked embarrassed "—well, you see, I'm all alone here at the moment, and to be perfectly honest about it, I'm not very good at making up beds."

"Oh?" said Angie, and then, "Oh!"

"I mean to say," the young man added hastily, "you're more than welcome to stay, and if I were to give you the bed linen, why perhaps ——" He blushed furiously and fell silent.

Any port in a storm, Angie told herself. And this tall young man did not appear to be the sort to go creeping through the corridors in the stilly watches of the night, on mischief bent. "It so happens," she declared, "that I have a Girl Scout badge for Homemaking. Next question: food. Can you give me dinner?"

"Oh, dear," her host replied. "I was afraid you might ask that. As a general rule, we've given up serving meals, but if you wouldn't mind a bit of cold roast beef." He paused as an idea occurred to him. "Look here, it's half an hour until opening time, and I was just fixing myself a snack. Nothing much, actually, but I'd be delighted to have you join me."

"Thanks. I'd love to. And as long as we're dining together, we'd better be introduced. I'm Evangeline Trimble, and you must be Mr. Cedric Luckett, licensed to sell spirits and tobacco on the premises," Angie said, remembering the small sign above the inn's entrance.

"That's my Uncle Cedric. I'm David Luckett, and I'm sort of keeping an eye on things for my uncle and aunt whilst they're off on holiday. Bit out of my line, I'm afraid, but you'll probably discover that for yourself." The young man gave her a most amiable grin. "Now you wait here and I'll go around to the garage and bring your baggage from your car."

Angie could not remember when she had enjoyed a more relaxed supper. They ate in the tiny, cozy, private living room tucked away behind the public bars, and there over roast-beef sandwiches fit for a race of giants, she learned of the wretched fate that awaited the Devil and Clerk.

"It's quite simple," David Luckett explained. "My uncle wants to retire and take my aunt out to live in the Bahamas. So he's put the inn on the market and gone to the south of France until the sale comes through. You see, this is what's called a 'free house'; that is, my uncle owns it and can do what he pleases with it. Slingsby, Blore and Walkinshaw have been after him for years to sell it to them, but until now he's refused."

"Why?" Angie inquired, helping herself to a chunk of crumbling golden Cheddar.

"Because he knows they plan to pull it down. You see, at the moment, the Devil and Clerk is stiff competition for the other pubs in this area, all of them owned by Slingsby, Blore and Walkinshaw, and all of which would benefit handsomely if this place went. Then too, S. B. and W. are one of your modern, go-ahead outfits with no time for sentiment. The Devil and Clerk must be at least four centuries old; it's hard to heat and much too big for the size of the village; has been ever since they stopped running stagecoaches through Chalke Magna. Spending money to modernize the place would simply be pouring the stuff down the drain, as they see it."

"But isn't there some sort of law about preserving historic buildings?" Angie wanted to know.

David shrugged. "Unfortunately the Devil and Clerk seems to have missed out on its chances there. Royalty's never slept here, or if they did, nobody bothered to make notes. Cromwell never sacked the place, and Constable never painted it. Architecturally it's not really a rarity, even if it is

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by JACOB HAY

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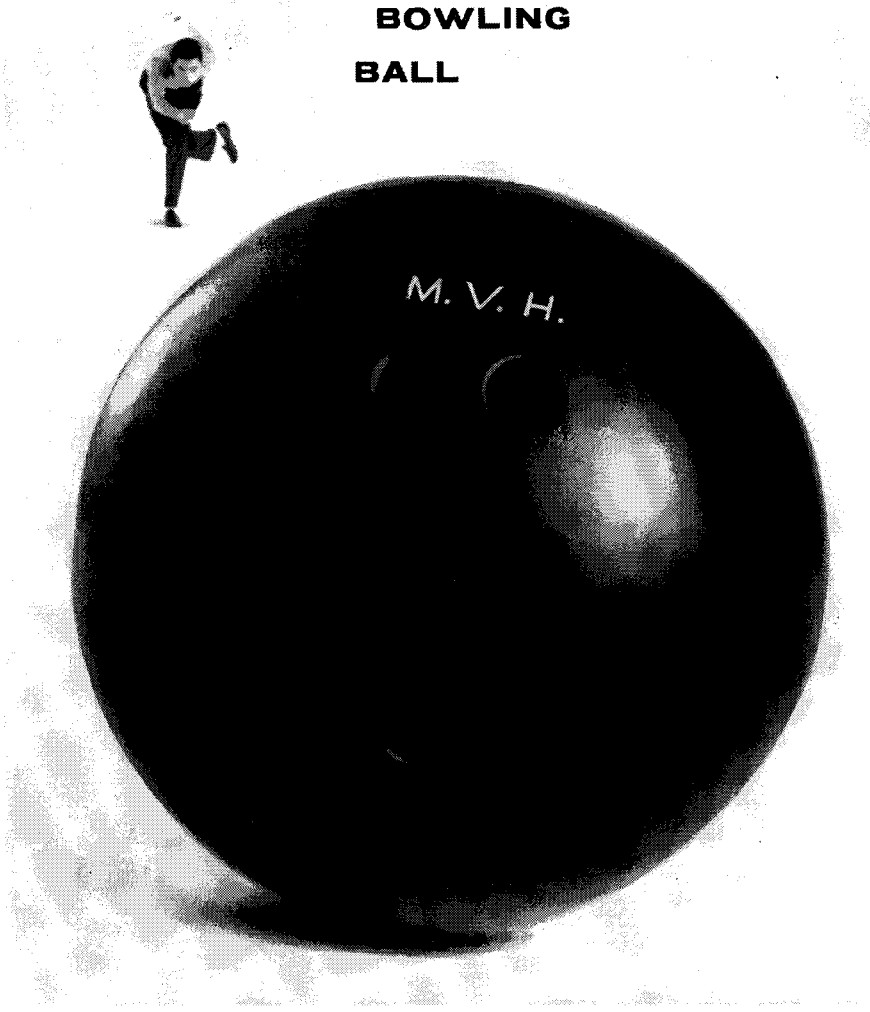

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Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name, address and full remittance. As soon as your order has been processed, we will send you the bowling ball of your choice. Be sure to specify weight desired. When you receive your ball, take it to your local bowling alley and use the manufacturer's authorization which accompanies it to have it bored to fit your hand and your initials put on without charge.

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Check weight desired:

Heavyweight ☐ Lightweight ☐ Featherweight ☐

Progress picturesque as all get out, and Ye Oldey Worldey Charme, alas, doesn't pay dividends."

"Well, then, couldn't your uncle find another buyer?"

"He's tried, heaven knows, but nobody so far has been able to match the combine's offer. Not being on a main road hasn't helped either, you know. So, right now it looks very much as if the Devil and Clerk will cease to exist come the end of the month."

It was, Angie decided later, an absolute crime, an inexcusable waste. She plumped the pillows on her bed and stood back to survey her handiwork. And for no reason at all she found herself wondering what, if not innkeeping, was David Luckett's line. His accent—that inescapable and usually accurate yardstick of education and status—seemed to indicate a collegiate background of some description, and she felt reasonably certain that his beautifully fitted tweed jacket had not come ready-made.

Still pondering, she tucked her novel beneath her arm and strolled downstairs to the Lounge Bar. Although it was officially spring, there was still a nip in the air and a small fire blazed cheerily in the hearth, its reflections flashing off the polished hunting horns, horse brasses and other bits and pieces of antique metalwork adorning the walls. There was only one other person present, she saw; a short, stockily built man, roseate of cheek and bristling of white military moustache, leaning against the bar and staring morosely at the bottles ranked on the shelves behind. Angie paused just inside the door to inspect an old print of the Wilton Hunt in full cry on Marleycombe Down. The gentleman at the bar glanced up, frowned fearsomely at this female intrusion and returned to his brown study. David Luckett came from behind the partition which separated the Lounge from the Public Bar, the preserve of the village males below the rank of gentry.

"Evening, brigadier," David said, confirming Angie's swift character analysis. "What'll you have, sir?"

"What I've had for the past dozen years, confound it," growled the brigadier, abruptly looking like a small boy pouting. "Sorry, David. My usual, thanks. Heard anything from that scoundrelly uncle of yours about the sale?"

"Nothing new, sir." David vanished briefly behind the partition to reappear moments later bearing a pint tankard. He caught sight of Angie. "Oh! Er—Miss Trimble, Brigadier Sir John Bramwell," he introduced them. "Miss Trimble's staying the night while Arthur Honey has a bash at her car." From behind the partition came a jovial bellow: "Oy! David! Wurr dyin' like flies in yere!" Grinning, David returned to the Public Bar. Brigadier Bramwell surveyed Angie with dubious approval.

"American, eh?" he rumbled. Angie nodded and stared at him in surprise. She hadn't spoken a word. "Tell by your attitude," the brigadier added, much pleased with himself. "Certain air of independence; something about the way you dress. But no matter. Will you join me in something?" Angie said she would enjoy a glass of sherry. "You really ought to try the beer, you know," the brigadier advised. "They understand the stuff here; draw it direct from the keg, and none of this modern nonsense of pumps and pipes. One of the few pubs left in the country where you can have a pint straight from the wood." He sighed gloomily. "Be a pity when it's all only a memory."

"It certainly does seem a shame," Angie agreed.

"Shame!" cried Sir John. "It's a ruddy outrage, m'dear, if you'll pardon an old man's foul language. But that's the trouble with England today; we've lost all respect for our old traditions. Just look at us: we've let you Americans make us a second-class power, and we're acting like one."

"What do you mean, we made you a second-class power?" Angie flared, her black eyes blazing dangerously. Even after two years in London she had not steeled herself to ignore the British penchant for, and delight in, needling her country. She blushed as she saw the sly grin beneath the brigadier's ferocious moustache and the imp's gleam in his blue eyes. "Oops," she murmured demurely.

The brigadier chuckled. "Good girl," he pronounced. "I like spirit. Where the devil is David?"

"You called, sir?" David spoke in a mock-Jeeves accent.

"Miss Trimble will have a sherry and we'll both have a bit more service this side, please." Brigadier Bramwell turned back to Angie. "That's the prime trouble with today's young men, m'dear; they're bone lazy. Still, I'll concede that there aren't too many of 'em as mad as David, who's given up his entire leave to conduct a death watch on a dying pub."

"Leave?" Angie asked, looking at David Luckett, whose expression was suddenly embarrassed.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Progress

"Trying to pass himself off as an honest publican, is he?" Brigadier Bramwell boomed. "Typical Air Force skulduggery. Honesty isn't in 'em. For your own protection, m'dear, permit me to present Squadron Leader Luckett."

"Blast you, John," said the squadron leader with great sincerity and a wry grin. . . . "I hope you'll forgive the brigadier," he went on, turning to Angie. "But you know these retired military types—they attach such importance to rank, poor devils."

"I did have my suspicions," Angie confessed, and would have said more had not the door of the Lounge Bar opened to admit a very tall, lean man whose face, above his clerical collar, bore a notable resemblance to that of a particularly well-disposed elk.

"Evenin', Vicar." Brigadier Bramwell raised his tankard in greeting.

"Evenin', John," replied the clergyman. . . . "Shandy, please, David." He advanced toward the bar, removing an elderly black slouch hat to disclose a vast expanse of bald pate. "And this must be the American lady," he added, beaming down his noble nose at Angie. "Hope you don't mind, my dear, but in a small village we hear of a newcomer almost before he's aware he's arrived." He coughed. "Then, too, I chanced to meet Arthur Honey on my way here."

"This is Canon Yardley," David Luckett explained. "Chalke Magna's representative of the Established Church."

"Nothing new from your uncle, David? I can tell by your face that there's not. Well, I suppose we must face the worst," the canon said gravely, accepting from David the eerie mixture of beer and ginger beer called shandy. He addressed himself to Angie: "You've undoubtedly heard of our approaching loss, and you're probably astonished that a clergyman should deplore it, I shouldn't wonder. But when the Devil and Clerk goes, you see, Chalke Magna will lose one of its two real community centers; the other being, I like to think, its church. Here we can be sure that our younger people will be in good hands, under the eyes of their elders. What will happen when they turn to Salisbury or another of the neighboring towns? Well, we can't be certain. The city publicans do not feel the same responsibility, the same identity of interests as the village innkeeper. And as for what will happen to our cricket ——" The canon left his grim speculation unfinished and shuddered.

A somber silence fell upon the Lounge Bar as the gentlemen present contemplated the dismal prospect. The brigadier heaved yet another gusty sigh, mingling sorrow with resignation. Canon Yardley gazed sadly into the depths of his pale and unspeakable concoction. Squadron Leader Luckett filled his pipe with the air of a man who accepts a last cigarette before the firing party loads with ball cartridge.

"Well, for Pete's sake!" Angie exploded, glaring fiercely at the three startled faces which turned as one toward her indignation. "If the Devil and Clerk is all that important to the village, why on earth doesn't the village do something to save it instead of just standing around waiting for the roof to cave in?"

"And precisely what would you suggest be done, young lady?" Sir John Bramwell inquired, his voice, when he found it, heavy with sarcasm.

"Buy it yourselves," Angie shot back. "Form a company and sell shares in it to everybody who loves the old place."

"Of all the absurd, impractical, ridiculous ——" the brigadier began.

"Gently, John," Canon Yardley interrupted. "I'm sure Miss Trimble wasn't being facetious, but what she does not, perhaps, realize, is that even if we were to attempt what she suggests, the population of Chalke Magna is barely five hundred souls, and even if every man, woman and child were to subscribe a pound apiece, the sum would still be far too small to oppose against the offer made by Slingsby, Blore and Walkinshaw."

"Nevertheless it *is* an idea," David Luckett put in, gnawing the stem of his pipe. "I might be able to sell a share or two in the mess, come to think of it."

"I wasn't thinking about the village alone," Angie said, flushing, "nor about getting a little extra help from the squadron leader's friends in the Air Force." She grinned wickedly at Brigadier Bramwell. "You know us Americans, Sir John. We like to think big."

"Perhaps, Miss Trimble, you would care to explain in a little more detail what it is you have in mind," suggested Canon Yardley patiently. David glanced at the clock on the wall behind the bar and gave a strangled yelp.

"Two minutes past closing time! Wait until I've cleared the public bar and then we can talk. No law against the landlord entertaining his own pals after hours." He loped off, and from behind the partition came his "Time, gentlemen, please!"

One hour later Canon Yardley paused on the cobbled pavement before the Devil and Clerk to wait until Brigadier Bramwell finished lighting his pipe for the stroll home.

"You know, John," the canon mused, "it's just possible that this scheme might work out at that. A most remarkable young woman, wouldn't you say?"

"Harumph," replied the brigadier, peering over the flame of the match that flared between his cupped palms. But there was a gleam in his eye which, in other days, would have indicated to his brigade major that the Old Man was in an approving mood.

And off down the High Street of Chalke Magna moved two of the first four charter subscribers to the shares of the Devil and Clerk Preservation Company, wildly unlimited.

What in the world, Angie wondered as she lay propped against the pillows on the vast old bed in her room, had she got herself into? And why? Chalke Magna meant nothing to her, and whether or not it kept its village pub was the last thing under the sun to concern her. If she hadn't missed the turning onto the main Exeter Road, she would be somewhere on the Devon coast by now, relaxed and freed from the pressures of work; instead of which, she was launched into a fantastic rescue operation which stood every chance of total failure. What was she out to prove, she asked herself sternly; whom was she trying to impress?

But the logical answer to the latter question was clearly too ridiculous to consider, even for a moment. Angie sipped the last of the glass of hot milk that David Luckett had insisted she needed for a good night's rest, and turned off the lamp on the bedside table. There was, she decided as she snuggled beneath the blankets, something decidedly attractive about the way the squadron leader's eyes crinkled at the corners when he smiled.

She giggled as an unexpected and quite improper thought crossed her mind: what, she wondered, would her mother think if she knew her only daughter was spending the night alone in a strange house deep in the English countryside with a perfectly strange man? Then she slept, her lips curved in a gentle smile.

It was such a spring morning as only the fickle imponderables which control the climate over the Irish Sea and the English Channel can combine to produce; the sun shone, the birds sang, the dew glistened and Mr. Arthur Honey, interrupting his studies beneath the chassis of Angie's injured roadster, was perhaps swayed by the beauty of it all as he listened to the earnest exhortations of Brigadier Sir John Bramwell, who was squatting in a most undignified manner by the soles of Mr. Honey's enormous boots, the better to communicate with their owner.

"Just think of the business it would bring, confound it, Arthur," Sir John was saying. "Carloads of the stuff, man; people driving out from Salisbury, or coming out of their way, just to visit the place. Provided we can keep it going."

"Wull," came Mr. Honey's voice, considerably muffled, "Oy don't 'arrrdly zuppoze Oy'd be riskin' too much wurr Oy to go in for a pound. Yurr can count Oy in, Zurr John."

"Good man, Arthur," cried the brigadier happily. "I'll warrant you won't regret it, my friend."

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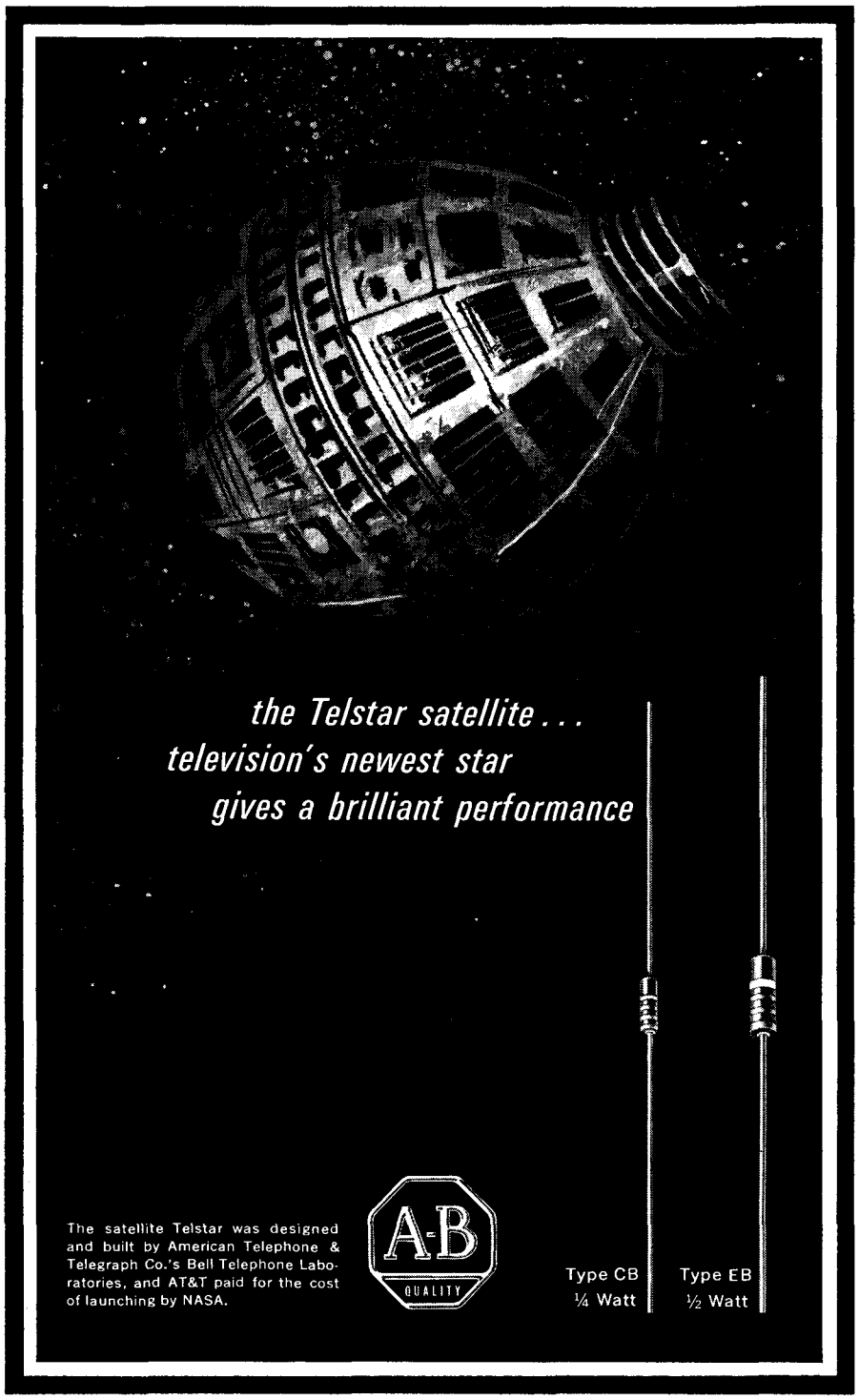
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Progress

"I may say with some satisfaction," observed Canon Yardley in the Lounge of the Devil and Clerk later that morning, "that the response has been most heartening. Mr. Samuels, the butcher, and Mr. Hodges, the grocer, have purchased two one-pound shares each. And I'm quite sure that the rest of my vestrymen will do as much."

"I haven't done too badly over the counter," David reported. "Bill Giles, of the Manor Farm, is signed up for five shares, and he says his brother, Charlie, is good for another five."

"Wonderful, gentlemen, wonderful," Angie congratulated them. "But bear in mind that if this whole thing is going to work out, we've got to be able to claim a hundred percent backing from Chalke Magna."

"Give us another two days, Miss Trimble," declared the brigadier, "and you shall have it."

"Call me Angie," Miss Trimble commanded. . . . "You, too, canon."

"What about me?" David asked.

"I didn't really think you'd wait to be asked," Angie told him. "Are you still planning to show me that old Roman camp on the down this afternoon, by the way?"

It was, it developed, an absolutely perfect afternoon for Roman-camp inspecting, and the view to the south from the top of the down was magnificent, and when David leaned over her shoulder to point the direction toward Southampton it seemed quite natural, Angie reflected later, that there shouldn't be the slightest reason for her to object when he kissed her.

Two days later Angie telephoned a Fleet Street number in London.

"Angie, my love!" thundered the subeditor of the *Daily Clarion*, "where the deuce have you been hiding, my sweet? I'm perishing without my daily dose of your insidious American propaganda, and I blame it all on you."

"Be still, Horatio," Angie ordered firmly, "and listen. You can run this story beneath the opening bars of *Rule Britannia* and a three-column cut of the Queen wrapped in the flag."

"It sounds like a natural," the subeditor announced when Angie had finished her recital. "I'll shoot a photographer down there this afternoon. But Angie, what's Uncle Sam going to say when he finds out you've come to work for our side, my pet? Looks treasonable to me."

"Let's just say I'm doing it all for NATO," Angie told him sweetly. "Bye, Horatio, and bless you for being so sweet."

"Well?" asked Brigadier Bramwell hoarsely from where he had been listening, just outside the door of the tiny closet which houses the Devil and Clerk's telephone. Angie made a circle with thumb and forefinger, and Sir John returned to his chores behind the bar. David Luckett was due to return that evening from the flying trip he had made back to his squadron to market the shares of the D. & C. Preservation Company, and the brigadier was doing emergency duty.

The story broke in the *Daily Clarion*'s following-evening edition: VILLAGE RALLIES TO SAVE ITS PUB thundered the headlines below the smudged photograph of the inn, inset with another of Sir John grinning proudly over the beer taps at Canon Yardley.

And a day later: FAMED FIGHTER SQUADRON ADOPTS "ORPHAN" INN led off a touching story about the decision of the officers of No. 409 Squadron, R.A.F., to throw their support behind the sturdy villagers of Chalke Magna. "It is," Flight Lieutenant J. Ormsby-Tench was quoted as saying of the Devil and Clerk, "a part of the national heritage we are pledged to defend."

(And in return for these words, Flight Lieutenant J. Ormsby-Tench was permitted to retain permanent possession of the natty foulard cravat that he had borrowed some months previously from his squadron leader.)

But then, following another telephone call from Angie: "WE'RE TOO SMALL," RESCUE VILLAGE FEARS alerted the *Daily Clarion*'s 2,700,000 readers to the alarming possibility that Chalke Magna, even assisted by No. 409 Squadron, might fail of its objective. Brigadier Sir John Bramwell, or "Basher" Bramwell, as he was known when he commanded "Bramwell's Banditti" in the desert against Rommel, was cited, as chairman of the Devil and Clerk Preservation Company, as expressing doubt that sufficient funds could be raised among a mere 500 villagers and farmers. MORE THAN BULLDOG COURAGE IS NEEDED advised the editorial inside: "Chalke Magna's gallant fight in the face

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hello, Harry. I'm on the corner of Wall and Main, and I can't get the car started."

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of overwhelming odds deserves more than purely local support. True Britons will know without being told how to demonstrate that support."

And so they did. Miss Donna Danvers, the stunningly pneumatic blond star of Plantagent Films' soon-to-be-released *Strangle Me Gently*, arrived in the van of the theatrical world, surrounded by a platoon of Plantagent's crack publicists (who knew a golden opportunity when they saw one) to purchase 100 shares of Devil and Clerk from Canon Yardley, an event duly recorded by the British Broadcasting Corporation's television-news cameramen. The crew of the Yarmouth trawler, *Wee Betsy*, emulating the example of their airborne cousins of 409 Squadron, subscribed to a man. Adrian Purkis, the teen-age idol, whined nasally into the act with his instantaneously successful recording of "The Dee-Cee Rock," and from the Isle of Wight to John o' Groats, true Britons reached for their wallets and did the decent thing.

CHALKE MAGNA TRIUMPHS! trumpeted the *Daily Clarion* when the funds of the Devil and Clerk Preservation Company reached the amount of the offer of Slingsby, Blore & Walkinshaw, and edged up past it.

"It's beyond belief," marveled Canon Yardley when the papers were signed conveying the Devil and Clerk into the company's hands during ceremonies at which special provision had to be made to accommodate the large and enthusiastic press contingent.

"But it's our Angie who deserves the credit," muttered Brigadier Bramwell afterward, when the four charter subscribers were gathered in the tiny living room behind the bars. "I really don't see why you insist on keeping in the background, m'dear. After all, it was your idea, you know."

Angie blushed. "Thank you, Sir John, but you know as well as I do that it wouldn't have done. I know you British; if you'd thought there was some brash American behind all this, you wouldn't have touched it with a barge pole. Now tell the truth: Would you?"

It was the brigadier's turn to blush. "*Touché*, Angie. I'm afraid you're right," Sir John agreed ruefully. "We're an insular lot of beggars, aren't we? How're you going to like being one of us, I wonder?"

"I," said Angie, feeling David's arm gently strong around her slim shoulders, "am going to like it just fine."

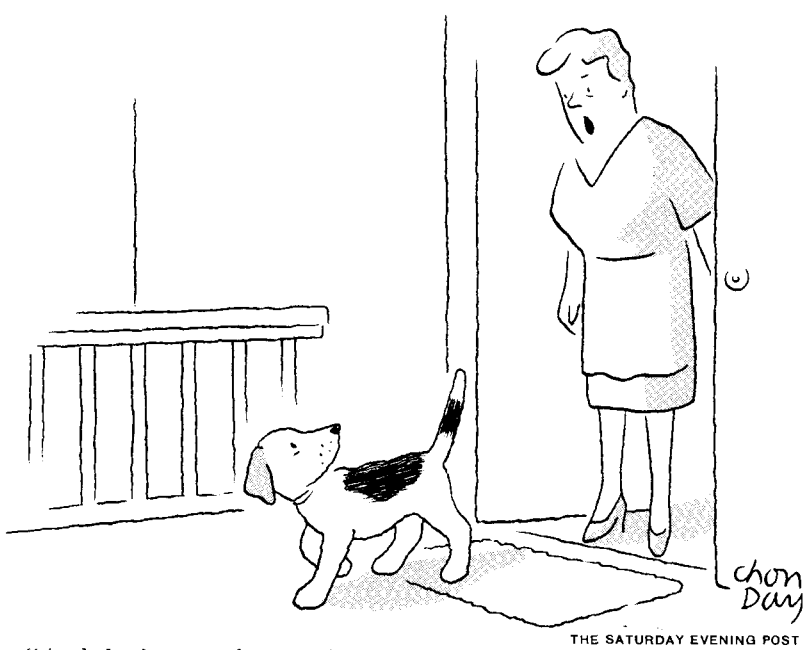
"Make her stop flashing that enormous ring at me, David," the brigadier commanded. "It's blinding me."

And that pretty well explains why you can still have a pint of old ale in the Devil and Clerk today. The new manager Uncle Cedric recommended to the D. & C. Preservation Society, as it is now formally known and chartered, has proved to be a gem, and he and his wife have settled into the ordered pattern of Chalke Magna's life in splendid style. Uncle Cedric and his lady are enjoying the Bahamas fully as much as they had hoped they would, although he still misses the mists that occasionally rise in the Chalke Valley to make it a fairy landscape. The Devil and Clerk's darts team stands first in the South Wilts League, and the village cricket team is the despair of its opponents and the glory of its adherents. The Wilton Hunt still meets there once a month. Brigadier Bramwell is now ten games down in the marathon tournament he and Canon Yardley conduct every Tuesday night over the Lounge Bar's chess board. All, in sum, is serene in Chalke Magna.

Squadron Leader and Mrs. David Luckett? They're living just outside Washington, D.C., U.S.A., during David's tour of duty as an assistant air attaché at Her Britannic Majesty's embassy there. David Bramwell Yardley Luckett (the middle names were his mother's selections) has recently passed his second birthday. It's just possible that Angie and David will decide to remain in the States when David's tour is over. Only the other day they were driving into Virginia when they passed an ancient stone building not far from Warrenton. A FOR SALE sign was plastered across the front door. In front of the building, a black-and-silver Virginia State Historical Marker noted that this was Fairfax Tavern, "a noted gathering place of Revolutionary heroes," constructed in 1752 and later the site of a spirited engagement between Stuart's cavalry and a Union infantry regiment.

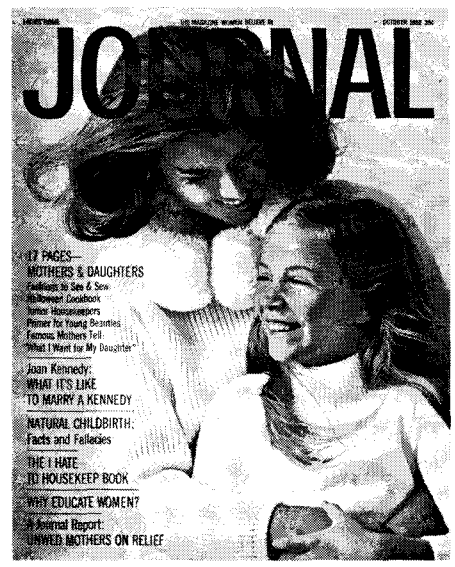
David, who was driving, did not see the thoughtful gleam in Angie's eye. But if you live anywhere near that part of Virginia, not too far from Warrenton, don't be surprised if one of these days . . .

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"And don't come home with any stray little boy following you."



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LADIES' HOME

JOURNAL

NOW ON SALE — A CURTIS MAGAZINE

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Between the hunter and the hunted, a tiny pistol and immense respect.

SEARCH ☆ FOR AN ☆ OUTLAW

BY DUVAN POLK

It is a mystic land, lying still and quiet and lonely inside the long, ruggedly looping curve of the Rio Grande. It's called the Big Bend Country, and it's called a few other things too. Human beings are scarce there, but the yucca and the maguey and the cacti are legion. It is a land of scarce water and poor water when you find it—a land that goes without rain for months and sometimes for years, but when the rains do come they come in brief and terrible storms of thunder and wind and lightning that put fear in a man and put fear, too, in the beasts that roam the region. It is a land, for the most part, where the ground is gravelly underfoot and the hills lie nude and panting beneath the sun.

Men die in that awful country. They die from thirst and disease and accidents and sometimes from bullet wounds that are not so accidental. But usually they just wither away and die from despair and overwork. They fight hard with tooth and nail, those men, scrambling and scratching and sweating, but their efforts are hardly ever enough.

Men drift into the Big Bend Country for reasons known only to themselves and, for reasons known only to themselves, they seldom ever get around to leaving. They never have much luck because precious metals just aren't there in paying quantities, but there are hardened old prospectors who keep on looking.

There are other men—not many, but some—who live there because their business of transporting certain goods across the river cannot stand the close scrutiny of the law, and where else could they find so much isolation and privacy for their operations?

And me? I went there because land was cheap. It was cheap to buy and cheaper to lease and still too high at any price. But if a man had just a few dollars and a constant yen to look out over a stretch of land and say that it was his own—no matter whether it was good land or not—and see a few old cows out there and say that they were his too, why, the Big Bend was the place to head for. A man could buy a piece of headquarters land and lease thousands more for damn near the price of a good suit when I started my place there in 1920.

If a man figured a hundred acres to the cow, he was figuring too close. That's about what I figured when I moved in down there, but I saw right quick that it wouldn't be half enough. I didn't lease any more land, though. There wasn't a fence to speak of in that whole country, and what's the use in buying a horse if you can ride it anyhow? The people who owned that land seldom ever saw it and even more rarely tried to use it. I guess they were smarter than I was.

I was a fairly young man when I went there in 1920, but I was an old man by 1925. It seemed the harder I worked the less money I made, and the shack I'd put up for a temporary home was still my castle. I'd bought mostly old cows to start with, because I could buy them more cheaply than I could buy young she-stuff, but that's like everything else. You get what you pay for. I guess I had more barren old cows than any other man in the state of Texas. Either that, or the old bulls I'd picked up had gone on the retirement list.

Oh, I got a few calves all along. But there were mountain lions prowling those hills in those days, and what calves I didn't find right off went into their bellies or into the bellies of the wolves that worked the other shift. I started to give up a hundred times, and I should have too. But I didn't.

I stood in my doorway that day and saw the dust the car was kicking up long before I could hear the grinding of its engine. As it finally came into view, I reached over and propped my rifle beside the door.

And if that sounds melodramatic to you clear up in the year of 1925, you just stop and think how people along the border country are still being killed and their bodies tossed in some ravine just so some wetback who never had anything but a hunger in his belly can get himself a pair of shoes. It doesn't happen so much any more, I admit, because the country's filled up a bit since then, but it happened plenty often to careless people in those days, and I can show you a place where it happened just two years ago. They killed him for his clothes, and the five dollars he was carrying was just a kind of bonus. I try not to be careless, even though a wetback wouldn't be coming up in a car.

The road into my place wasn't much more than a trail, and that car was bouncing considerably as it came along, and the driver was cursing considerably too. He pulled his open-topped car up in front of my door, and then he just sat there and stared at me for a minute or two. He was sixty or better, big and red-faced and arrogant-looking.

"I'm looking for Fife Gillespie," he said finally.

"I reckon you've found him, then," I said.

"You don't look like I thought you would," he said, sounding disgusted.

"I'm sorry as hell about that."

"I don't like smart alecks."

"Well," I told him, "you're not doin' me any favors by stayin' here."

"People like you make me sick," he said. He cleared his throat and spat over the door of the car. "You've got a sore-backed horse and a sick cow, and you think you're independent. Hell," he said, "I've got more grass in my back yard than you've got in this whole damned country."

"I don't know what mountain you're the king of," I said, "but it's not around here. The road out is the same as the road in." I turned around and went inside.

I heard the squeak of the car's body and then the man was inside the house with me. "I wasn't through talking to you," he said.

I moved around him and picked up the rifle. "I guess you are."

The gun didn't scare him any. "I've got a proposition for you," he said. "It's a $5000 proposition and, from the looks of things around here, that's more money than you'll ever see again."

"My place ain't worth that much," I said, sneering but wondering.

"I wouldn't take this cactus bed of yours as a gift," he said, "much less be stupid enough to buy it."

"Move on," I said, motioning toward the door.

"I've got a job I want done," the man said, "and you were recommended to me." He shook his head. "I can't imagine why."

"What kind of a job is worth that much money to you?" I asked.

"I want you to kill a man for me," he said, and he might have been asking me to butcher a beef.

I wondered if this man had escaped from some institution, and the gun gave me a bit of comfort. He had me outweighed by eighty pounds, even if he was a lot older. "You're a little late," I said. "I made up my mind just this mornin' to quit murderin' people."

"This is all nice and legal," the man said, "and it wouldn't get you in any trouble with the law. Did you ever hear of Pierce Smith?"

Who hadn't? I knew suddenly who this man was, and that didn't stir a bit of sympathy in my breast. "I know him a little," I admitted. "I know more about him."

ILLUSTRATION BY STAN GALLI

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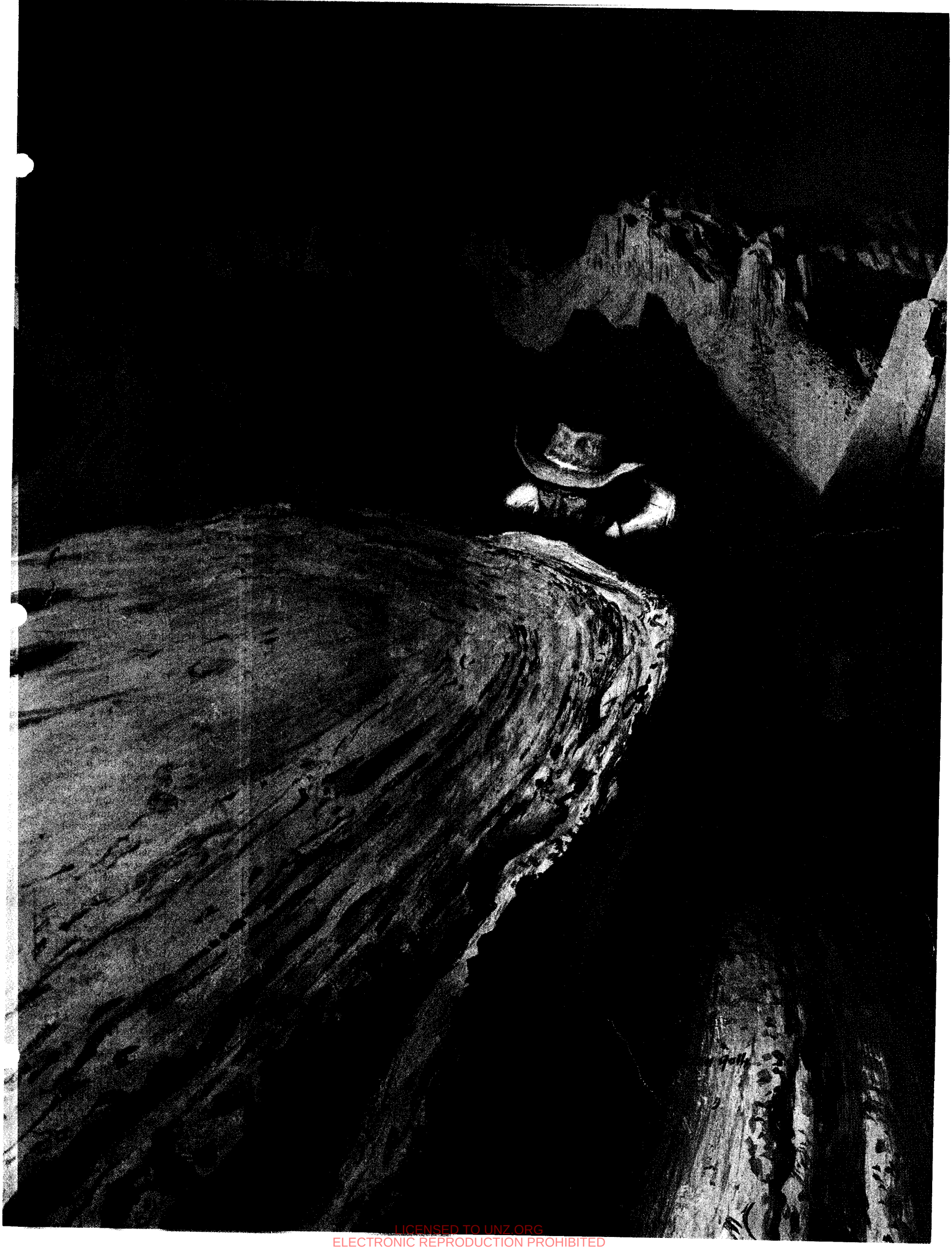

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SEARCH

"He murdered my son three years ago," the man said.

"I heard it was more like self-defense."

"You heard wrong," the man said angrily.

"It's possible."

"Do you want the job?"

"Goin' after Pierce Smith, you mean? No, I guess not."

"You want $5000, don't you?"

"Who doesn't?"

"Then do what I want."

"No, I guess not."

"I didn't think you looked like much," the man said, and he went outside to his car.

I stopped in the doorway. "Keep your money and let the law get him."

He gave me the look a man gives a dumb brute with a broken leg. "He's in old Mexico. He's likely to stay down there too. Our law won't go in after him, and the people down there just don't give a big enough of a damn to go to the trouble of running him out."

"You ever been over there in those mountains?"

"No," he answered. "I'm a city man, and that kind of going is out of my element."

"If you had," I told him, "you'd understand why the Mexicans don't go in there after just one man who's not giving them any trouble. It's rough."

"Money will buy anything," the man said. "I'll find somebody to bring him out. I'll spend my last nickel—if I have to—to see him stretched out."

"Give him more time," I said. "He'll get so sick of that country he'll have to come back."

"He won't come back." The man paused. "He's aware that I'm after him. He knows he couldn't live a week over here."

"How does he know you're after him so strong?"

"If you'd gone after him," the man said, giving me a cold laugh, "you'd have been the seventh one I've sent."

"Oh," I said. "Did they come across his tracks?"

"No. He came across theirs."

"Well," I said, and I was really curious, "did *they* come back?"

"Five of them," the man said slowly. "The third one never did."

"Have you sent anybody from around here?"

"One of your town bums." The man shrugged. "I'm not particular."

"There's several of them around," I said. "Which one?"

"Harley Baird. He wasn't much either."

"Harley ain't much on working," I said, "but he's prowled this country all his life. I never knew him to booger at anything."

"Well," the man said contemptuously, "he boogered at this. He came back with his tail between his legs and looking for a bottle."

"How come you to look me up?"

"The sheriff recommended you," the man said shortly. "He said you were tough and you knew the country down there as well as any other man. He said you could probably use the money too."

"You look old enough to know you can't put any faith in what people tell you," I said, laughing at him.

"If you change your mind," he said, "I'll be around town for a few days. I'm staying at the hotel." He took off across the hills again, bouncing as high as he had on the way in.

I don't know yet if it was the money that changed my mind. I try to tell myself that it was the challenge of the thing. It was quite a challenge too. I thought about what I knew of Pierce Smith, and I decided that hunting him would be like hunting a wounded tiger with an air rifle. If what the old man had said was true, Pierce Smith would really be a dangerous man by now.

Pierce Smith had been in this country a long time, and he knew every inch of it, and he knew the land across the river just as well. He had strength and patience and intelligence too. There had always been a sort of wildness about the man, and you could sense that wildness in spite of the quiet and easy way of him. Yet he'd come to town sometimes. He'd stand around and have a drink or two, and he'd speak civil to the people as spoke civil to him. But there were always men who couldn't stand to look at a man so competent and quiet and content within himself, and he'd nearly always have to fight those men. He'd take a lot before he'd start, but it was Katy-bar-the-door when he did.

I knew Pierce Smith mostly by sight and reputation, but he had come by my house one time, and he'd had a couple of city men with him. That was the way Pierce made his money. He'd take city men out into the desert and the mountains, and he'd handle the camp for them and take them to the places where the deer and the mountain lions were.

It was on one of those hunting trips that he got himself into trouble. He took

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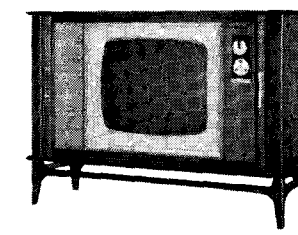

out a young man who was a wild, headstrong boy. That young man had a bottle along, so the story goes, and he got to drinking and picking at Pierce Smith. The other side of the story—the side the boy's daddy and the high-priced lawyers told and the judge and jury believed—was the one where Pierce Smith killed the boy for the money he was carrying. Even though that version of the story never gained much popular support in our part of the country, the truth of the matter is that the boy's billfold never was found. There's pros and cons about that too.

To boil it down, Pierce Smith got a life sentence. A man who was at the trial told me Pierce seemed to shrink when he heard the judge tell him what he'd be doing with the rest of his days. But he must have grown back to normal the same day, because he crashed out of the county jail that night. He took a rifle from the sheriff's office and left a jailer with a big knot on his head in the rifle's place.

Pierce Smith would be a dangerous man now. It was quite a challenge, all right, to think about going after him.

I took my old pickup truck and left home early the next morning, and it was upwards of eleven o'clock before I got into town. I started looking for Harley Baird, and I found him in a beer joint. I sat down at the table beside him. "Harley," I said, "how're you doin'?"

He was a bit bleary, even then. "All right, I guess, Fife."

"Harley," I said when the waitress had brought me a beer, "I'm thinkin' about crossin' the river to look for Pierce Smith. The old man said you'd tried."

"You want a word of advice, Fife?"

"I guess so."

"Don't go."

"Did you find him without too much trouble, Harley?"

"I came across his trail, all right," Harley muttered, "but I reckon he found me."

"Has he gone mean and sour?"

"No," Harley said, scratching his whiskers and looking off, "he struck me as still bein' somethin' of a gentle man." He took a swallow of his beer, and his voice went up a notch. "But I don't never want to see him again. I ain't never been so scared in all my life, Fife!"

I thought Harley was talking like a fool. "Hell, Harley, what did he do to scare you? Did he say boo?"

"Listen," Harley said, getting excited, "I'd been driftin' around down there for several days, and I couldn't have been more worried if I'd been on a Sunday-school picnic. I'd come across his tracks in a place or two, and I was tryin' to make up my mind as to where he likely had his camp. I went to bed that night, and I woke up before daylight. Fife, I'm tellin' you! I woke up from a dead sleep and ever' hair on my head was stiff as a poker. I knowed somethin' was standin' over me, and I knowed what it was 'fore I even opened my eyes! I had my gun under the blankets with me, but I got my hands out from under those blankets like they were red hot!"

"Dammit, Harley. What scared you?"

"Him! It was just him."

"He didn't try to hurt you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Sonny!"

"Oh, he had that rifle pointin' at me when I come awake. He took my gun an pitched it over in a canyon. He talked kind of like he was glad to have somebody to talk to all the while I was breakin' camp, but when I was ready to go he said he'd shoot me like a wild pig if he caught me in there again. He would, too, Fife! And I wouldn't go back in there for a million dollars!"

It sounded like drunk talk to me. "Harley," I said, "do you think he killed that third man who went in there?"

"I ain't got one doubt," Harley said. "Not one."

I laid a half dollar on the table. "Have a beer on me, Harley."

He looked up at me. "Are you goin' down there, Fife?"

"It's a lot of money," I said. Harley wouldn't understand a challenge.

"It ain't enough, Fife," he said loudly. "But if you're determined to go, you just remember that Pierce Smith is just like an animal—except for one thing."

"How's that, Harley?"

"He ain't afraid of man!"

The old man laughed when I walked up to him in the hotel, and I guess that laugh was really what made my mind up. "Listen," I said, "I figure you didn't make your pile by bein' any too honest. Before I go down there, I want to see a certified check made out to me and left with the sheriff for safekeepin'."

"I thought you'd go," he said, and we walked together to the bank. We walked to the sheriff's office together too. I left him then and went down to the only gunsmith in town. I'd been in there a while back, and he'd had a gun on his shelf that I'd laughed at. It was just a

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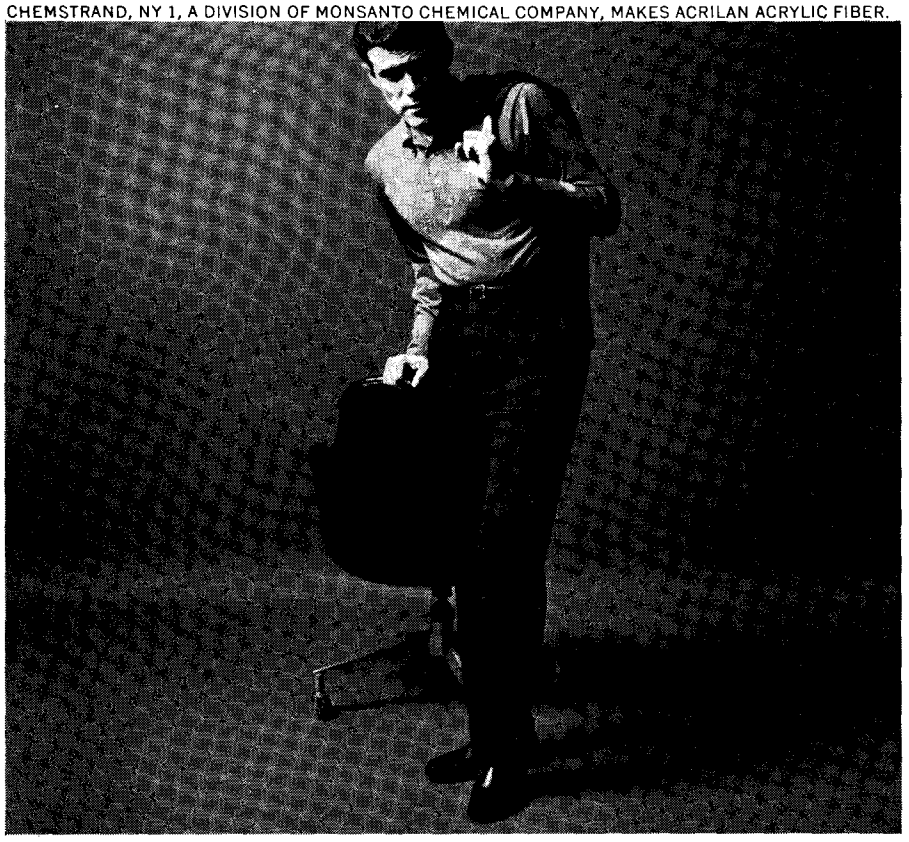

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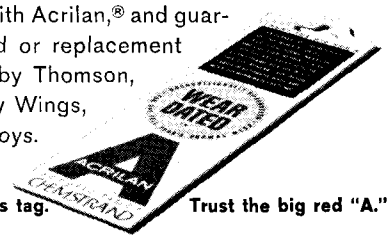

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SEARCH

little bitty gun with two barrels and two shots. You'd be lucky to hit a man over twenty feet away with it, but you could hide it up your sleeve or down in your boot. You could almost swallow it if you had to. Of course, I would take my rifle along too.

I had to stop twice on the way home that afternoon for my old pickup to cool down. As if that wasn't enough, I had a flat tire within fifteen miles of the house. I didn't get much sleep that night even after I got to bed. Maybe it was my conscience.

It was good-by car and hello horse the next morning. I rode a tough little buckskin and put my bedroll and odds and ends on a little sorrel. It was still dark as we headed for the only crossing on that section of the Rio Grande. We splattered across with the sun maybe an hour high, stopping midstream in that shallow water for the ponies to get a drink, and I shook my canteens to make sure they were full.

From that crossing a man goes right into a canyonlike draw that takes him smack-dab into the mountains on the Mexican side. I just poked around in those mountains that first day, looking for the easiest paths and not finding any. I probably knew that country as well as anybody, if you took Pierce Smith's name off the roll, and there was an awful lot of it that was strange to me. There wasn't any need in looking through the part I was familiar with, so I twisted around in the wilder sections. I found a pool of near-stagnant water in a rocky basin in the head of a canyon just as daylight faded away, and that was where we spent the night.

The second day was more of the same, just nosing around and putting on an act of looking without really doing much looking. If the things I'd heard were true, there wasn't a bit of use in me knocking myself out—he'd find me. It was a little after noon that I found a spot where Pierce Smith had butchered a deer.

I didn't like that place. It was dark and gloomy, with the mountains throwing shadows and the main canyon deep enough and narrow enough that the sun was already out of my sight even though it was still early in the day. Sounds magnify in a place like that, and they echo too, and I felt as though each fall of the ponies' hoofs was shouting ahead to Pierce Smith.

I never was a nervous man, but I felt as though I'd lose my mind if I had to spend another night in the depths of those canyons. A shaky feeling came over me and, if it wasn't fear, it was something almighty close to fear. But I made myself hammer away at the business of searching out the occasional track that Smith had left in his passage down that canyon with the carcass of the deer that he had undoubtedly killed that very day. I found that his horse had left one very clear print in a sandy place. The shoe that had made that track was practically new, and that meant that Pierce Smith was getting supplies from some of the Mexicans in the area. What worried me was whether he was making trips to get those supplies or whether he was living near some band of friendly outlaws. If he had friends living nearby—well, I'd better take any warning if I was lucky enough to get it.

I began looking around quickly, catching myself at it time and again. I felt that Pierce Smith was staring at me. *I knew he was staring at me!* I felt that if I could just get out of those canyons for a while—up to some higher elevation—I'd be all right. I looked until I found a place where I could work my way up one of those walls, and I spent the remainder of the daylight hours making that climb.

That trail didn't take me anywhere, really, except to a higher elevation. It took me up to a broad shelf that was maybe several acres big. That shelf jutted out over the canyons in a sort of triangular shape and was blocked off in the rear by another cliff. It was a dead-end place, and the only way off it was back down the way I'd come up.

But the air was fresh and clean up there, and there was a feeling of space about me, and the horror of the closed-in feeling the canyons had imposed on me slowly dwindled away. I reached that shelf in time to see the sun burst against the cliffs and rugged peaks to the east in its moment of final glory, and I knew a great peace within myself. I felt that I was my own man again and as good a man as Pierce Smith.

I tied my horses well back against the face of the cliff and fed them the bit of grain that I'd carried for just such a time. Then I went back to the place where I had spread my blankets by the head of the trail.

I opened a can of beans and ate a cracker or two and took a swig of water. I didn't know if Pierce Smith would come that night or if he'd come at all but, if he

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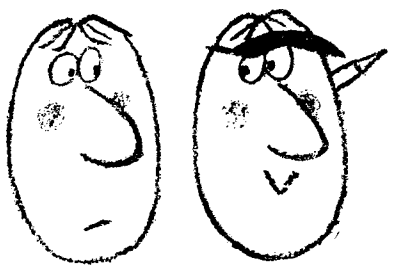

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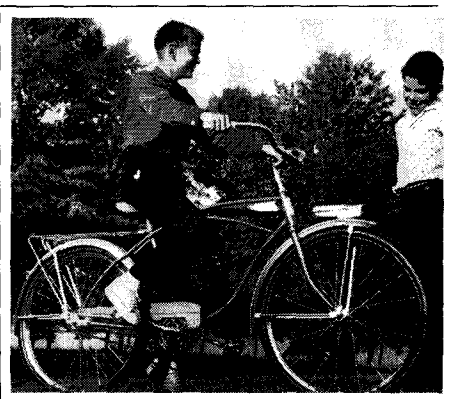

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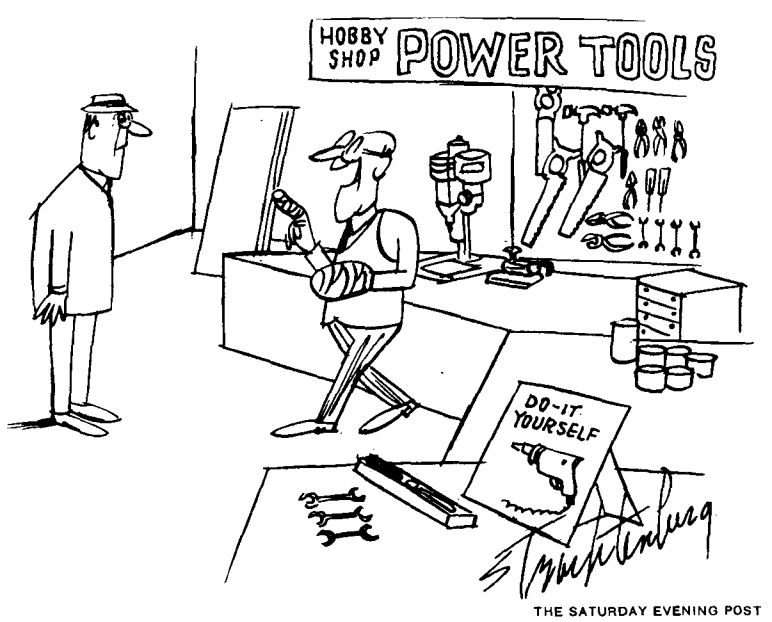

"Can I help you, sir?"

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did, I was in a position where he couldn't slip up on me. I made up my mind to sleep light if I slept at all. I slouched down on my blankets, my rifle by my side, and after a bit the night air forced me to pull the top blanket over me. I guess I must have dozed.

I guess I did, because I came awake all at once, and I thought I couldn't get my breath. I didn't move though. I don't know how I knew he was there, but I did.

"Don't even twitch," he said in that deep, calm voice of his, and I thought my heart would stop, and yet his voice somehow eased me.

"You are a quiet man," I said, lying there and looking up at the stars that were just beginning to fade.

"Yes," he said, "I guess I am."

I turned my head, sharply awake and tasting the bitterness of fear, and I saw Pierce Smith as somehow more than a mortal man. He looked bigger than big, and I've seen a lot of men taller and heavier. His hair was long on his neck, curling in its thick auburn richness. His beard was auburn too, of course, soft and full. Bareheaded, the buttonless shirt gaping open across the massiveness of his chest, he had the look of a magnificent, omnipotent animal.

"Is it all right for me to get up?"

He stared at me for a moment, and then he eased back the hammer of the rifle with the thumb of the hand that held the gun. "Yes," he said, "but be careful."

I eased the blanket back, and he grunted softly to himself as he saw the rifle that lay dull and black-looking beside my leg. He nodded his head, and I pushed the gun across the blanket as far as I could with my hand and then slid it some more with my foot.

He squatted down and stared into my face. "You were after me?"

"Yes," I said, and once more he was a man and not more than a man. I was still very much afraid of him, but it was because I knew he was the better man and that I was a child compared to him.

"You know that I could kill you and that it couldn't possibly hurt me to kill you?" He was watching my face closely.

"Are you talking about the third man who came in here?"

"Yes. He came back and tried for me again."

"None of the others did?"

"No," he said. "They all went back across the river."

"I talked to Harley Baird the other day."

He nodded. "It would be the thing to do. But you came anyhow."

"Are you going to let me go?"

"Yes."

"Have you stopped to think that other men might hesitate longer if you killed me and the men like me?"

He hesitated. "I feel like killing you, but too many killings would get the Mexican authorities after me. I'd rather not kill you."

"But you would if I came back?"

"Yes."

"Are you happy over here?"

"I guess you know the answer to that, Fife." His voice was very quiet. "It does something to me to be fenced off."

"You've got a lot of country to run around in over here," I said.

"That's not enough," he said. "I know I can't go across the river."

"Don't you have any friends over here, Pierce?"

His gaze was a steady thing. "With that much money on my head?"

"I noticed your horse had new shoes."

"I meet those people a long way from here."

"You might as well be in jail, then."

"No," he said. "This is bad, but it isn't as bad as jail."

"How long do you think you can last over here, Pierce?"

He made a gesture with his free hand. "A long time. Until it becomes too much." He stood up and the conference was over. "Let's go get your horses."

I got up, but I didn't start after my horses. Instead, I started picking up twigs. "As soon as I've made my coffee."

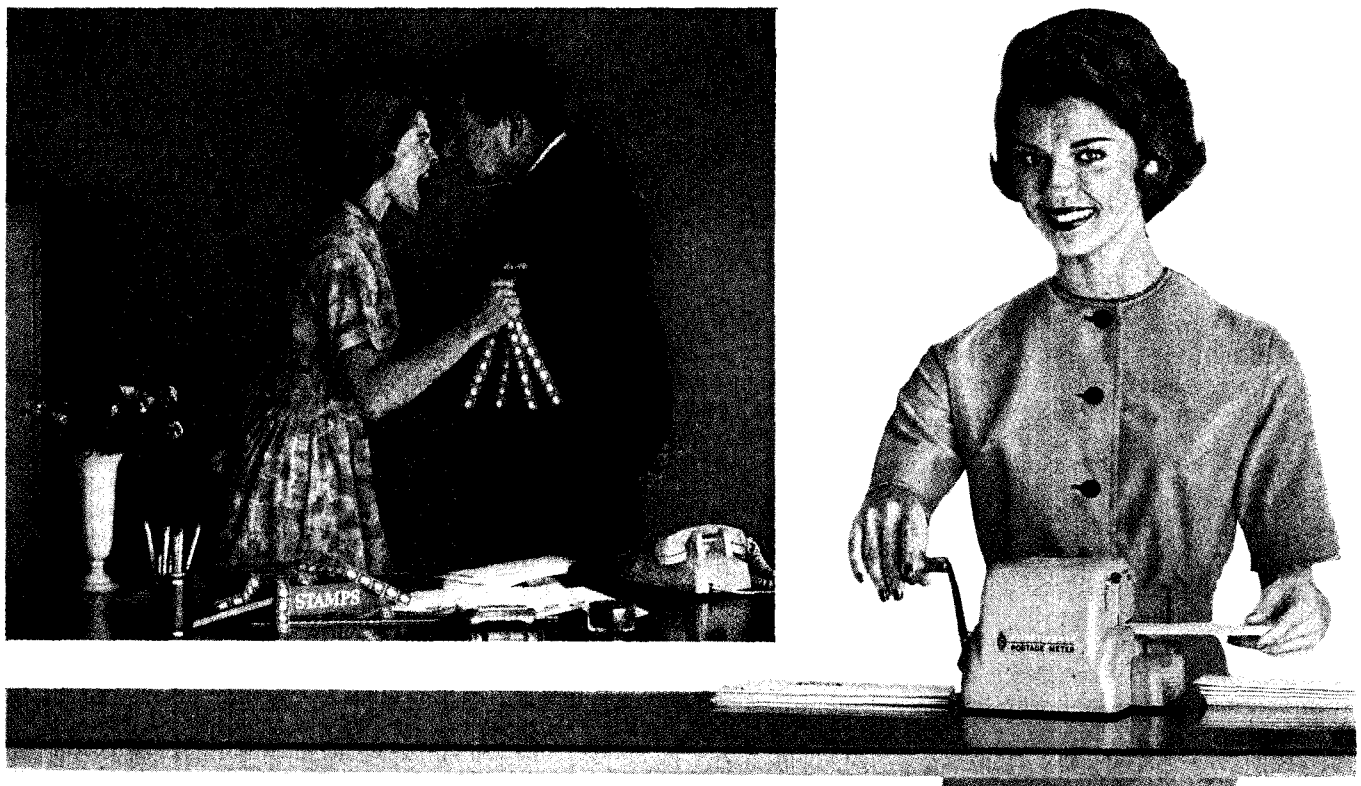
"No. You don't need any coffee."

"Listen," I said, afraid but saying it anyway, "I wouldn't start for hell without a cup of coffee."

He laughed. "All right," he said. "Make your coffee." He watched me build the fire, and after a minute—when I had poured water into a small pan from one of the canteens—he said, "I wish you had killed somebody over there too, Fife. You're different from the others, and I wish you were on the run too. We'd be company."

I wished Pierce hadn't said that. Going after an outlaw who was more of a legend than anything else had been one thing, but sticking a gun in the ribs of a man you couldn't keep from liking was something else again. It came to me then that it was wrong to bother this man, and I thought about how easy it would be just to ride off and leave him be.

If I hadn't been so afraid of him—if I hadn't felt that he was so much the better



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HOW TO BECOME FAMOUS FOR YOUR COFFEE

By ELLEN SALTONSTALL,
Dir. of Consumer Service, Pan-American Coffee Bureau

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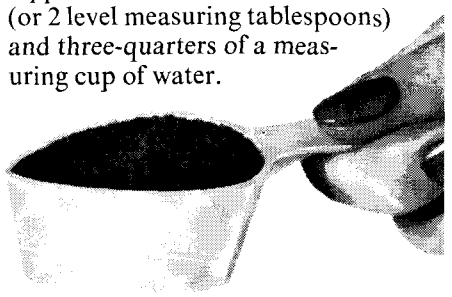

When you brew coffee:

Always start with fresh, cold water in a clean coffee maker. If your coffee maker isn't automatic, timing is important. Percolators should perk *gently* 6 to 8 minutes. In a vacuum coffee maker, after the water has risen to the top section, it should be kept over low heat 1 to 3 minutes.

When you serve coffee:

Immediately after brewing, it's at its peak of flavor. If you must prepare coffee ahead of time, keep it over very low heat. Never let it boil!

When you judge coffee:

Put it to this test: Is the flavor rich, true coffee flavor? Does it have a heady, tempting aroma? Is the color dark and clear? If the answers are all "Yes," you're an expert, and your friends will be asking how you do it!

Pan-American Coffee Bureau

SEARCH

more efficient fighting machine—I think that I would have left him there and gone on back home. But I guess every man has his own private little devil, and I had mine. Some men can maybe live with the knowledge that they're cowards, but I never could. If there was a thing or a man that frightened me, why, I just had to fight that man or that thing until I wasn't afraid of him or it anymore. The funny thing is, I'm not hard to frighten. And that was why I had to try taking Pierce Smith. The money no longer counted, and neither did the old man who was waiting across the border. It was just Pierce Smith and his gentle ways and the strength that was in him and the violence that ran just beneath the surface of his skin. I had to know if I *could* take him.

He had propped the rifle against the rock close beside his leg. He was watching me, and he was watching the water as it began to boil in the pan. He was watching me as I slipped the little pistol out of my boot and pointed it at him. I guess he thought I was just scratching my ankle the way a man will when he first gets up of a morning. I knew he was going to reach for the rifle, and I said, "*Don't.*"

He was still and watchful, and I was still and watchful, too, as I squatted there beside the fire with the little pistol pointed at his belly. "Why not?" he said. "What have I got to lose?"

"Hope," I said, and I was hoping too, because I wasn't sure I could kill him if he reached for that rifle.

The tenseness ran out of him, and he settled back on that rock. "I guess you're right," he said. "If I don't get the chance to jump you, I can always make you kill me."

"You'd do that?"

"Yes," he said with great simplicity. I believed him. I believed, too, that I had got myself into one hell of an awkward position. But it was too late to change my mind. I had the tiger by the tail.

The sun had risen into my eyes a few minutes before, and suddenly that sun was gone. I got to my feet and backed away and took a quick peek at the sky. There was a storm coming from the east. Those clouds were dark, and lightning was already working in them. Storms come up quickly in those mountains. I went back to the fire and dumped the pan of water on it. "I don't want any coffee after all," I said. "Let's get the horses in."

"All right," he said, and we did.

"Where's your horse?" I asked.

"I came afoot."

"Is he tied wherever you left him?" I didn't want a starving horse.

"No, he's running free." He waved a vague hand and smiled. "I'll walk. I can keep up with a horse in this country and outrun one too."

I looked at the sky again, and it made me nervous to see how high the storm clouds had climbed. The lightning was almost constant, and the thunder had turned into a steady, awesome rumble. "Let's go," I said. I had substituted a rifle for the pistol, not having much confidence in a gun so small and figuring Pierce didn't have much respect for it either. "Just don't get too far ahead or too close, and we'll make it fine."

I wanted to get off that mountain trail before the storm hit. Right then that was the most important thing in the world to me. If the storm hit before we got down, the trail would be too dangerous to use. I didn't want to be cooped up with Pierce Smith. It would be like having a tiger in the room with you—a tiger that was just waiting for you to blink your eyes so he could leap.

Going down was faster than going up, but it wasn't fast enough. A hundred yards of the trail still stretched before us when the storm hit. Pierce was leading the way, and I was walking behind him, leading the ponies and holding that rifle on his back. It was almost as dark as night under those clouds—not really, of course, but darkish just the same and eerie too—and that urgency was riding me. I wanted to snap at Pierce Smith to hurry, but I didn't, and he didn't.

I think maybe a bolt of lightning hit in the canyon on the other side of that shelf. The thunder was so loud that I thought we'd been shot out of a cannon, and the rain burst loose in the same instant. So did the horses. I cowered from the sound of that blasting thunder, and then the horses were rearing over me, and then they were lunging at me. There wasn't a thing in God's world to do but duck back against the face of the cliff that formed the wall of the trail.

I hollered at the horses, but still they reared and screamed in terror. I jerked back around—Pierce Smith was gone. He was gone, all right. He'd gone over the side of the trail.

I wouldn't have tried to go down that slope to the canyon floor a step at a time in dry weather, but Pierce Smith knew he had nothing to lose and everything to gain, and he was leaping and sliding and tumbling down that rock-strewn slope that wasn't really a slope at all. I leaped to the edge of the trail, the rifle half raised in my hands, but he had already disappeared into the vagueness of that cold, cascading downpour of rain, and I stood there, and all I could think about was what would happen to me if Pierce Smith got away to stalk me once again.

The racket of the storm was so great it deafened me, but I screamed into the tempest and the curtain of rain seemed to break apart in answer to my pleas. The rain thinned away for just an instant, and I saw Pierce Smith. He was on the canyon floor in that moment, and he was running. Lord, how he was running! I leveled the sights on him, and that rifle might have been part of my arms the way it steadied, and I had him. I had him, and I knew I couldn't miss.

It was a wonderful feeling that came over me as I began squeezing that trigger. But I had won, and I knew I'd won and, just before the last, tiny fraction of slack was gone from the trigger, I raised that barrel, and the bullet went singing high above his head. I'd won.

The rain closed him off from me again, and that was when the lightning struck. It blinded me, that explosion of light and sound, as I stood there all wild and triumphant with the rain trying to drown me and me not noticing the rain at all. It blinded me, but it struck there where Pierce Smith had disappeared, and I saw that fearful blade of light reach out with its finger and strike him and arrest his motion in a way that was awful to behold and in a way that sometimes brings me awake cold and shaking in the middle of the night.

It was too much for the horses, that second crash of ear-splitting noise and the great light and the smell of brimstone. Those horses lunged past me in a fury of senselessness, the fear of the trail lost in the greater fear of this newer, more terrible thing. I ran too, sobbing and panting and slipping and sliding, and to the end of my days I'll never understand why the three of us weren't killed in the course of that mad flight.

The storm passed as quickly as it had come, and way up in the morning I found those two horses grazing quiet and easy in a small pocket canyon. The little sorrel's pack had slipped, and I guess that was the main reason those two horses had stopped when they did. I saw from the tracks that the buckskin had gone on a little farther and then turned around to rejoin the sorrel.

I took Pierce Smith out of Mexico. I took him back to town where the boy's daddy could see him. The old man took one look and walked off. He looked shrunken and tired and not very happy. I guess something had gone out of his life.

I studied Pierce Smith's face for quite a while after the old man left. I was looking for some kind of sign, but I didn't find any. I couldn't see any bitterness there, and I couldn't see any complaint. One thing, he was back across the river. Maybe that was enough.

I took the check out of my pocket, and I folded it, and I tore it, and I kept on tearing it until it drifted from my fingers in a hundred little pieces. I looked up then, and the sheriff nodded his head at me just the least bit. He was an understanding man. He didn't say a word.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Who'd have thought we'd end up as a couple of TV snacks?"

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GLASS

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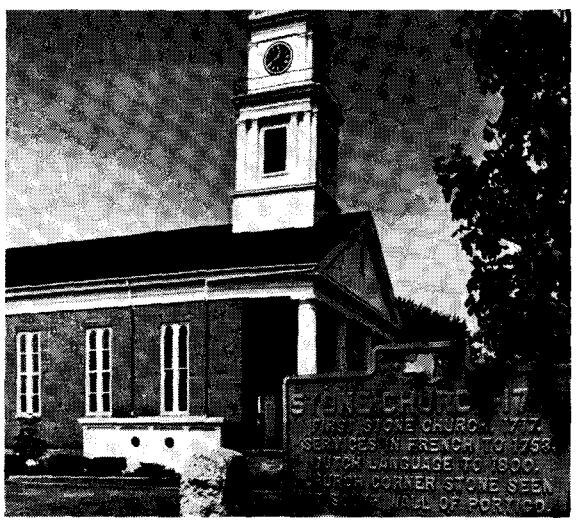
The Durable Huguenots

Persecuted for centuries, the Protestant minority today is a cultured, successful and proud elite in Catholic France.



Huguenots established New Paltz, N.Y., in 1678.

America's Huguenot Heritage

The religious persecutions of the 17th and 18th centuries drove thousands of Protestants out of France, and an estimated 20,000 had settled in the American colonies before the Revolution. The Huguenots greatly influenced American history. George Washington had a Huguenot ancestor, as did at least five other Presidents: John Adams, John Quincy Adams, John Tyler, James Garfield and Theodore Roosevelt.

A Huguenot refugee named Apollos de Revoire settled in Boston, became a silversmith, and sired a son who signed his name Paul Revere. Three members of the Continental Congress—Alexander Hamilton, John Jay and Elias Boudinot—were Huguenots.

Francis Marion, "the Swamp Fox," was a Huguenot; so were Gen. John C. Frémont, Admiral Dewey of Manila Bay and Flying Tiger boss Clair Chennault.

Descendants of Huguenots founded Bowdoin and Vassar colleges; they enriched our literary heritage with the writings of Thoreau, Whittier, Longfellow. One of our greatest industrial dynasties, the Du Ponts, trace their line to a Huguenot family.

Because of their important part in the Revolution, the Huguenots received land grants from a grateful government and began spreading westward. There are now active Huguenot societies in almost every state.

But most important of all, according to Kenneth Hasbrouck, president of the largest Huguenot group in America, the Huguenot Society of New Paltz, New York, "The Huguenots brought the idea of freedom of conscience, freedom of thought. They fled from religious persecution, but unlike many others who were persecuted, the Huguenots believed in freedom of religion for everyone, not just themselves. The Huguenots gave us the true spirit of democracy."

PARIS.

"For a minority group," French Protestants will tell you with a becoming touch of modesty, "we are not doing badly."

Nor have they, one might add, done badly in the United States. Down through the years, the Protestant refugees from France have made a shining contribution to American cultural, political and economic strength.

There are only 900,000 Protestants in France today—no more than two percent of the country's population. As religious minorities go, this is not large; in the dominantly Protestant United States the Catholic minority is about 23 percent of the population. However, the French Protestants make up in energy what their group lacks in size, and their importance in the structure of their country is enormous.

What does it mean to be a Protestant in France? It means, for one thing, to be out of step. In a Catholic country known for centuries as the Elder Daughter of the Roman Church, it means to challenge the infallibility of that church—or, for that matter, the infallibility of any church. It means to deny the need of a hierarchy of clerics as intermediaries between God and man. It means to doubt most of the miracles that are part of the nation's lore along with its religion; to worship in a bare and sober church, worlds away from the carven images and silver altars that crowd the churches of the prevailing faith. It means to find oneself outside the old and mighty current of Latin mores and tradition.

"There is something in our situation," one ranking Protestant remarked, "that foredooms us to loneliness. Doubtless that is one reason why we stick together."

They Remember Persecutions

Centuries of persecution have left their stamp on France's Protestants. Although they have enjoyed full religious freedom for the past 175 years, they cannot quite forget the hell they have been through. It is not exceptional to meet a Protestant Frenchman who casually mentions that his forebears were killed or tortured for their faith. "One of my ancestors was burned," a man may tell you over a cup of coffee. Or, "Five of my family were cut down by the king's dragoons." Or, "I descend from a Bible smuggler who was caught and sent to the galleys."

The United States—along with Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and the British Isles—has been on the receiving end of the mass exodus of Protestants from France during the centuries of persecution. An estimated 20,000 French refugees had arrived in the North American colonies before our War of Independence. Most of these "Huguenots," as they were designated, became Congregationalists or, in the South, Episcopalians, and their blood blended with that of the Anglo-Saxon settlers.

Today the Huguenots' descendants in the United States number more than a million. Many of them have remained faithful to their origins. French-language services are still conducted at New York's French Church du Saint Esprit, founded in 1627, and at churches on Staten Island, New York; in Charleston, South Carolina; and New Paltz, New York—the last-named being the oldest Huguenot settlement in the United States that is still largely intact.

The Protestant Upper Crust

The progeny of those who stayed in France and managed to survive have since shown a remarkable ability to get to the top. No one can call them underdogs. True, there still is a vigorous Protestant peasantry in several French regions; a Protestant middle class exists, especially in Alsace and Lorraine; and you can find Protestants of the working class in several industrial and mining towns. However, to the casual observer, especially in Paris and the larger cities, the face of French Protestantism remains the cultured, somewhat haughty face of the elite.

Wherever you happen to poke around the superstructure of the nation, you are apt to come upon a Protestant holding rank and position. The liberal professions and the civil service are packed with Protestants. Protestants make up more than one fifth of the faculties of France's universities. Nobel Prize winner Dr. Albert Schweitzer—physician, missionary, scholar, musician, and Grand Old Man—is Protestant. So is the foreign minister of France, Maurice Couve de Murville. So are the auto-making Peugeots.

High finance, to no small extent, is a Protestant domain. In many a provincial city the finest residential neighborhood—such as the lovely Quai de la Fontaine in Nîmes—is a predominantly Protestant address. Some of the fussiest Paris dinner parties seat only Protestants. In fact, the letters HSP—*haute société protestante*, Protestant high society—are used by awestruck commoners for what is possibly the most exclusive segment of the French upper crust.

I sampled a selection of Protestant community leaders during a recent meeting of the *Centre de Villemétrie*, a lay association concerned with the Protestant's role in modern life. The setting was an old château surrounded by a splendid park near Paris. Under the sprawling trees I was drawn into conversation with a young physicist from France's nuclear establishment at Saclay, whose grave responsibilities had led him to religious problems. I next talked with a prominent

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By ERNEST O. HAUSER

"The Secret Baptism," an 18th-century French drawing.

Huguenots today have full religious and political freedom in France, but up to 1787 they were compelled to conduct services secretly in the "desert" (outside the law) to avoid persecution. Jeanne Lombard's picture (at left) is part of Huguenot collection in the Museum of the Desert near the small town of Miallet.

French actress, a famous stage designer, a successful architect, the top executive of a large dairy business, a senior civil servant, a banker, and a biologist.

All of these Protestants had joined the *Centre* for spiritual nourishment. Many of them were in the habit of spending weekends of debate and meditation at the château, with a minister in attendance. They were active Christians. Yet there was something else about these men and women—their eminent respectability, their brisk, outgoing ways, their good-natured acceptance of their role as a superior species—that made me wonder where I had come across this sort of thing before. "Proper Bostonians" was the phrase that came unbidden to my mind.

The Protestants' proverbial thrift, their talent for business and their good international connections are at the bottom of their great renown as bankers. Most of the country's leading private banks are owned and operated today by a handful of Protestant clans, such as the Vernes, Neuflizes, Mallets, Bungeners, and Hottinguers. From the wood-paneled little world of their Paris establishments, these prudent moneymen watch the great flow of cash around the world. Their specialty is the administration of private fortunes, mostly Catholic, and they are interested in the long pull only. When I asked Baron Jean Louis de Neuflize, whose bank was founded by one of his ancestors in 1667, for his reaction to the latest turn on Wall Street, he glanced at me as if I had uttered something slightly vulgar. "We don't pay much attention to those ups and downs," he said.

Baptists Were an "Import"

Although all French Protestants, with the exception of some sects and splinters, are now inside the Protestant Federation of France, which holds a national convention every four years, they do not form a monolithic bloc. As in the United States, regional differences play their part. Most of the country's 350,000 Lutherans are to be found in Alsace and Lorraine. Baptists—a nineteenth-century "import" from the United States that has grown into a community of 70,000—live largely in the north and in the Paris region. The nation's 450,000 Calvinists, or members of the Reformed Church of France, represent the largest single group; though scattered all over the map of France, they are thickest in a number of southern and southeastern pockets, in addition to the Paris area.

It is with members of this latter group that my report is primarily concerned. As the spiritual heirs of John Calvin, the sixteenth-century French reformer, they are the spiritual cousins of

Huguenots hold a baptismal service without fear in the 400-year-old temple at Corbes.

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"In every Huguenot house you'll see a Bible. Mere possession of the Book once was enough to send a family to the dungeon."

America's 4,278,000 Presbyterians, as well as of most Scottish, Dutch, Swiss and Hungarian Protestants.

Profoundly democratic in its self-government, the Reformed Church of France has no personal hierarchy; it is administered by parish councils consisting of the local pastor and elected elders. A national synod, half clerical, half lay, wields supreme power. Of France's 1100-odd Protestant parishes, this church holds more than 600, with a total of 750 ministers.

Only the Calvinists are, strictly speaking, "Huguenots"—a curious term whose origins are lost in medieval murk. In the remote regions where the word is still occasionally used, it rings with the force of an old battle cry. To hear a mountaineer from southern France say, "I'm a Huguenot!" means listening to all the fury and defiance of a rebel's cause.

Intolerance Brought Bloodbaths

It is strange to think that this Catholic nation narrowly missed turning Protestant. The teachings of John Calvin caught the country as a flame catches a sheet of paper. By 1564, the year in which that strong-willed French reformer died, one in three Frenchmen had embraced the Reformation.

For years the royal power wavered between tolerance and suppression—a quandary which the Catholic Queen Dowager, Catherine de Médicis, resolved by instigating the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. At dawn on August 24, 1572, an estimated 30,000 Protestants were slain throughout France by policemen and excited mobs. Among the victims was the great Gaspard de Coligny, who had led Huguenot armies to victory in many a pitched fight.

Yet the bloodbath settled nothing. Protestant power staggered back to its feet as a Huguenot prince, Henry of Navarre, fought his way to the throne. And although, as King Henry IV, he became a Catholic, he remained friendly to his mother's faith. His Edict of Nantes, signed in 1598, granted the Huguenots, albeit within limits, the freedom of religion and the civil rights they had struggled for. To this day, a stiff-backed Protestant gentleman walks up to Henry's monument in Paris every April 13—the anniversary of the Edict—to leave a posy with the tolerant king.

For many years after Henry's death the fate of France hung in the balance. With well over a million followers, including some 4000 nobles, the Huguenots were still a power to be reckoned with around the year 1600. Manning 100 fortified places and capable of putting 25,000 soldiers into the field, they looked suspiciously like a political party poised to strike. Not peace but a sword ruled the relationship between the two great factions. The siege of La Rochelle, the fortress by the sea whose Protestant defenders capitulated after brave resistance in 1628, is one of the most glorious chapters in French history. Its memory lives on in New Rochelle, New York, an early Huguenot settlement.

The tourist driving leisurely through the Cévennes, an isolated mountain region in the south of France, feels himself suddenly jerked back to the most savage phase of Huguenot martyrdom. It was here that the Protestants rose in revolt in 1702 against King Louis XIV, who by revoking the Edict of Nantes had made Protestant worship once again illegal. The two-year insurrection of the *Camisards*, a partisan group which the authorities suppressed with tortures, killings and imprisonment, has deeply marked these lovely hills.

One passes through mountain villages, their low, gray granite houses huddling close together, which to this day are bastions of Protestantism. In almost every Huguenot house the first thing you'll see on entering is a large Bible, reminding all concerned that mere possession of the Book once was enough to send a family to the dungeons. Most women wear the Huguenot emblem, an elaborate eight-pointed cross with a pendant teardrop or dove. Some of the older people still hold daily services at home, addressing God without the benefit of clergy.

Between Miallet and Anduze—a town of 2800 inhabitants, which boasts the largest Protestant church in all of France—the traveler finds the Museum of the Desert with its unique collection of Huguenot mementos. The various documents, contraband Bibles, and pictures of clandestine services held in some hidden cove give moving evidence of how the Huguenots fared in the "desert," meaning outside the law. The museum itself is a magnificent old farmhouse, whose rebel owner was betrayed and killed.

"We've got a lot of past around here," one local pastor said. "Too much of it. It almost crushes us."

It was not until 1787 that King Louis XVI gave freedom and equality to France's Protestants—upon the urging, it is said, of General Lafayette, who had developed an admiration for the Huguenots in the United States. Soon afterward, the French Revolution, and in particular the Declaration of the Rights of Man, confirmed the royal edict.

A Minority Must Always Struggle

Ever since, the Protestant community has done more than its share in turning France into a modern nation. French history records the names of many prominent judges and many famous surgeons who were Protestants. Protestant statesmen were largely instrumental, in the 1860's, in giving France her present system of lay education; the Protestant churches themselves showed the way to secularization by turning over 1500 confessional schools to the French state. During World War II France's Protestants were in the forefront of the French resistance, saving many Jews from deportation and death and speeding Allied airmen along the secret route to Switzerland. Thousands of Protestants died heroes' deaths in German concentration camps.

But the job of keeping a religious minority going is not easy. For one thing, it costs money. With the exception of the churches in Alsace and Lorraine, which for historic reasons are supported by the state, France's Protestants are on their own. And, as their leaders in the past felt called upon to make as good a showing as the Catholics, the Protestant community today is saddled with a string of institutions and activities which it can ill afford. For example, out of a total of some 1400 Protestant ministers, as many as 400 are employed in mission work, largely in Africa and the Near East. This mission empire is a staggering burden—and so are the assorted charities the Protestants maintain at home.

"We are doing about twenty times as much," one leading churchman told me, "as we ought to be doing by common-sense financial standards. As a result, little cash is left for our ministers, who are paid directly by the various churches—the average pastor makes no more than $130 a month in addition to free lodgings. And when it comes to building a new church"—he spread his hands—"we'd be lost if our American friends did not come to our rescue."

An even bigger problem facing France's Protestants today is of a spiritual nature—what kind of Christianity to profess. Steering their tiny craft through a vast Catholic sea, they are not always of one mind as to what course to take. I have found among them a strong desire for a deepening of the emotional experience of religion. Indeed, I have heard not a few ministers, as well as leading laymen, argue for a return to at least some observances and tenets predating the Reformation. "Our forefathers," one theologian told me, "abandoned certain Christian practices simply because they were considered Roman Catholic. As long as we hold on to the essential of our faith, why not admit some concepts we threw out?"

The Right to Dissent Is Sacred

It is this kind of reasoning that lies behind the much discussed Community of Taizé, a Protestant monastery in Burgundy where something closely resembling Catholic monasticism has been practiced since the early days of World War II. The fifty "brothers" there commit themselves to lifelong chastity, wear white habits, use an elaborate liturgy and prostrate themselves in prayer. On a warm summer weekend, the quiet monastery comes alive with visitors, many of whom find in Taizé the answer to the dearth of pageantry in their own church life. Nor is it merely the return to medieval practices that captures the imagination of many ministers and laymen; the brothers of Taizé are dedicated to the union of all Christians, and it is the idea of narrowing the breach between themselves and the great Catholic majority that appeals to many thinking Protestants in France.

But while the notion of a "dialogue with Rome" may fascinate the lonely intellectual and the bored Brahmin, the mountain Huguenot won't hear of it. In the Cévennes hills mere mention of Taizé meets with raised eyebrows and occasional invective. Rather than submit to Christian unity, many a farmer whose ancestor are buried in a field because they had no right to rest in hallowed ground would go out once again and fight—Bible in one hand, musket in the other—for his right to dissent. Perhaps the very fact that France's Protestant community can still accommodate under one roof such wildly varying opinions attests the valor of a troop that for the last four centuries has specialized in the art of surviving. **THE END**

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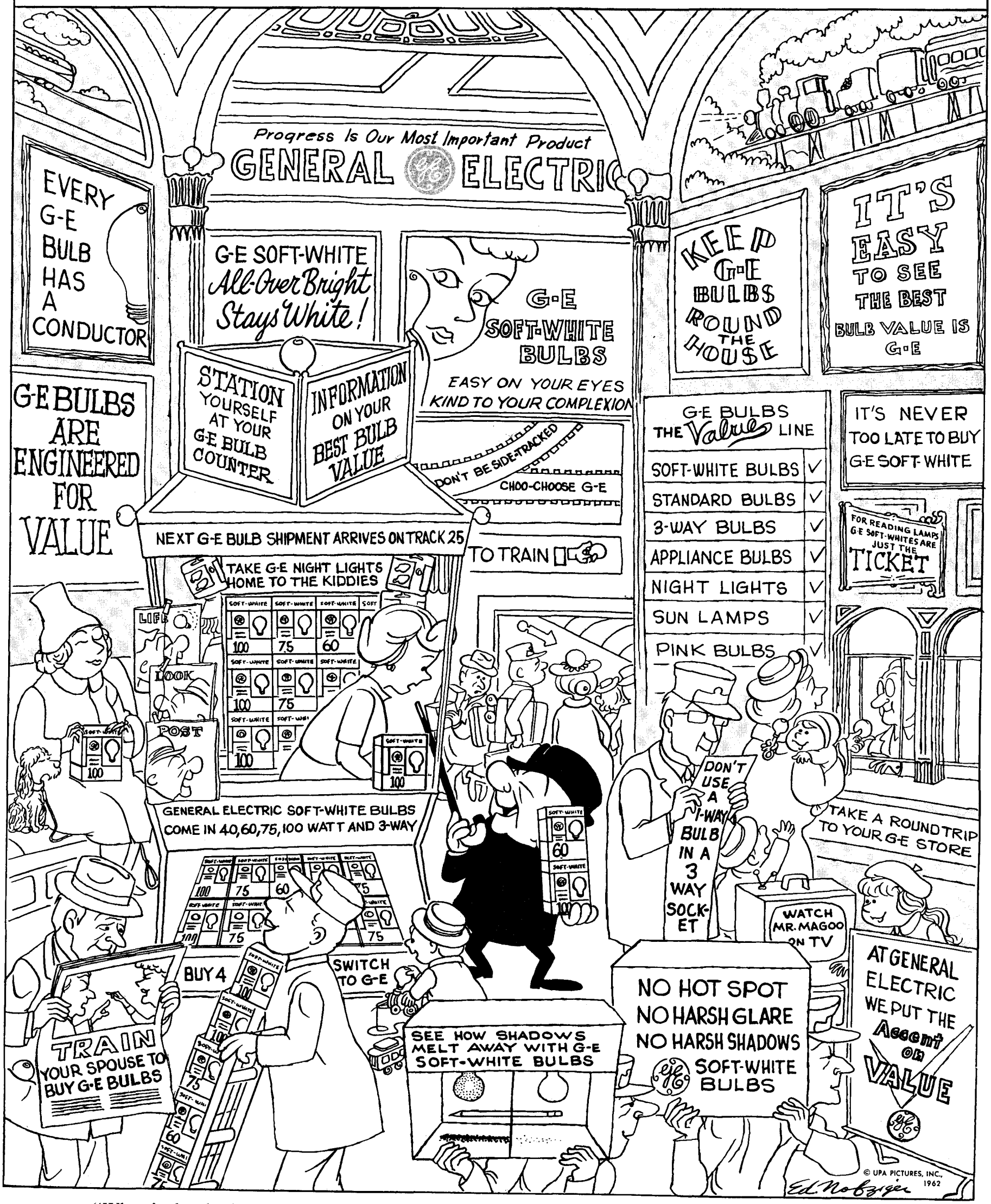
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"Where's the check-out counter in this store? I want to pay for my General Electric Soft-White bulbs."

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MY LIFE WITH JUVENILE GANGS

Vincent Riccio

CONCLUSION Drug addiction, the relentless scourge of teen-age gangs, and how it caused . . .

The Death of Tommy Hanlon

By VINCENT RICCIO as told to Bill Slocum

Members of a South Brooklyn gang "cool it" on the corner. Unwanted at home, they roam the streets looking for excitement.

© 1962 by Vincent Riccio and Bill Slocum

During my nearly ten years as a New York City Youth Board worker, trying to curb kid gangs in Gowanus and other slums, I learned to recognize dope as the worst enemy. Overdoses of dope killed more youngsters than knives and bullets in gang fights. Dope was deadlier to bodies, souls and minds. It touched me most directly through a boy whom I shall call Tommy Hanlon.

They told us at the Youth Board office, "Don't get emotionally involved with these kids. You're like a doctor. Do your work, but don't take it home with you at night." Although I am now a Brooklyn schoolteacher, I still take a little bit of Tommy Hanlon home with me every night, and I will until the day I die.

Tommy was one of the Gowanus Boys, the gang of teen-agers whom I shepherded through the hell of slum boyhood. He was contemptuous of me from the day we met. He said of me in my presence, "I don't trust that sonofabitch."

He was about fourteen at the time, not more than five feet tall, with a face full of freckles like the All-American boy and a John Barrymore profile complete with the long Barrymore haircut. He dressed, as best he could, in the uniform of the gang—pegged pants and square-toed shoes. He strutted. He was surly, always a little dirty and notably foulmouthed in a group where cursing meant unceasing oral filth.

Tommy was also the unluckiest kid I ever knew in a lot of experience with really unlucky kids. He lived in a four-and-a-half-room cold-water flat with ten relatives: six brothers and sisters, an uncle and grandmother and his parents. His father was a laborer and a drunk. His mother was a fine woman, but unable to cope with a world that seemed like one bad soap opera after another. She tried, but it was too much—too much for anybody.

Although Tommy was never arrested, he spent almost as much time at the station house as his two older brothers, eighteen and sixteen, both of whom racked up long larceny records. The police couldn't—or didn't bother to—distinguish between the two of them and Tommy in hauling in Hanlons "on suspicion."

At home Tommy faced the frustrations of a drunken father, an overcrowded dwelling, older relatives who gave him nothing but abuse or a slap in the mouth and the feeling of being utterly useless and unwanted. He was often hungry. And he was a terrible problem for me.

Useless, Hungry and Unwanted

I worked on Tommy very hard, purely as a professional problem at first. But he would retreat in a sulk and disappear. I studied him. He was attracted to girls, and they liked him, but his foul temper and ugly moods quickly destroyed those little relationships. Storekeepers hated him as much as the cops did, largely because they couldn't tell one Hanlon from another.

One Saturday morning when I was driving to Sheepshead Bay to fish, I saw Tommy and invited him to go along. To my surprise, he accepted almost graciously. I achieved no miracle of understanding. We had fun fishing, but he remained politely distant. On the way home he said, "Rick, I'm sorry I rank you all the time. Don't pay no attention to me. I'm just trying to be a big shot. Truth is, I'm all fouled up. At home, everywhere."

After that, his abuse of me continued, but he always followed it up with an apology—in private. The abuse came when he was seeking status in front of his mates. They in turn treated him with no great respect. He would fight, but he was small and couldn't lick anybody. Yet they always heard him out with patience. I came to understand why. They felt sorry for him. He was, in fact, the underdog's underdog.

One evening while I was giving boxing instruction to some boys at the Community Center, Hanlon came in and greeted me with surprising, encouraging warmth. Then I realized that his face was flushed and his eyes dilated. He was under the influence of dope. It was marijuana, I hoped. You hope things like that in the realistic world of kid gangs. Marijuana is bad, but heroin is worse.

A Junkie at Age Fourteen

Hunk, another member of the gang, walked over. He was as stoned as Tommy. They argued over whether Tommy should get more of whatever stuff they were using. Tommy said to me later, "That punk never buys anything, but he wants me to give him my stuff. He's all gassed up. He had two caps today, and he wants another one tonight."

Caps! Caps of heroin! Tommy Hanlon, not yet fifteen, was a junkie. So, for that matter, was Hunk at eighteen. It stunned me. I should have been shockproof by then, but I wasn't. Carefully I asked some questions. It turned out that most of the dozen kids talking with me smoked marijuana on occasion. A few admitted under duress that they sometimes took heroin, or "horse." The duress took the form of frank charges leveled by their fellows:

"Whattya mean, you never took horse? You was stoned out of your head the night of Joey Boy's party."

When I next saw Tommy a couple of days later, he began, "Man, I was stoned, wasn't I, Rick?"

Then like all embryo addicts, he denied that the stuff had him. "I don't use it regular. I ain't hooked. I only use it when I feel way down. Like the other night. I ain't got a decent suit. My brother wouldn't loan me his. He says, 'Why don't you get a job?' And I can't get a job. That stuff makes you forget you're a bum."

"I'll help you get a job, Tommy," I said. "You know that. I do that for all the guys."

Tommy grinned his twisted grin. "Rick, nobody, including you, can get me a job. Don't you know I can't read? Not one word."

"There are jobs where you don't have to read."

"There ain't no jobs where the boss don't say, 'Hey, kid, write this down.' Or, 'Add those numbers for me.' Add! Hell, I can't *write* those numbers. And you know, Rick, I embarrass real easy."

I insisted I knew jobs outside of Brooklyn where he wouldn't risk having to read, write or be embarrassed. Another helpless grin.

"Rick, I'm afraid to leave Brooklyn. Hell, I'm afraid to leave this neighborhood."

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"Tommy, you aren't afraid to steal hubcaps. Or bust heads in a rumble. What's so frightening about taking the subway to Manhattan?"

"You don't have to read no street signs to steal hubcaps or bust heads." He turned away blindly and blew his nose.

"You know, Rick, I ain't a complete moron. I can use the subway to get to Coney Island if I want. You use the bull's-eye subway." (A metal device resembling a bull's-eye, carried on the front end of subway cars that went to Coney Island.) "You get off when you see the Ferris wheel. And I can read the name of my own street, so I get off at the right station coming home."

"Tommy, do you really want to read?" I asked.

"Damn right I do. But I've been thrown out of every school."

I arranged for him to attend reading classes, but he went only once. He explained, "No guts. Everybody in the class was either a moron or a foreigner. I was the only normal American, and dumber than all of them. It was just too embarrassing."

We kept trying. I got him to try to work, but his illiteracy sent him sprawling. I ran into him drunk one night. He was proud of it. "I was just about to spike up on horse, but I got loaded instead. It's better that way, ain't it, Rick?"

He asked me, so I answered him. "Yes, it is better that way." Of course, I wanted him healthy and normal. But I'd rather have him boozed up than doped up. I tried to talk him into the cure. Then he got the cure the hard way—by an overdose of heroin. Some of the boys found him unconscious in a hallway. They knew the symptoms. They also knew the risk to them, because police questioning was inevitable. But they took their friend to the hospital.

There was no "Sorry, Rick," when I walked up to his hospital-ward bed. Just a small smile, a resigned sigh and, "Well, I did it real good this time."

Heroin and Talcum Powder

I said, "Now maybe you'll go away and get straightened out." But this wise and knowing little illiterate said, "They tell me it's easier to get junk in some of those cure joints than it is on the street corner." There was no point in arguing. He was right. Then he explained what had brought him unconscious to the hospital. "That bastard must have turned honest and sold me some good junk." He meant that the pusher hadn't diluted the heroin as much as usual; he might have sold him a capsule as strong as one part pure heroin to twenty parts talcum powder. The worst thing that can happen to a drug addict is to get the amount of heroin he paid for. Tommy's system, geared to far greater dilution, reacted dangerously to the comparatively concentrated drug he took.

Tommy took a cure and returned to the block. He stayed off heroin, then went back on. We kept trying, but shared a sense of dismay. He knew his position precisely. "Rick, I'm a cinch to wind up in the can or nut house the way I'm going." I couldn't find a way out for him. We never quit, but we never succeeded.

Two weeks after I left my Youth Board job to teach, I got a phone call from Freddi, the gang leader. He was crying. "They just dragged Tommy out of a toilet," he babbled. "Him and another kid was loading up. He got an overdose. Tommy's dead."

I saw Tommy Hanlon once more—at the wake. Clean at last, he lay there looking like a little old man. He had finally got the new suit he wanted so much. His short, brutal life had ended before he was eighteen. His father took his death very hard. "I've lost my boy," he said.

As for me, I failed with Tommy Hanlon, and I'll remember that until I die. But Tommy was not the only one. At some point every gang gets involved with narcotics. I knew of only one, the Tigers, who escaped the drug scourge. They were alcoholics. But the next generation of the gang went on dope.

The Bravado of Joey Boy

The kid who first introduced narcotics to the Gowanus Boys was an entirely different type from Tommy Hanlon. Joey Boy had a father who worked and behaved and a devoted mother. She was so devoted that she would come down from her flat every afternoon and bring her Joey Boy a glass of milk. At ten she would haul him upstairs. He needed his milk and rest, she explained, because he was so thin and weak.

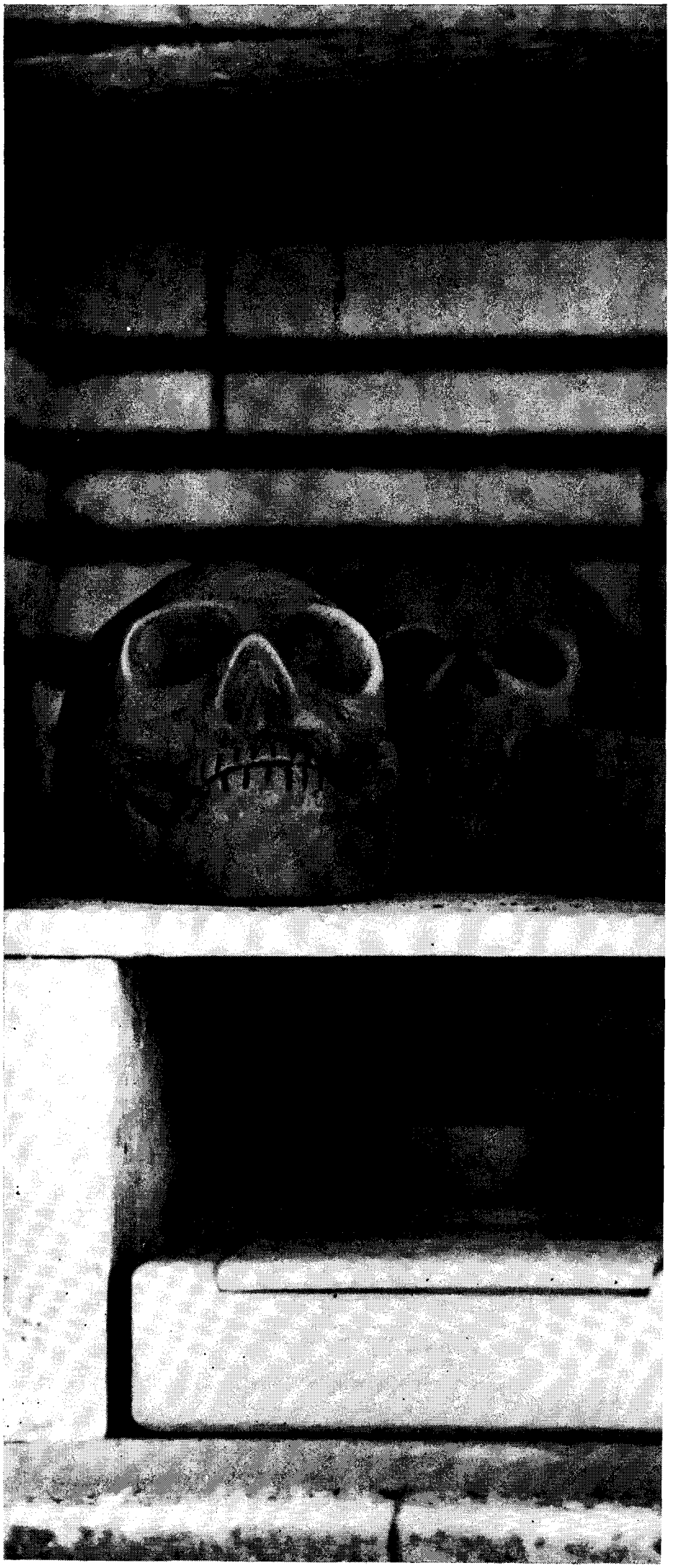
Joey Boy writhed in embarrassment when mamma told him in front of all of his tough friends to drink his milk like a nice little boy, or to hurry up to bed. He was a reluctant mamma's boy.

So he showed 'em he wasn't a mamma's boy at all, that he was as brave as the next. He showed 'em by taking heroin. The use of heroin to provide devil-may-care bravado, the quality the mamma's boy so desperately wanted to possess, is easily explained. Any Gowanus kid who took his first sniff knew very well what the dangers were. They had seen addicts all their lives. They knew addiction kills. It doesn't kill wealthy addicts, for if the supply is always available there is no terror of being without it nor panic about its being poisoned. But these little addicts were paupers. So they died—at least five kids that I knew about in my time with the Youth Board—in horrible agony of "malnutrition," "heart failure" or anything else a kind or bored doctor cared to write on the death certificate. Some also die in stickups and gas chambers. They rob and murder because, when they have the habit, they will do anything to get money and escape the torture of not being able to buy the dope they need.

The Gowanus Boys knew these things. So they knew Joey Boy displayed courage when he sniffed a little horse in front of a friend or two. Then he began skinpopping—injecting the solution under the skin with a hypodermic needle. Finally he was mainlining—tying a handkerchief around his arm to make the veins swell and then driving the murderous drug into a vein and direct to his heart.

You may ask where he got it. I often had the macabre feeling that the New York State Division of Alcoholic Beverage Control should be put in charge of fighting dope. Lord knows, it is easier for a sixteen-year-old kid in New York City to get a fix of heroin than a glass of beer.

The Gowanus Boys and many others got their horse through a street-corner character nicknamed Football, who looked like a movie caricature of a dope



Death themes predominate in this therapeutic artwork fashioned by addicts at Riverside, New York's narcotics hospital for minors.

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"It is easier for a kid in New York to get a fix than a beer."

peddler. Football was a fat, greasy, ugly swine who wore the sharpest clothes ever, including the big, broad-brimmed white hoodlum hat on the back of his head. He conducted business by standing on a corner with his belly stuck out, endlessly twirling a key on a gold chain. Why didn't the cops nail such an obvious target?

Football kept "clean." He never carried anything on him. He told the addict where to go in two hours to meet a pusher with the stuff. The pushers were invariably hooked themselves and worked for people like Football to "support the habit"—as grisly a technical phrase as you will ever hear.

After Joey Boy got started, Cappy and Shorty began pushing to their friends in the Gowanus Boys. When the world fell in on Shorty, he didn't tell that Football was his connection. He had a code, he was mortally afraid of being cut off, and he couldn't prove anything, anyhow. It was more than a year before Football got careless and was nailed by the cops with dope on him. The wholesalers promptly replaced him.

How many of the Gowanus Boys used dope I never knew but, as my first year as their Youth Board worker ended, I could name nine out of the thirty members who at one time or another were users. I felt that the boys on dope got there to prove they were brave, but stayed there because dope gave them some release from the endless contempt they received at home and everywhere else.

Addicts' Sense of Failure

When Freddi and the other nonusers came to talk of the problem—and they soon came to talk of little else—I begged them not to add to the addicts' already overwhelming sense of failure by making them feel unwanted even by their own gang. So the gang did not wholly abandon them. When pushers came into the neighborhood to peddle, the gang stopped them by the simple trick of beating them senseless. And a boy on dope who showed up clearheaded was not shunned. He was ranked about his habit, lectured, even begged to stop.

Actually, the true shunning was done by the addicts. One would talk and clown with the fellows until another addict appeared. Then the tragic pair would walk off together, with the hoots of their friends in their ears: "Look at the junkies! Off to Red Hook and dreamland."

At Red Hook, nearby, hop was always available. I never knew why. Another great source of supply for the junkies was the 116th Street area of Harlem. Dope, via 116th Street, was also the starting point for sex experiences. As usual, the kids got off to the worst possible starts.

The craving for heroin brought twenty-year-old prostitutes into the neighborhood looking for dope. These white girls couldn't go up to 116th Street where the stuff was sold, so the gang kids ran their errands and met them on the roof or in a car.

"I don't want your dough, honey," they told sixteen-year-old boys. "Just a couple of caps."

Nearly always the problem of narcotics becomes an inseparable part of gang control or, in more humanistic terms, saving boys. A kid of sixteen, whom I had known for three years, came up to me once "just to say hello." When I asked the inevitable question, I learned that he had become an addict at fifteen.

"Every kid I know is on it, Rick," he said. Possibly true. I asked, "Trying to kick it?"

"No," he replied defiantly. "Why should I? I want to live it up. The world stinks. The atomic bomb and everything. Aw, nuts, my habit only costs six dollars a day."

Six Dollars Minimum Habit

Six dollars is a minimum for a full addict such as this boy. I've heard of it costing as high as fifty-five a day. Ironically the cost is not related to the degree of addiction. Some addicts achieve relief more cheaply than others, perhaps by body chemistry, perhaps by mental attitude. This boy had a traditional attitude—justifying his addiction by saying, "The world stinks."

I asked him how things were at home.

"Lousy. My old man is busting my chops to go to work. 'Get a job like me,' he says. Who the hell wants to live like he lives? But I'm scared my mother will find out I'm a junkie. That's why maybe I should try to kick it."

His married sister, he explained, had caught him in her bathroom injecting heroin. Her husband threatened to beat his head in. And she was going to tell mom. I suggested the boy beat her to it and confide in his mother.

He shook his head. "Rick, if I told her, it would kill her. My brother died from the junk."

Of course the parents are horrified. They always are. I met a father in the street, feeling sorry for himself because his son was a junkie. But why do all these fathers have to be full of booze?

"My boy's on drugs, Rick," he said. "I tried everything. I had him locked up for three months. Imagine putting your own son in jail, Rick. When he came out, he went right back on the stuff. I took him to a priest. Nothing helped. He stole every ring my wife owns. A wristwatch. Everything he could lift.

"But now something has to be done. He can't steal anything of my wife's because she ain't got nothing left. And he's turning mean. Abuses her all the time. What do you suggest? I've got to do something. I can get him into a state hospital out on Long Island, but that's a nut house."

"I know it," I agreed. "But it's better than nothing. It'll get him off the streets."

And it certainly was better than letting the boy hang around until he killed himself or someone else.

The South Brooklyn school where I now teach draws kids from as many as twelve gangs. But not all of the gang members are in school by any means. The hooked kids can't go to school, because if they are "hurting," their problem is obvious—the running eyes, the twitching nose and in time, nausea, and finally writhing agony from head to foot. If they have a fix in them, they can't go to school, either, because they fall asleep or doze in class.

During football season, a boy who hadn't been in school dropped by. The minute I saw Eddie, I knew why he came. He was skinny now, twenty pounds lighter than when he left school a year before. He was nervous, scratching at his nose. He had all the signs. So I came to the point. I said, "Eddie, I know what you're here for. How long have you been on it?"

"Since I left school, Rick. Rick, what can I do? The habit gets worse every day. Costs me twenty-five bucks a day now. I've hocked everything I own or could steal. What can I do?"

"Why don't you go to Lexington and let them straighten you out?"

"Oh, jeez, no. Not that joint. It don't work. My friends have gone there. When they come home, they can't wait to get a fix."

"Why don't you go into Kings County Hospital? They have some beds."

"That's like turning yourself in to jail, Rick. I can't do it alone."

"The social worker around your area can get you treatment. Or the Youth Board man."

"I'm too old for them to bother with, Rick. They're working on the young guys."

The young guys—Eddie was all of eighteen!

I asked about his home. He wasn't living at home. "My father taught me to fear him, but not to respect him. He did one helluva job of it too."

How was he living, then? "With a bunch of goddam junkies worse off than me. They help me with food and junk and, when I make a score, I kick into the pot. I'm hungry now. Loan me a buck?"

I gave him a dollar and said, "Use that for food. No horse." He replied, "Thanks, Rick, you know I wouldn't buy horse with a buck you gave me." I knew no such thing, of course.

Then Eddie came up with a solid suggestion. "Jeez, Rick, if I could only kick this thing long enough to get in the Army!"

Armed Service Rehabilitation

Getting away from the environment that makes dope almost a necessity, and that has a ready supply of it, is the absolute and almost only way to kick the habit. The medical departments of the armed forces would be astonished at how many young men have been discharged free of a small habit they brought into the service.

It shouldn't be necessary, actually, for a close-to-hooked kid to march off to military camp to save his life. I can suggest two solutions to the dope problem, neither one perfect but both of them helpful.

One is to establish a series of civilian camps very much in the old Civilian Conservation Corps tradition. These health farms would get the boys away from bad-home environments and dope pushers, but not into regimented hospitals. To be brutally frank, the hospitals' records of permanent cure are abominable, and the boys use this known fact as an excuse for avoiding hospitals. But the camps, outdoors and away from cities, could be operated on a far different basis and with great likelihood of success.

My other solution is a bold one which I offer confidently. I think we must give addicts dope. Yes, *give* them dope! Once the profit motive is taken from dope, nobody will push it. And now it is pushed. The pusher seeks out the young, the ones I have written about, and *gives* them dope. The young addict is started by free samples of dope for precisely the same reason that breakfast foods, cigarettes and detergents are given away—to make a market for them. When a kid finds out that he likes dope, the pushers stop giving it to him and make him pay. This is not melodrama. It is fact.

Dope Comes Dirt Cheap

The dope market even has a price structure. Contrary to headlines, dope—opium derivatives—comes dirt cheap. The $3,500,000 worth of heroin headlined as having been seized on an incoming ship actually cost, say, only $1100 in Asia, Europe or South America. It is cut with sugar, baby powder, roach powder—any white powdery substance—and sold to addicts for what the market will bear. The greater the need, the greater the price.

But if there were no vast profit in the sale of dope, nobody would risk prison to give it to kids. Without the free samples, in time there would be little or no market. So we eliminate the pushers and their enslaving gifts. And we save those whom they have already hooked from madness and murder by giving them the dope they must have.

Give the addicts, of all ages, dope in clinics set up for that purpose. Clinics are clean. The needles don't carry killing air bubbles, hepatitis, or other diseases that the last unknown user of the needle had. And the narcotics are pure, not loaded with roach powder. There would be no deaths from overdoses.

The clinic system that I propose offers tremendous opportunities to study new drugs; to find out how many addicts there really are; to treat them without subjecting them to the embarrassment that is part of even the best-intentioned hospital incarceration; and, best of all, gradually to reduce their need—and that is the only way that true addiction can be cured or ever has been cured.

The cost of all this? Considering what dope is doing to the youth of our land—in Westchester County, New York, in 1960, police smashed a dope ring supplying 250 of the supposedly best-reared youngsters in the world—what difference does the cost make? Surely it cannot cost any more to stop addiction than it is now costing us to let it spread.

The clinics and kid camps that I propose will never wipe out addiction. But they will cut it down, help to cure it and, most important, the plan will make it almost impossible for fourteen-year-old boys to get heroin. **THE END**

Photographs by Jacques Lowe

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In a ward at Riverside Hospital in New York City, a youthful addict begins the slow rehabilitation process.

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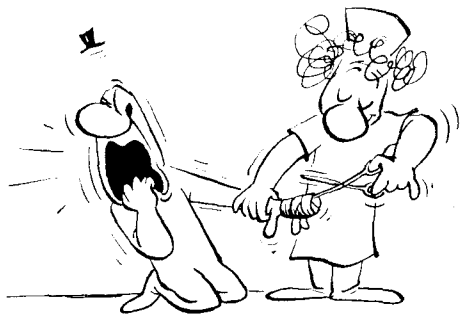

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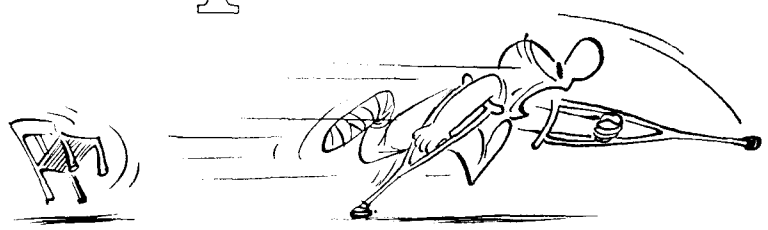
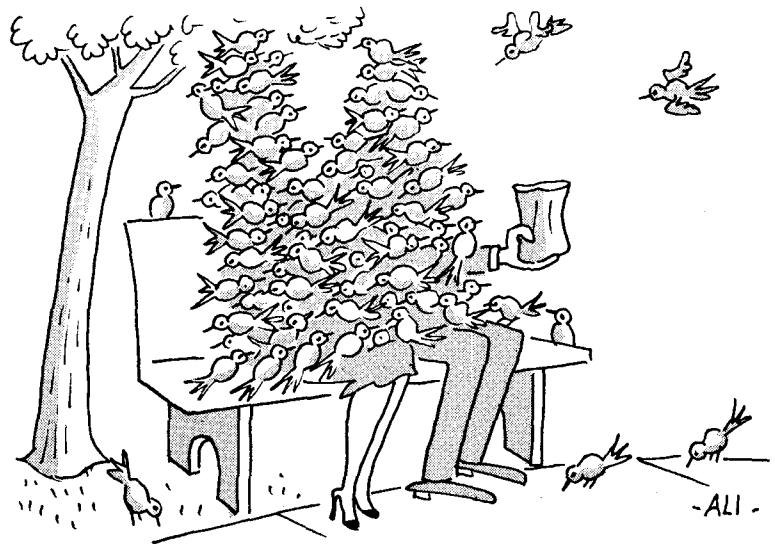
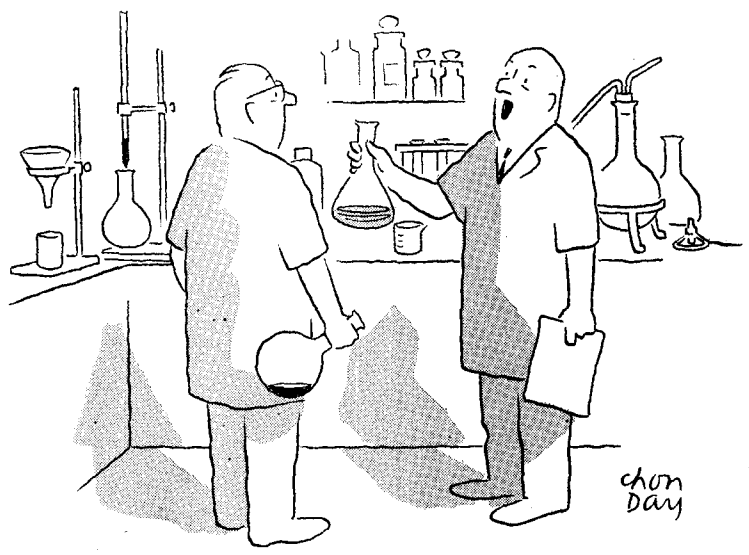




"We just can't go on meeting like this."



"It doesn't cure anything, but the side effects are out of this world."

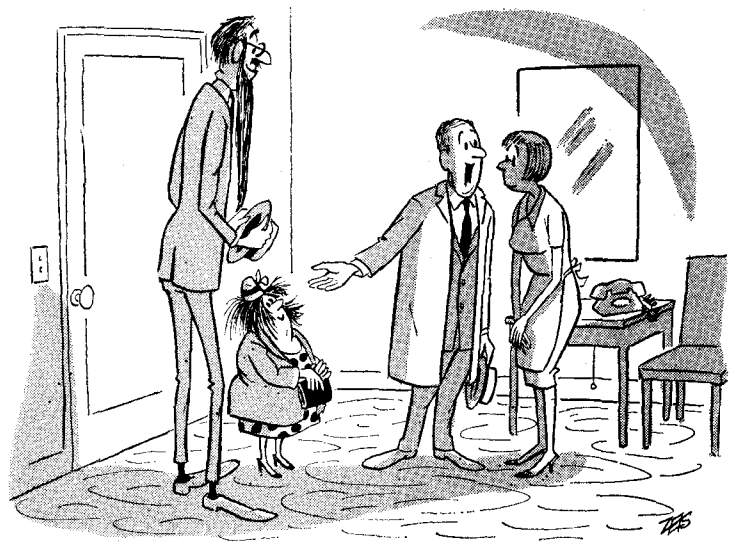
In Closing

Some say "Yours sincerely"
  And some "Sincerely yours"
And some "Sincerely" merely
  And some just "Yours," the boors,

And some prefer "Yours truly,"
  Some "Cordially," some "Love,"
And some, a little coolly,
  Use none of the above

But brusquely end a letter
  With nothing, just for spite;
And all of these are better
  Than those who never write.

RICHARD ARMOUR



"Honey, I'm *sure* you remember the Carters."

"You're being silly. That girl hasn't been away at college for a full day yet."

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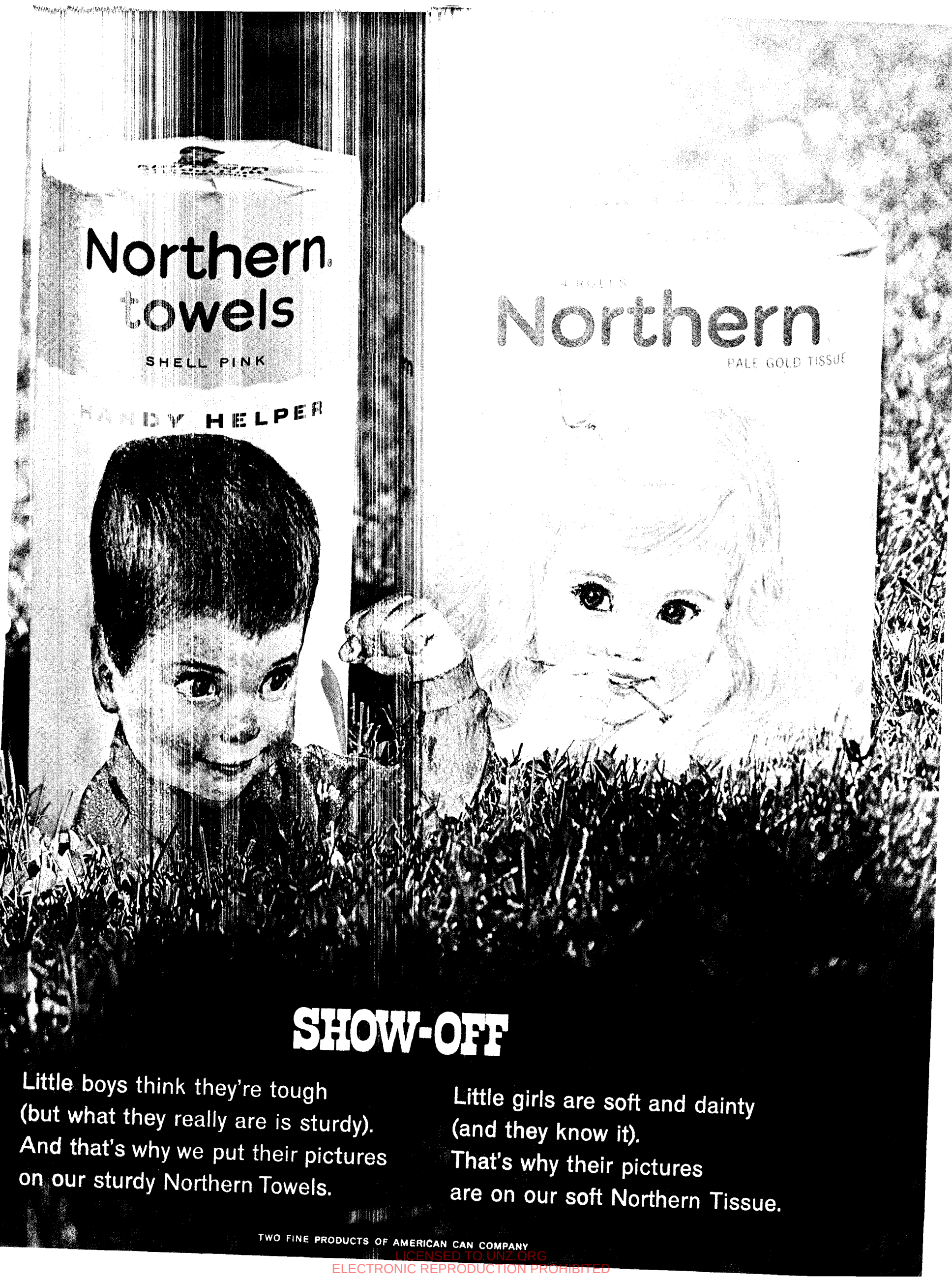

SHOW-OFF

Little boys think they're tough
(but what they really are is sturdy).
And that's why we put their pictures
on our sturdy Northern Towels.

Little girls are soft and dainty
(and they know it).
That's why their pictures
are on our soft Northern Tissue.

TWO FINE PRODUCTS OF AMERICAN CAN COMPANY

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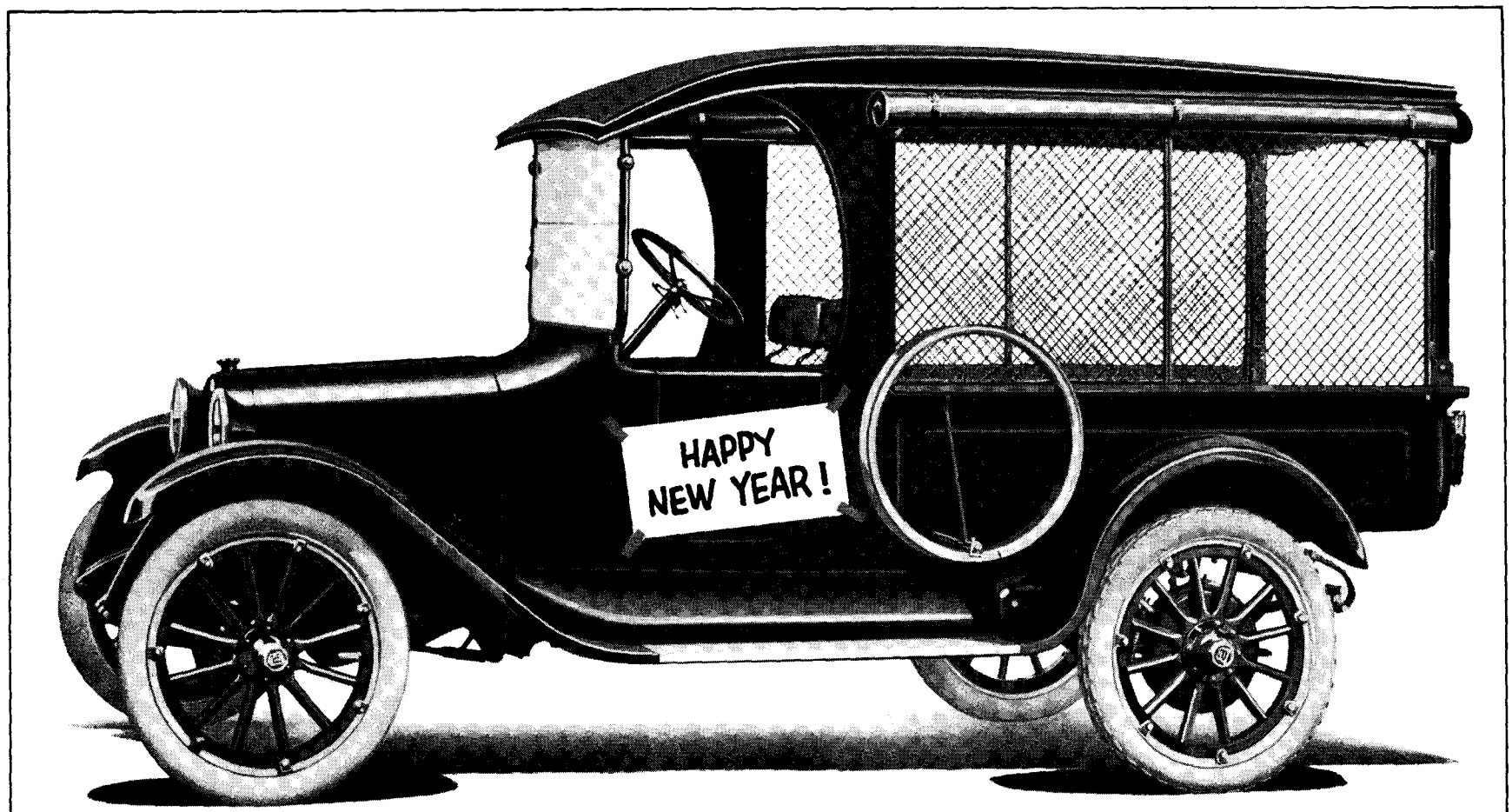

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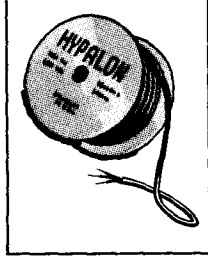
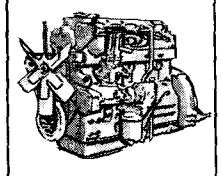
Whatever time of year you buy a Dodge truck, you can always be sure of getting the latest in design and engineering features. It's always "Happy New Year" at your Dodge Dealer's. See him.

Dodge Division of Chrysler Corporation reserves the right to improve its products at any time.

DODGE TRUCK STEERING HAS BEEN IMPROVED in two important ways. All cab forward models have a simpler, more rugged steering column. Steering effort on all Dodge heavy-duty models has been reduced almost 20%.



THE ELECTRICAL SYSTEM ON ALL HEAVY-DUTY Dodges has been improved, to simplify repairs, guard against failure, with heat-resistant Hypalon®-insulated wiring, Safety Link, terminal insulation, fuse block, and other improvements.



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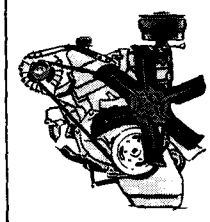
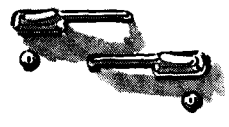
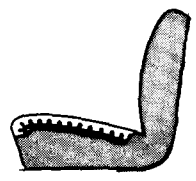


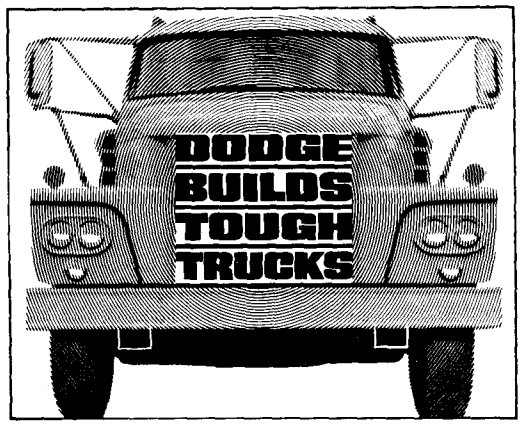
A NEW SUPER-RUGGED 225 CU. IN. SLANT SIX is now standard in several Dodge medium-tonnage models. This engine has a roller timing chain, bi-metal connecting rod bearings, Stellite-faced exhaust valves with Roto-Caps.

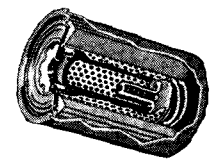


DUAL DOOR LOCKS NOW STANDARD EQUIPMENT on all Dodge truck models (D, PD, and W series, except WM300) equipped with a conventional cab. Now every Dodge cab, conventional and cab forward, has dual door locks as standard.

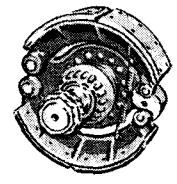


FOAM SEAT CUSHION PADS NOW STANDARD on all Dodge truck cab seats, conventional and cab forward models. The obvious advantage of this new Dodge truck feature is that the foam pad will make a long day at the wheel seem shorter.





A ONE-QUART OIL FILTER is being made standard equipment on all Dodge models powered by six-cylinder engines. An additional standard feature of Dodge gasoline-powered models, Six and V8, is a positive crankcase ventilation system.



MORE POWERFUL BRAKING SYSTEMS ON Dodge models D700, C700 and C800 equipped with air brakes. An increase in the lining area on these models makes their brakes longer-lived, gives them greater stopping power.

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Masters of Second Place

San Francisco's 49ers have a painful predilection for near-misses in pro football's title races.

By Melvin Durslag

For sixteen years the San Francisco Forty-Niners have huffed and puffed in professional football, but they haven't been able to blow down the obstacles leading to a championship. They are the only team in the National Football League's Western Conference, aside from newcomer Minnesota, never to have won even a division title.

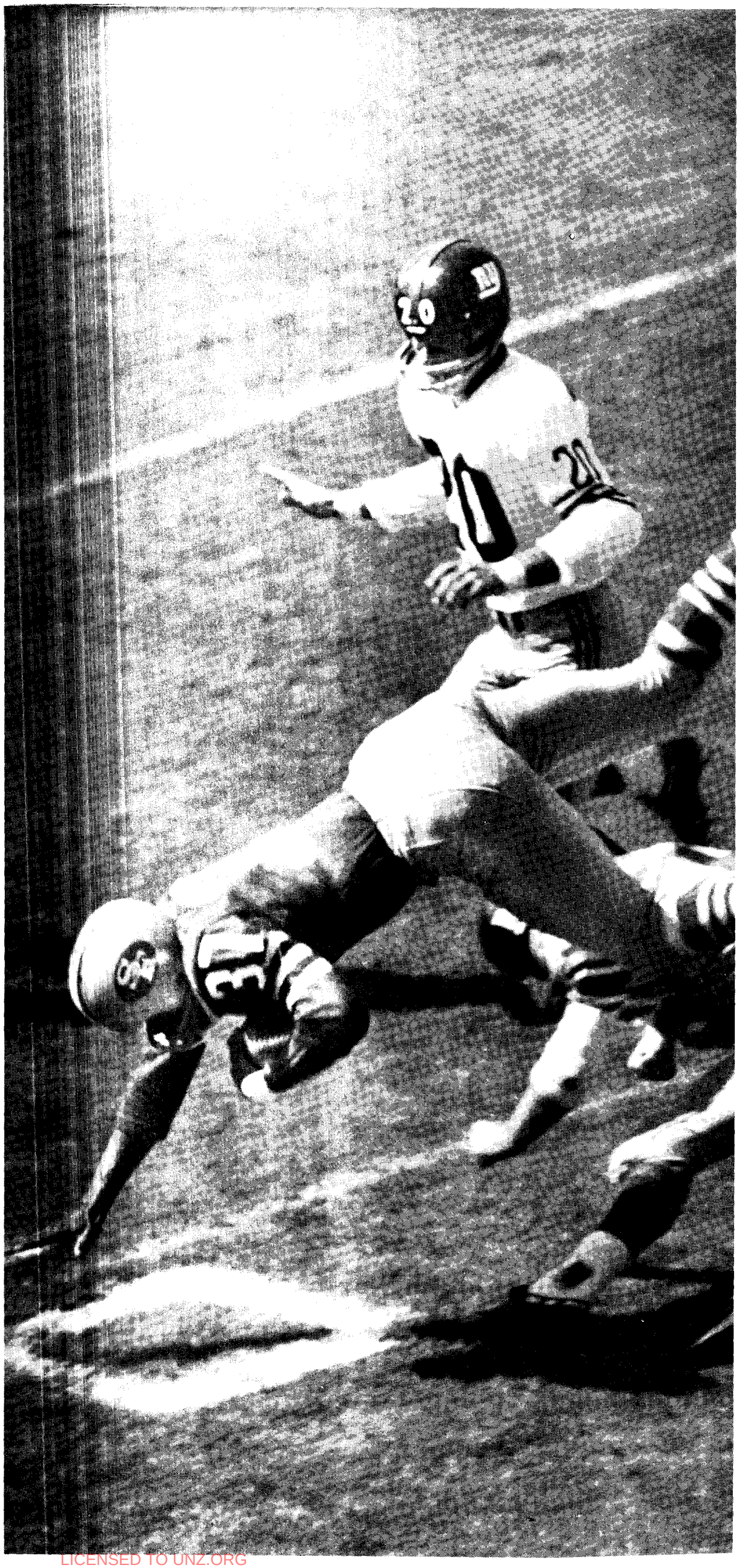
The club has an agonizing history of near-misses. Zealous pursuit of a championship is believed to have been partly responsible for the death of the Forty-Niners' founder. A heart patient for years, he had been told by doctors to abandon football, but vowed to remain until his team won a title. He died in the stands in 1957, when San Francisco made its strongest bid.

To long-suffering San Franciscans, a transaction by the club last year typifies its genius for misfiring. Before the start of the 1961 season the Forty-Niners announced that they would discard the conventional T formation in favor of a spread-type attack called the shotgun.

Since the shotgun required considerably more running on the part of the quarterback than the T, the Forty-Niners saw no reason to keep their bald, thirty-four-year-old passing specialist, Yelberton Abraham Tittle, who prefers to be known as Y.A. They traded him to the New York Giants.

About halfway through the season, immersed in a losing streak, San Francisco junked the shotgun and returned to the T, but without Tittle, who was leading the Giants to the Eastern Conference championship. Y.A. was picked as All-Pro quarterback in the 1961 players' vote, and given a cabin cruiser by a clothing concern which polled Giant fans to determine their favorite player.

Meanwhile the Forty-Niners finished fifth in a field of seven in their division. And the sophomore lineman they got for Tittle is no longer with the club.



Pass-receiver Jim Johnson is dumped at the ten in a preseason game. Falling short of the goal has become a San Francisco habit.

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Forty-Niner headaches: unruly fans, an "unfriendly" press, an old ball park, frequent fog, and stadium parking for 320 cars.

Coach Hickey and his passers: (left to right) Bill Kilmer, John Brodie, Bob Waters.

Forty-Niners

For all their disappointments, however, the Forty-Niners are possessed of one of the best franchises in pro football. In attendance they always have ranked among the N.F.L.'s top five. They averaged 51,001 for home games in 1961, and advance sales this year included 34,000 season tickets.

Their box-office success puzzles observers for a variety of reasons. For one thing, the owners have battled incessantly with the San Francisco press. An armistice recently was signed, but some strained feelings remain. Secondly, thirty-nine-year-old Kezar Stadium, in which the team plays its home games, is perhaps the least comfortable in the league. Of the 59,000 seats, less than 19,000 are located between the goal lines. Spectators sit on benches that have no backs and warily eye low-flying gulls that come in from the ocean three miles away. Often there is fog. Parking facilities are poor. The stadium lot accommodates but 320 cars. Thoughtful homeowners in the neighborhood make available their lawns and driveways—at three to five dollars per car.

Finally, the Forty-Niners have some of football's most untamed fans, of a type calculated to drive other customers away. Fights often break out in the seats. A woman standing to cheer a Forty-Niner touchdown one day was struck on the hindquarter by a flying highball glass. She required twenty-four stitches. Last year a woman was arrested while doing the twist in an aisle. There's no law in San Francisco against dancing. It's just that she first removed her clothing.

The Forty-Niners are owned by nine San Franciscans. President of the club is forty-three-year-old Victor Morabito, younger brother of the team's late founder, Anthony (Tony) Morabito. Vic Morabito and Tony's widow, now Mrs. Oliver Heintzelman, hold between them 55 percent of the stock.

The club is a free-spending organization which hasn't missed a bonus payment to coaches and administrative employees for almost ten years. Its player payroll is among the highest in the league, its team travels first-class, and its scouting system is one of the most expensive in pro football.

Things didn't begin this way for the Forty-Niners. Established in 1946 by Tony Morabito as part of the old All-America Conference, the team dropped $165,000 the first year. But annual deficits thereafter decreased, and by the time the franchise had shifted into the National Football League in 1950, the books were balancing. Financially, there hasn't been a losing year since.

Tony and Vic Morabito were reared in San Francisco, the sons of Pasquale Morabito, a seaman who came to this country from Reggio di Calabria in southern Italy. Pasquale landed a job in San Francisco in 1906, clearing away debris from the earthquake and fire. He later started a small ship-maintenance business on the wharf and expanded it into a successful company.

The elder Morabito was a firm, proud man who made a big point of integrity. Vic recalls, "In our household, the old man hammered into his sons his favorite motto—'If it's a matter of principle, the Morabitos will go to hell for it.'" It was mostly matters of principle over which the Forty-Niner owners went to war.

Tony Morabito was small and soft-spoken but known for his low boiling point. Joe Vetrano, a former Forty-Niner halfback, used to come to Tony's office each day for a friendly round of gin rummy.

"In a short time," recalls Vetrano, "I would usually run up a large score, and just as quickly, there would be a shower of cards over Market Street. Tony would get mad and throw the deck out the window."

Exchanging Brickbats

Angered at a National Football League meeting over a speech by George Preston Marshall, president of the Washington Redskins, Morabito stood up and said sharply, "Marshall, you nauseate me!" Never at a loss for epithet, Marshall called Tony a "waterfront wop." The two never spoke to each other again.

It still isn't clear in San Francisco why the Morabito brothers chose to fight with the local press, except that as fiercely independent operators, they weren't receptive to criticism which they didn't feel was just. Whether the criticism was deserving is conjectural. It is a fact, though, that the Morabitos resented it, and they struck back.

Their first opponents were two seasoned writers for the San Francisco *Examiner*, sports editor Curley Grieve and columnist Prescott Sullivan. "We treated the Forty-Niners as we treated everyone else," says Grieve. "We praised and we knocked. But at all times we gave them coverage."

Doing so became increasingly tough, especially when the Forty-Niner owners barred all *Examiner* representatives from the practice field, ordered players and coaches to refrain from talking to them, and refused to let the paper's reporter accompany the team on charter flights.

"In the heat of the battle," recalls columnist Sullivan, "I received a letter from Vic Morabito. It read, in part, 'I hope to see you in the gutter at Third and Howard'"—the heart of San Francisco's skid row.

Morabito's "Top Ten"

Morabito admits having sent the letter. "We fought 'em tooth and nail," he says. "In the Morabito tradition, we were going to hell for principle."

The Morabitos' battle soon spread to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, then to papers in Oakland, Berkeley, Palo Alto and Santa Rosa. This reporter, more than 400 miles away in Los Angeles, was accused by Tony one day of being a "spy" for the San Francisco *Examiner*.

Tony maintained a list of sportswriters whom he felt were unfriendly to the club. Each Monday he shuffled it.

"With one story," testifies Art Rosenbaum, executive sports editor of the *Chronicle*, "I went from tenth to first on Tony's list. It was a meteorlike climb. A sportswriter whose name didn't appear on the list was a nobody in San Francisco."

Tony had a tender side too. He gave generously to charity and enjoyed a reputation among his players as a soft touch. Vic Morabito discloses that Tony lent more than $300,000 to players for down payments on homes, business investments, medical bills, even auto installments. He never charged interest.

As early as 1952, when he suffered his first heart attack, Tony had been warned by his physician to quit football. Three years later he had another heart seizure and fainted on the Forty-Niners' plane. Again he was cautioned to give up the sport.

He didn't survive the third attack in 1957. He died during the second quarter of a game with the Chicago Bears at Kezar Stadium. He was only forty-seven. Informed of his death at halftime, Forty-Niner players wept shamelessly. They also came from behind to beat the Bears.

The feud with the press didn't end with Tony's passing. Brother Vic, ascending to the presidency, carried on. Peace wasn't declared until about a year and a half ago. "I'm not fighting with any writers today," says Vic, "but there are still a couple to whom I don't say hello."

Of more pressing concern to the Forty-Niners right now are (a) winning a championship and (b) controlling the unruly element among their fans. Roughly 9000 customers come to the games each week in chartered buses dispatched from cocktail lounges and restaurants. Known as the "saloon alumni," many of these fans start out with a drink at the staging area and are provided further refreshments aboard the buses.

"The longer distances they come," says Peter Giannini, ticket manager of the Forty-Niners, "the worse shape they are apt to be in by the time they reach the stadium." Recently Giannini canceled the forty-five tickets of a tavern in Sacramento, ninety miles away.

Rival teams don't relish coming to San Francisco. When a fight started one year between Forty-Niner and Philadelphia players, the visitors suddenly found themselves set upon by screaming bandsmen, wielding woodwinds and brass.

Short Beer for the Coach

During his incumbency as San Francisco head coach, Frankie Albert was walking off the field at half time when a fan located above the tunnel scored a direct hit on Frankie with a paper cup of beer. Albert had to be restrained from going into the seats.

Afterward a reporter inquired idly what kind of suit Frankie was wearing that day. The drenched coach answered sourly, "A Hart Schaffner and Schlitz."

San Franciscans still have faith that the title eventually will come to their city, although the Forty-Niners' past history has been a bit discouraging. They never could finish ahead of the Cleveland Browns in the All-America Conference from 1946 through 1949. In the N.F.L. they threatened as early as 1951, but wound up second to Los Angeles by the thin margin of a tie game.

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Smart idea! Stereo hi-fi in a coffee table

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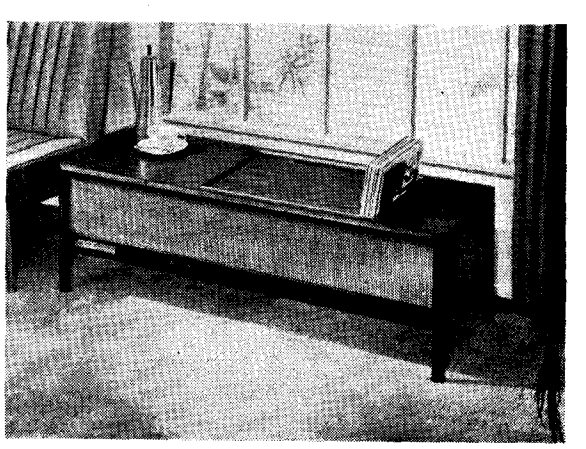
This quality-performing Motorola® Stereo Hi-Fi is sleek, low and long, is finished on all four sides... sells for only $129.95*

This handsome Motorola does more than just play stereo records. It doubles as a useful furniture piece—even gives you storage area for records or magazines.

Contemporary styled, it measures a ..ant 16 inches high and 17½″ deep, so you can fit it under a low window or in front of a sofa. And because the three separate speaker systems are placed in a cabinet 50″ wide, you get stereo realism that's amazingly effective. In the music-making department, this new SK100 includes a multi-channel amplifier with three output transformers, 4-speed automatic record changer with an automatic shut-off, and a Feather Touch tone arm.

Manufacturer's nationally advertised price; optional with dealers is only $129.95*. Cabinet in Mahogany-grained finish on tempered genuine hardboard and select hardwood solids. Also available in Early American styling slightly higher.

Ⓜ MOTOROLA



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Owner Vic Morabito: "We haven't stopped trying. . . . We're tired of being teased. . . . We want to win that silly title—just once."

Forty-Niners

In 1952 there was a disaster that still strikes a tender spot in San Francisco. The team won its first five games and was leading the Bears in the sixth, 17–10, in the fourth quarter. The Forty-Niners had fourth down and three to go on their own thirty-two-yard line. Albert, then quarterback, dropped back to punt. Waiting for the snap, Frankie spotted Ed Sprinkle, the Chicago end, out of his normal position. A notorious gambler on the field, Albert decided to run. Sprinkle nailed him a yard short of a first down. The Bears took the ball, quickly tied the score and then won out on a last-minute field goal, 20–17.

"The town was stunned," admits Albert today. "So was the team. It broke our rhythm completely, and we lost four of our next five games. It no doubt cost us the title, and San Francisco has never forgiven me."

As Albert was recounting the incident to this writer, a bartender eavesdropped. "I saw that game," he interjected tartly. "I could have killed you."

The following year Yale Lary of Detroit took a similar risk against the Forty-Niners—and got away with it. Sent in to punt on fourth down, he chose instead to run, and raced for thirty yards to the San Francisco thirty, from where the Lions drove to a touchdown that won the game, 14–10. The loss meant a nine-three record for the Forty-Niners that year. Detroit took the division title with ten-and-two, and went on to the league championship.

Coaches Coming and Going

At the end of the 1954 season the Morabitos decided that quiet, gentlemanly Lawrence T. (Buck) Shaw, their coach since the team was organized in 1946, was perhaps too easygoing. Amid loud protests—for Shaw was a local favorite—they released him. Inevitably he subsequently won the N.F.L. title with the Philadelphia Eagles.

In San Francisco his replacement was a Forty-Niner scout, the late Norman (Red) Strader—tough, caustic and hard-driving. Players complained about Strader. He lasted only a year.

It then occurred to the management that the team might need a coach who understood the players' problems. This brought on Frankie Albert, who had played for the Forty-Niners for nine years.

Dan McGuire, the team publicist, recalls, "During Frankie's time as a player, Tony Morabito cursed him, insulted him, called him 'Screwball'—and loved him like a son. Albert was a coaching selection that came from the heart."

Among San Franciscans the 1957 season under Albert is regarded as the most frustrating in the team's history. The Forty-Niners, picking up momentum in late fall, flattened their last three opponents to tie Detroit for first in the Western Conference. For the conference playoff, scheduled in San Francisco, the home team was the betting favorite.

When tickets went on sale at the Forty-Niners' office, buyers created such a jam that police were called. Next came the riot squad—when all the seats were sold, those shut out refused to leave the building. They began to destroy furniture and break windows. Apparently, this is an old San Francisco custom. When the baseball Giants sold out on Memorial Day last year, disappointed people in line overturned the ticket booths, which was very disturbing to those inside.

The game itself was a joy for three quarters. The Forty-Niners raced to a 27–7 lead. And then they lost, 31–27.

Robert Antroccolli, proprietor of a café frequented by the Forty-Niners and many of their followers, recalls grimly, "In the third quarter of the game, when the Forty-Niners were twenty points in front, reservations poured in from people listening on the radio. I called extra help, opened extra rooms and set up extra tables. After we blew it, less than twenty customers showed up."

The loss deflated the usually buoyant Albert, and after an ordinary season in 1958, he handed in his resignation. Today he sells real estate at Pebble Beach, California, and owns 5 percent of the Forty-Niner stock.

Albert's replacement and the present coach of the team is an energetic student of football named Howard (Red) Hickey, who played end for the University of Arkansas before performing in the National League for Pittsburgh and Los Angeles. The forty-five-year-old Hickey is an imaginative, tough-minded coach not especially loved by his players, but commanding their respect. "There is nothing warm about Hickey," says a San Francisco lineman, "but you always have the feeling he knows what he's doing."

In 1959, his first year as head coach, Hickey quickly entered into the Forty-Niner pattern. Tied for the lead after ten games, his team lost its last two.

Late the following season, with the Forty-Niners having won but four of their first eight, Hickey introduced a variation of a spread formation which he had seen in the Southwest Conference twenty-five years before. It required the quarterback's taking a direct snap from center in what amounted to a short punt formation. From this stance, the quarterback ran, passed or handed off to other backs. Since most of the pass patterns called for wide scattering on the part of the receivers, Hickey nicknamed the system the "shotgun."

Employing this attack, the Forty-Niners won three of their last four games in 1960. The results were so encouraging and the publicity so widespread that San Francisco decided to toss out the T the following year and place all its offensive shells in the barrel of the shotgun.

The Forty-Niner draft in 1961 was largely keyed to the shotgun. As its first choice, the team selected Bill Kilmer, of the University of California at Los Angeles, a rugged tailback who had run and passed in U.C.L.A.'s single wing. He replaced the veteran Tittle. Also dealt away were two more highly popular veterans who were considered too old to fit into the new system—halfback Hugh McElhenny and fullback Joe Perry. Perry was handed to Baltimore for a twentieth draft choice. McElhenny was sold to Minnesota in the league's special draft to stock the new team.

The shotgun got off to a roaring start in 1961. San Francisco won four of its first five games. In the sixth, however, Clark Shaughnessy, the wily defensive coach of the Chicago Bears, proved that the attack was quite vulnerable. The Bears held the Forty-Niners to six first downs and walloped them, 31–0. Pittsburgh studied the Shaughnessy plan and upset San Francisco the following week, 20–10.

After Detroit tied the Forty-Niners, 20–20, and underdog Los Angeles trimmed them, 17–7, Hickey announced sadly he was discarding the shotgun and returning to the T.

Meanwhile wounds of the Forty-Niners were aggravated by news from other fronts. Not only was Tittle successful in New York, but Perry developed into the leading ground gainer for Baltimore—he was ninth best in the league—and McElhenny, the top gainer for Minnesota, enjoyed his best season in years.

Hickey argues that defenses had nothing to do with his abandoning the shotgun. "Defenses are no more foolproof against that system than they are against the T," he says. "We had a cold day against the Bears and they had a hot one. They trimmed us decisively, and I think our boys may have lost confidence in our attack. Then when we went three more games without a win, I didn't want to be a stubborn fool. I had to change."

The Shotgun Under Wraps

Hickey was planning as this season opened to stay in the T—with John Brodie as No. 1 quarterback and Bill Kilmer as a halfback—but said that on occasion he might shift to the shotgun. The management leaves strategy matters entirely to the coach but doesn't bother to hide its disappointment at never having won a title.

"We haven't stopped trying," says president Morabito. "We still are exploring every possibility that could be helpful. This year, for instance, we have decided, on Eastern swings, to fly our team home after each game, rather than remain on the road for two or three weeks. Statistics show that we have a winning percentage of .667 for games for which we have trained on our home practice field. When we have trained on the road, our percentage has been only .452."

The new training plan will cost the Forty-Niners an additional $48,000 a year. "To outsiders," says Morabito, "it may seem extreme, but it isn't to us. We have a wonderful franchise in San Francisco, but I frankly feel that all of us, owners and fans alike, are tired of being teased. We want to win that silly title—just once." **THE END**

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.

HAZEL *by* Ted Key

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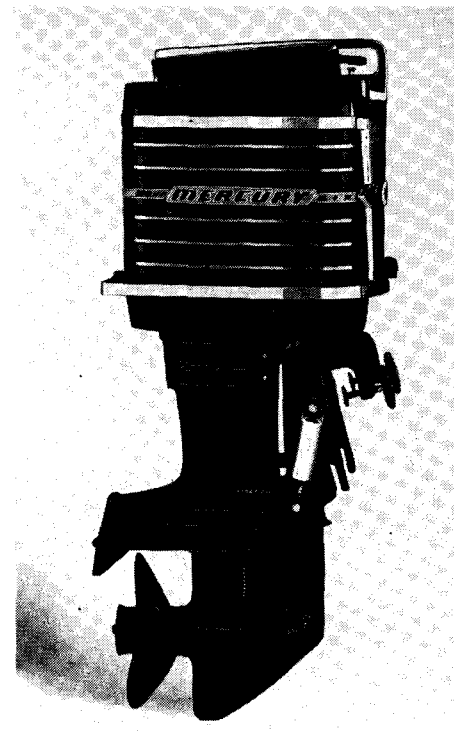
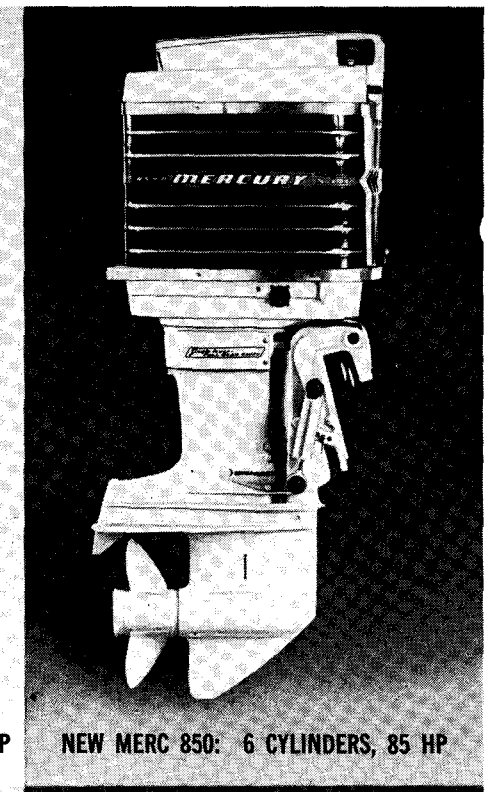
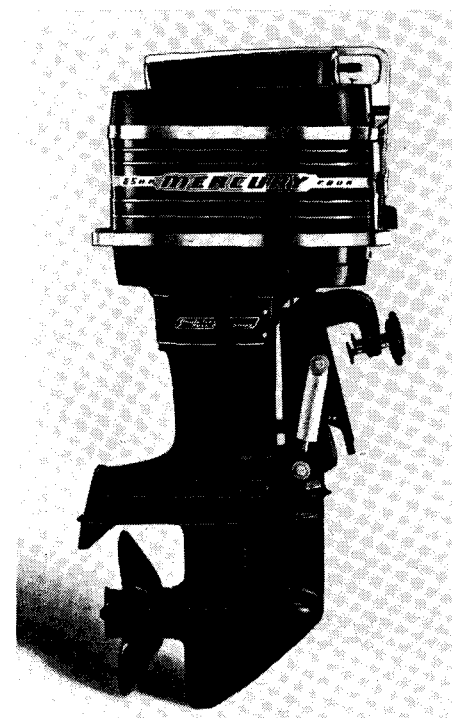


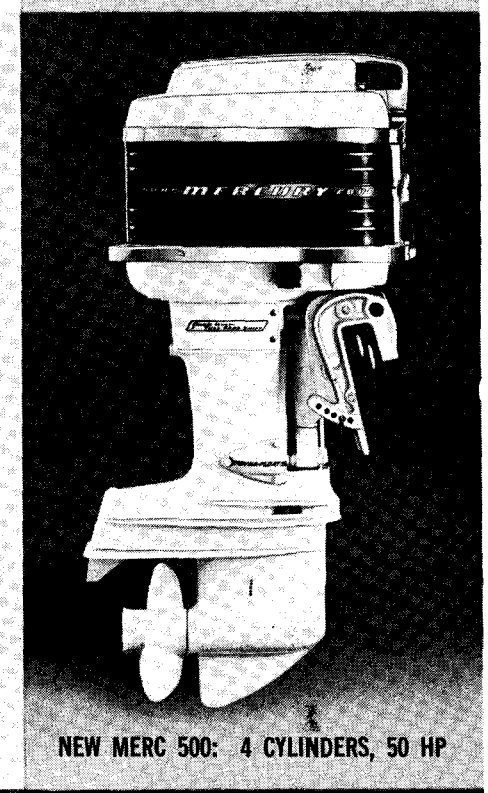
NEW MERC 1000: 6 CYLINDERS, 100 HP



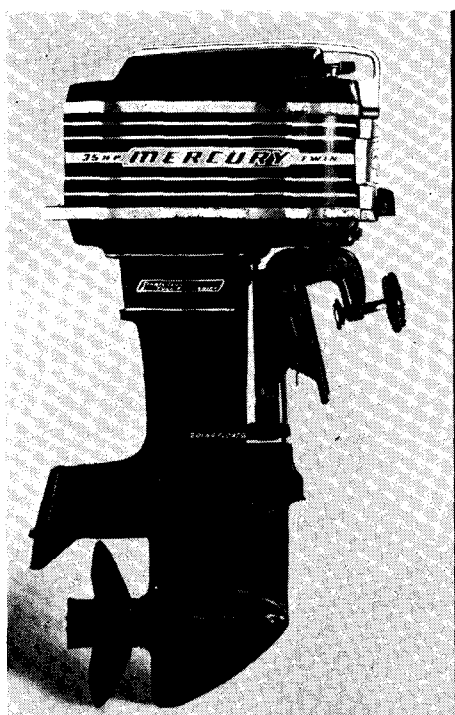
NEW MERC 850: 6 CYLINDERS, 85 HP



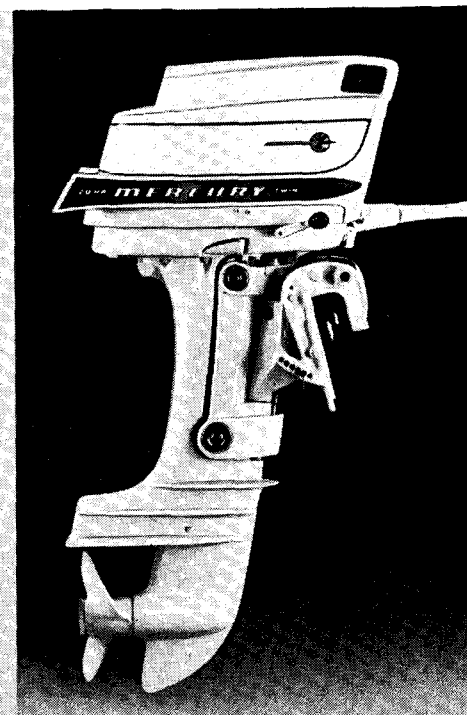
NEW MERC 650: 4 CYLINDERS, 65 HP



NEW MERC 500: 4 CYLINDERS, 50 HP



NEW MERC 350: 2 CYLINDERS, 35 HP



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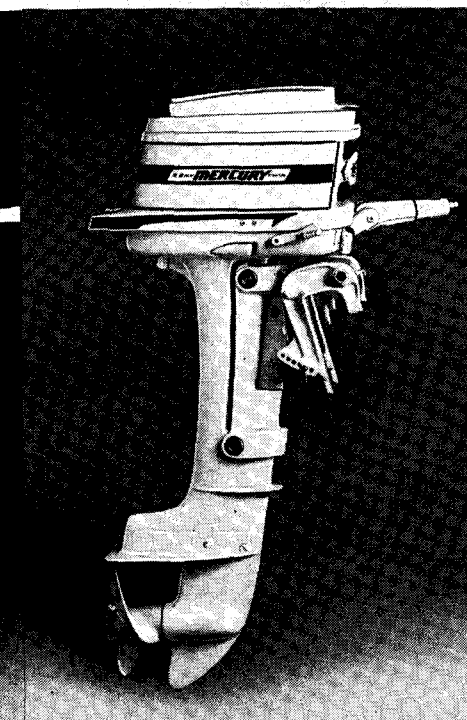

NEW MERC 110: 2 CYLINDERS, 9.8 HP

NEW MERC 60: 2 CYLINDERS, 6 HP

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Another Western: Who Needs It?

By WILLIAM TROMBLEY

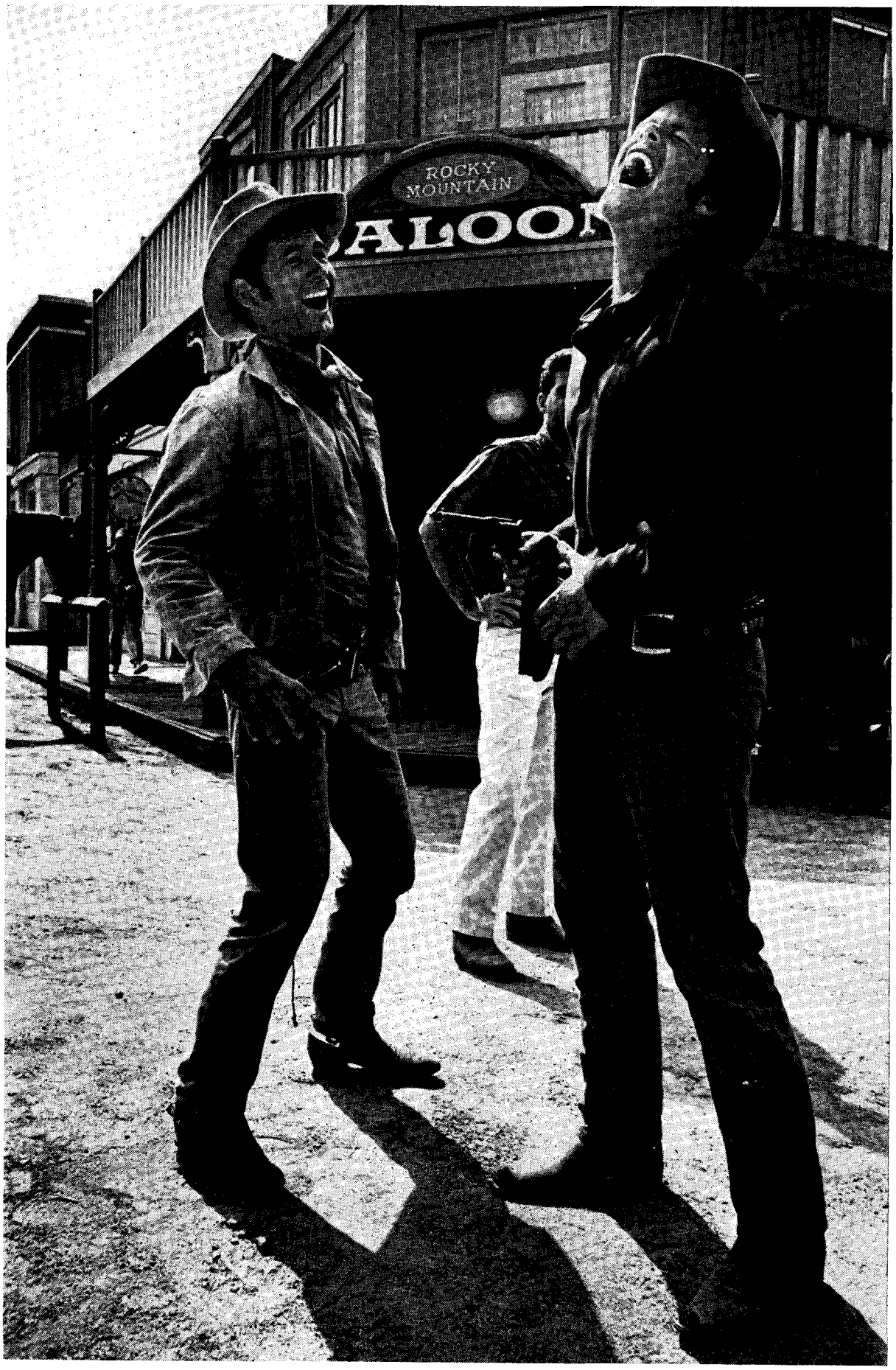
Owen Wister is twisting in his grave as NBC and MCA convert his classic novel *The Virginian* into a 90-minute TV series.

Out on the range at Revue studios, Hollywood's biggest producer of television Westerns, they have been galloping hard for several months. Wranglers get up at four in the morning to prepare horses for the day's shooting. Actors stagger out of bed at five or six, to make location scenes in the brutally hot San Fernando Valley by eight. Revue executives sidle their Thunderbirds and Mercedes 300 SL's into the corral at 7:30 and start cracking the whip over production chiefs, film cutters and other assorted ranch hands. This flurry of Western-type activity swirls around *The Virginian*, television's first 90-minute horse opera, which made its debut last week.

Yes, that's Owen Wister's *Virginian*, also Gary Cooper's Virginian and Joel McCrea's Virginian and, farther back than that, Kenneth Harlan's and Dustin Farnum's and William S. Hart's Virginian. Now Owen Wister's cowpoke, the first of America's literary Western heroes, has fallen into the hands of Revue and NBC. He'll never be the same again.

There have been hour-and-a-half television shows before—*Playhouse 90* had a different story and a different cast every week—but this is the first 90-minute continuing series, with the same cast and the same dreary plot situation week in, week out. Revue and NBC are gambling several million dollars that people will watch a 90-minute series. If they are right, the screen probably will be filled with 90-minute shows before the 1962–63 season is over, for other TV packagers have shows in hand, ready for production.

In favor of success are Revue's history of triumph as a television packager; the successful record of *Virginian* producer Charles Marquis Warren, who has made a 15-year career of Westerns, first in movies (*The Streets of Laredo*) and then in television, where he produced *Gunsmoke* and *Rawhide;* and the presence of the excellent actor Lee J. Cobb as costar. Against *The Virginian* are the possibility that people won't watch a 90-minute oater, which will be interrupted at least nine times by commercials; competition in the same time slot from an established 60-minute favorite, ABC's *Wagon Train;* and, most important, a whole catalog of ailments that afflict almost all packaged television—lack of time, lack of preparation and lack of purpose.



Virginian *regulars Gary Clarke (left) and Doug McClure find some humor in their roles.*

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Riding to meet the competition of Wagon Train *are* Virginian*'s Gary Clarke (left), Roberta Shore, James Drury, Pippa Scott, Doug McClure.*

Lee Cobb: "There's no great honor in appearing in trash." Producer: "Then give the money back!"

One of these shows is much like another. The major packagers—Revue, Screen Gems, Four Star, Desilu, M-G-M and Warner Brothers—grind them out by the dozen, and success or failure is decided by questionable rating systems or the whims of sponsors.

The Virginian moved onto this packaging treadmill last winter. Perhaps a look at how it was born and nurtured will assist in understanding Hollywood television production, which accounts for well over half the images that flicker across the screen in prime time.

An Apocryphal Beginning?

How did *The Virginian* come about? You can find as many answers to that question as you can find executives of Revue and NBC to ask. One story, which must be apocryphal, has it that the show was hatched at lunch last winter, when an NBC man said to an MCA man (MCA owns Revue): "We have an hour and a half open, 7:30 to 9 Wednesday. We want to beat *Wagon Train*. What have you got?" MCA man: "I was just looking through our titles this morning, and I think I have just the thing, a Southern story called *The Virginians*, a lot of Scarlett O'Hara and all that." NBC: "Great, sold." Back at his drawing board, the MCA man discovered that *The Virginian* was about the West, not the South, and hadn't a semblance of a Scarlett O'Hara. He wrote a memo to his NBC luncheon partner, who shrugged it off: "Western, eh? All the better. We'll beat *Wagon Train* at their own game. Let's go."

Apocryphal, surely, but away they went. Revue vice president Richard Irving, who was then supervising *Frontier Circus*, was assigned to *The Virginian* as executive producer. Charles Marquis Warren, who was deep-sea fishing off the California coast, was called back to Hollywood to produce the show.

Warren and Irving are personality opposites. Charles Marquis (Bill) Warren is a big, rather expansive man. His dark eyebrows and flashing eyes suggest a one-time glamour boy. He speaks softly and has great patience in listening to the rambling complaints of actors and writers. He seems quite at ease in his producer's chair and is often apt to say what is on his mind, By contrast, Richard Irving is a compact, nervous man. He paces the floor as he talks. He wears the MCA dark-suit uniform and speaks in the guarded terms of the organization man.

In theory, both Warren and Irving do the same job. In practice, Warren works with writers, directors and actors, and Irving worries about the budget. "I work on the same problems, but I am the responsible studio official," says Irving. "I guess you could call me the creative policeman." He roosts on a particularly appropriate perch for a policeman—his office overlooks Warren's and he can see everybody who goes in and out.

Warren reported for work last Saint Valentine's Day and began a series of meetings with Irving, MCA president Lew Wasserman and other brass. Many of the discussions were about the novel, and out of them came some pretty twisted Wister. "We use very little of the book," says Warren. "Every Western that has been made since makes *The Virginian* a cliché. But we're sticking close to the flavor of the book. We revere the book, and we are retaining the essential parts of the characters."

Perhaps so, but the meetings produced staggering changes. The action was moved up a decade. The character of Judge Henry was changed. In the book he is the Virginian's employer and benefactor, but he remains in the background, an undeveloped character whose last name is never even known. In the television series, played by Lee Cobb, Judge Henry gets a last name, Garth, and becomes a powerful land-and-cattle owner around whom many of the plots are built.

Trampas is an arch-villain in the book. In the show he has become, in Dick Irving's words, "a charming renegade." Irving explains: "In the book Trampas is an unregenerate heavy. That would not suit our needs in weekly television. A heavy is almost always a one-shot. So we have changed him into this sort of charming rogue, a youngster who is liable to get into trouble as he follows his own star and needs the moral fiber of the Virginian to support him."

More changes were made. Steve, who is hanged as a horse thief in the book, underwent purification. On television he is another member of the Virginian's lovable band of cowpokes. Molly Wood, an Eastern schoolteacher who teaches the Virginian to read, falls in love with him and marries him in the book, has been transformed into a frontier newspaperwoman—"a symbol of emancipated woman," Warren calls her—who is courted by both the Virginian and Trampas. For 39 weeks (and, for all we know, 39 years) she cannot make up her mind between them. Judge Henry was given not only a last name and 100 square miles of Wyoming, but a 14-year-old adopted daughter Betsey, darling of the bunkhouse boys, who does not appear at all in Wister. Only the characterization of the Virginian himself remained more or less as it was in the book.

With all these switches, why did they bother to call this program *The Virginian*? Irving explains: "We feel the book has a solid place in American literature and something of a following among the intelligentsia."

After these changes had been made, Warren called in Mort Fine and David Friedkin, a writing team, to do a first treatment. "I told them to write it big, to write it for the movies," says Warren, "and they sure did. It would have cost six million to make. They had a blizzard, a stampede, a thousand cattle, everything, all in that one story. I told them, 'Great, boys; it's a fine job, but it's not quite what we want.' Maybe we can have a blizzard in the series somewhere, but we'll have to build an entire story around it. You can't just throw in a blizzard for the fun of it."

Fine and Friedkin wrote a second treatment. This one was better—that is, cheaper—and a week later they had produced a final script that could be shot.

Horse-Opera Spending Money

Warren lined up writers, some with impressive film credits as well as TV experience. Revue began to build sets for the show. More than $100,000 was spent on an exterior set of Judge Garth's ranch. Another $30,000 went into an interior set of the judge's mansion. A team of Revue explorers, Lewis and Clark in dark blue suits, visited Jackson Hole, Wyoming, seeking locations for segments that might be filmed in the original Wister country. Better than half a million dollars was spent before production started, a lot of money in television. Since *The Virginian* was an unproved quantity, this might seem foolish. But Revue doesn't spend money foolishly—if *The Virginian*'s Nielsens sag, you can expect to see that $100,000 set of Judge Garth's in many a Revue production of the future.

Casting was not difficult. Lee Cobb accepted the part of Judge Garth, receiving $130,000 for the first 13 weeks. With an established star in the judge's role, the producers figured they could use lesser-known, cheaper actors in other parts. Doug McClure, who had appeared in the *Checkmate* series, was signed to play Trampas. Gary Clarke and Pippa Scott, relatively new faces, were cast as Steve and Molly Wood. And the other continuing female part, adopted daughter Betsey, went to Roberta Shore.

Selection of an actor to play the Virginian was more difficult. From the first a young, seldom-seen actor named James Drury was favored for the part. He tested for it, but he was too fat, 215 pounds. "Every time I moved on a horse, my middle shook and my jowls bounced," says Drury. But Revue liked his acting and liked his price, which was low, so they kept testing him. Between tests, Drury ran on a bridle path near the studio, wearing a skin-diver's heavy rubber suit; for three weeks he ate almos' nothing, and by the time the fifth te. came around he had shed 25 pounds. He got the part.

Revue won't reveal salary figures, but probably they are not paying much more than $750 a week for Drury, McClure and Clarke together. They are fine-looking lads, but they do not smack of the Old West. Observed a veteran actor after watching them for a week: "Who are they kidding? This is the West? No beards? No moustaches? Just clean-cut boys from Warner Brothers. This isn't the West, 1895; this is *77 Wyoming Strip*."

A guest-star policy was decided on, but getting guest stars proved difficult. Revue hopes to sell *The Virginian* as movies in foreign countries, as the second half of double features. Knowing this, actors' agents have been asking feature-film pay, not TV guest-star pay. Charles Marquis Warren offered Susan Hayward $10,000 for a guest-star part, but she held out for $150,000, so no Susan Hayward. In another case, the principal character in a show was to be a Briton, a Mr. Henderson-Clyde. The part was offered to James Mason, Dirk Bogarde and others, but all asked for their movie pay.

Running out of English actors, Warren started with other nationalities, keeping writer Winston Miller warmed up in the bullpen, ready to rush in with dialect lines in the proper tongue. Finally, le' than a week before the script was to b shot, Ricardo Montalban agreed to do the part for a TV fee. The character's name was changed from Mr. Henderson-Clyde to Señor Enrique Cuellar, a transformation which apparently so appalled writer Miller that he was able to make

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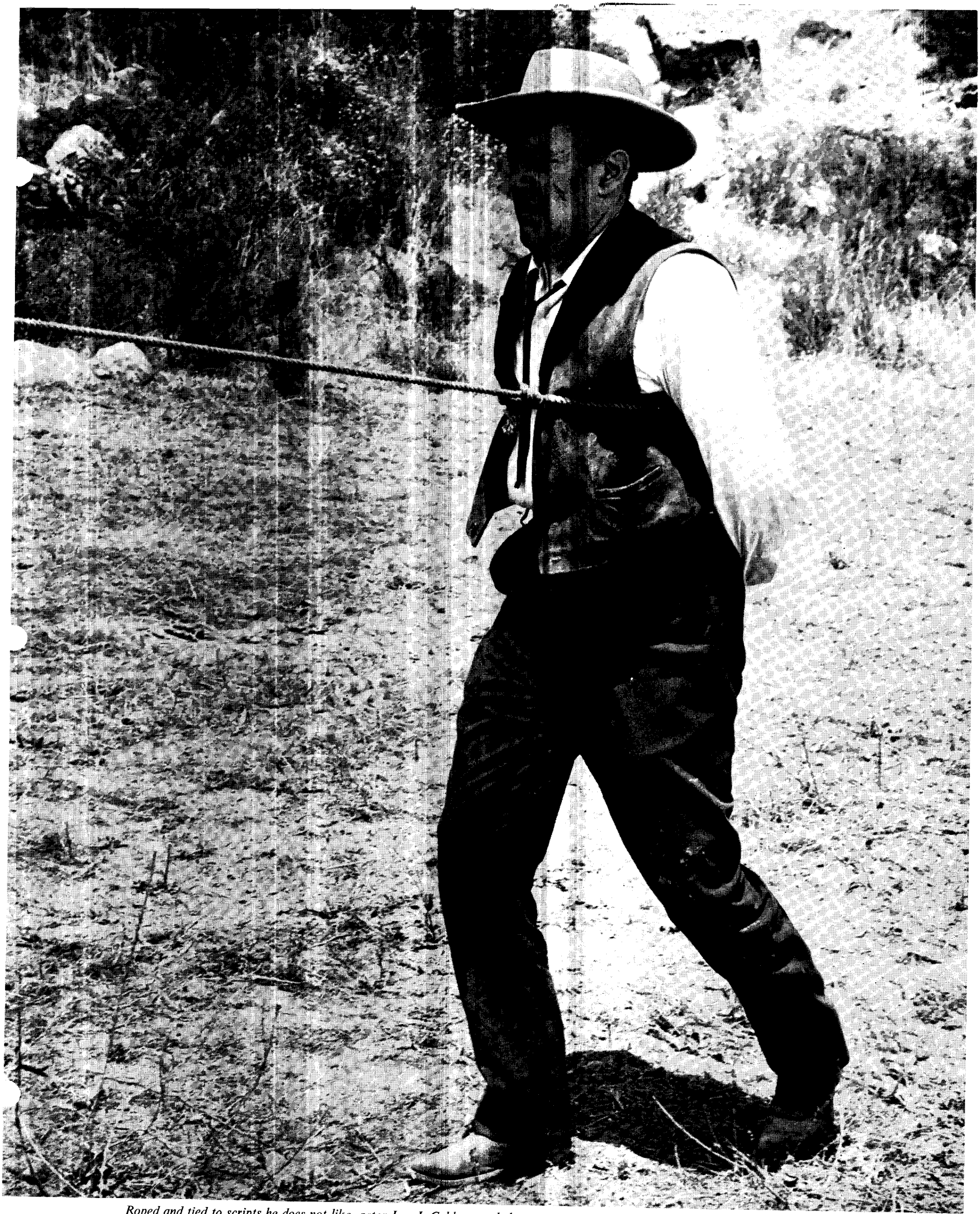

Roped and tied to scripts he does not like, actor Lee J. Cobb nevertheless pumps up weak Virginian *plots with solid acting.*

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Sagebrush savant Sam Fuller (left), who directed a Virginian *segment, and producer Charles Warren swap condolences on show problems.*

"Treadmill television, like *The Virginian*, clutters prime viewing time but lacks preparation and purpose."

only perfunctory gestures toward changing the script. Warren himself stayed up until four one morning, taking out lines like "Hello there, chaps" and replacing them with "*Gracias*" and "*Buenos días.*"

Despite these problems, a group of guest stars was assembled, including Montalban, Hugh O'Brian, Colleen Dewhurst, Lee Marvin, Albert Salmi and George C. Scott, and production started the first week in May. The shows were budgeted at $200,000 apiece, and an average shooting time of 10 days per show was planned. The first segment took 13 days, a tardiness that is regarded at Revue with the same kind of horror NASA might exhibit if they sent up Carpenter and brought down Glenn.

"Time is the thief in television," proclaims Dick Irving. But the second show was finished in 11 days and the third in eight. By the time the fourth show was ready for filming, production was rolling at the normal Revue pace—breakneck.

That fourth show, *It Tolls for Thee*, with Lee Marvin as guest star, started shooting in mid-June, the day after the previous segment was finished. *It Tolls for Thee* was written and directed by Sam Fuller, a former newspaperman who has been making movies in Hollywood for 15 years (including the recent and very good *Merrill's Marauders*), but still affects a New York tough-guy manner.

"Bill Warren called me and asked me to knock one of these out," said Fuller. "I said, 'Ninety minutes, huh? That ought to be worth about fifty G's'. He said, 'Hell, Sammy, this is television; we can't pay that kind of money.' So I took $10,000 to write the script and another $4000 to direct it. It keeps me in cigar money." (Keeping Sam Fuller in cigar money is no small task. He smokes about 15 fancy Cuban Upmanns a day.) Fuller wrote the script in 12 days.

His story has to do with the kidnaping of Judge Garth by a villain named Kalig (Lee Marvin) and his rescue by the Virginian and his pals. Philosophically, if the adverb is permissible in this context, the story turns on whether Kalig, once sentenced to prison by Garth, can goad the judge into returning violence with violence. Early in the script Fuller writes:

GARTH: In my youth the fight for survival was enough to case-harden a ballet dancer—but we're not savages today. I think most of us out here know that when a man kills, he kills part of himself. When a man dies, part of every man dies.

VIRGINIAN (quoting): It Tolls for Thee.

If you don't recognize these events or characters or that prose from the Wister novel, it is understandable. Fuller laughed when asked if he had read the book. "That old thing—'When you call me that, smile!' and all that? No, I haven't read it in 30 years."

Warren liked Fuller's script, except for its violence. At one point Kalig kicks Judge Garth in the face. At another he throws food in his face. Again, he ties Garth over a log and leaves him all night. (Playing this scene later, Lee Cobb turned from his uncomfortable position, face down on an artificial log, and inquired of Fuller: "Sam, what do you do when you're idle? Tear the wings off flies?") Warren knew all this violence would bring trouble with the NBC Broadcast Standards Department. Fuller took out a few kicks in the face and all was well. With that change (and one other—people were smoking Fuller's beloved cigars throughout the story until *The Virginian* got a cigarette sponsor), the script was approved. On Friday, June 15, at precisely eight o'clock in the morning, cast and crew were at work in "the gulch," a location on Revue's back lot. Sam Fuller, dressed in brown slacks, brown sports coat, Western boots and white polo cap, and puffing a monstrous cigar, was shouting, "OK, honey, let's make it."

It Tolls for Thee was scheduled for nine days' shooting, and they were days of peril. A lesser man than Sam Fuller might have crumbled.

To begin, the script contained 373 scenes, which meant Fuller had to pump better than 40 scenes a day through the camera to keep to his shooting schedule. Although almost all of the story's action takes place outdoors, Fuller was allotted only two days at outdoor locations.

Sammy Fuller's Stampede

On one of the two location days, shooting was done at a cattle ranch in the San Fernando Valley that Revue rents for $150 per day (plus $7.50 for each head of cattle). The temperature was 100 degrees, and the actors were at something less than full strength. A double passed out and had to be hauled back to town. Trying to film a stampede ("I want a real movie stampede, not one of those fake TV things") Fuller encountered balky cows. Sammy wanted them to stampede in one direction, but they wouldn't stampede. They loped, and they loped the wrong way, away from the camera. At one point, when it appeared the cattle were at last coming toward the camera, Fuller raced out, stood in front of the creatures with arms outstretched and shouted, "Great—hold it!" But they didn't. Fuller had to use a stock shot of a cattle stampede.

Next day, at the other location, Fuller was harassed by a construction crew that kept moving back and forth in what was supposed to be open range country. "I wanted vista, lotsa vista in these shots," moaned Sammy, "and every time I'd look out there I'd see that road builder. Ordinarily I wouldn't give a damn. I'd shoot something else and wait until the damned tractors went home. But there's this pressure—finish, finish, finish! I knew this was my last day on location and after that I was back on the sound stage. I'm a movie man. I'm not used to thinking about the sound stage. Maybe, if it rains for 40 days and 40 nights, or if there's an earthquake, or a war, the bomb falls, and everybody crawls out 12 days later and the outdoor set is ruined, then maybe you say, 'OK, we'll shoot it on the stage.' Otherwise, no."

Other problems plagued Fuller. Actors turned up late. An eagle that was supposed to rise and scream a welcome to Judge Garth refused to budge from its perch, even when its trainer fired BB pellets into the bird, and had to be written out of the script. But Sammy's greatest problem was that he had a leading man, the Virginian, with a problem no cowboy should have: hemorrhoids. Drury had a minor operation after the second day of shooting on *It Tolls for Thee* and was off a horse for four days.

"So here I am, with a cowboy hero who can't ride a horse," wailed Sammy. He used Drury's double and had him duck his head every time he got in camera range.

"I'm so sick of seeing that double's hat I could scream," said Fuller.

But when things got tough, Sam took a tighter bite on his cigar, shouted "OK, my boy, let's go" at whoever was nearest, and pressed on. He finished *It Tolls for Thee* in 10 days, one day more than the schedule allowed but still time that constituted a minor miracle when weighed against his problems, particularly the problem of a horseless hero.

"It's Idiocy, Inc., all this hurry, hurry, hurry," said Fuller when shooting was finished. "Still, I think we have something here. It's a good kidnaping. I've got a lot of action, even with that guy doubled all the time. When Cobb and Marvin meet head on, sparks fly, boy, sparks! And I've gotta lotta vista, a lotta vista."

Not unexpectedly, Charles Marquis Warren and Richard Irving are most enthusiastic about *The Virginian*. Irving was as whipped up as he ever gets: "If you'll permit me some enthusiasm, I think we have something pretty exciting here."

Other cheery words came from actor Drury. (He was standing as he spoke them. For a time Jim Drury was granting nothing but stand-up interviews.) "I think it's coming along great. I've worked in a lot of television, and this show is getting more care than most."

Seeing the Show Darkly

Drury's co-star, Lee Cobb, was quite tactful about the show at first. "Within our limitations, I think we do pretty well," he said during the shooting of *It Tolls for Thee*. But later he changed the tune. Cobb was quoted as saying, "There's no great honor in appearing in trash," and as expressing the wish that he could afford to buy up all *Virginian* segments in which he appears, so no one could see them.

Producer Warren fired back: "I don't think Cobb is the great actor he pretends to be. He's playing the judge. . . . like Lewis Stone did in the old Andy Hardy series." And if Cobb doesn't like the show, Warren asked, why doesn't he give back his salary? Trouble on the ranch.

Cobb is not the only *Virginian* participant to view the show darkly. Cameraman Lionel (Curley) Lindon, an Academy Award winner, said: "They're talking about feature-movie quality with television-production techniques, and they're kidding themselves. It can't be done."

Lee Marvin, guest star in *It Tolls for Thee*, put it this way: "It's *Wagon Train*, only longer. When they talked to me about this show I asked them what was different about it. The guy (a Revue executive) started talking and kept it up for 20 minutes and then he stopped. He ran out of things to say, and he still hadn't told me anything that would be different. It's like every 30-minute Western, every 60-minute Western I've ever been on. It's just longer. Lee Cobb i fine. He'll give them good acting. But I figure he read the scripts, threw them away, decided what the hell and he's playing it cool. The same old stories—good guys and bad guys. Shoot 'em in 10 days, 485 setups a day. Another Western—who needs it?" **THE END**

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Back in the saddle again, hero James Drury, the Virginian, overcame a medical problem and now rides off in search of high Nielsens.

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The Code for American Prisoners of War

There has been some good news about American prisoners of war recently, news that should make everybody happy, including the Department of Defense. First, pro-Communist Pathet Lao guerrillas released five American prisoners in Laos last month. Then, as interrogation revealed the hardships these men had endured and the way they had conducted themselves in captivity, it became clear that the country had reasons to be proud.

It hasn't always been that way. During the Korean War the American people were shocked and bewildered by the number of American prisoners who collaborated with the enemy. The Army made an unprecedented, exhaustive study of the background and experience of every American who was captured. Some years later, when the information had been compiled and evaluated, Eugene Kinkead—who had served as a war correspondent in the Pacific during World War II—wrote a book called *In Every War But One*. In it he said:

"Twenty-one of the Americans captured during the Korean War decided to remain with the enemy—the only time in history that American captives have chosen not to return home because they preferred the enemy's form of government to our own. . . . What was even more shocking—for after all, the 21 men could be regarded as ideological cranks—was the fact that almost one out of every three American prisoners in Korea was guilty of some sort of collaboration with the enemy."

The Department of Defense has tried to minimize the scope of prisoner misbehavior—although military records and Army personnel were the chief source of Kinkead's book. The official view was set forth by the Advisory Committee on Prisoners of War, appointed by Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson after the Korean conflict to formulate a code of conduct for future prisoners. The committee reported: "A total of about 1,600,000 Americans served in the Korean War. Of the 4428 Americans who survived Communist imprisonment, only a maximum of 192 were found chargeable with serious offenses against comrades or the United States. Or put it another way. Only one out of 23 American POW's was suspected of serious misconduct." Attempting to play down this disturbing fact, the committee raised the irrelevant comparison that "one in 15 persons in the United States has been arrested or fingerprinted for the commission, or the alleged commission, of criminal acts," and drew the fatuous conclusion that, all things considered, the record of U. S. prisoners in Korea "seems fine indeed."

The record of many U. S. prisoners was admirable, but the committee's own figures show that the over-all record was shocking. For one out of every 23 American prisoners to be suspected of serious misconduct is appalling. Fortunately the committee set its sights higher when it wrote the Code of Conduct for future prisoners. Among the key features of the six-point program were these rules of behavior to be followed by the Armed Services: "If I am captured I will continue to resist by all means available. I will make every effort to escape and aid others to escape. I will accept neither parole nor special favors from the enemy. . . . When questioned, should I become a prisoner of war, I am bound to give only name, rank, service number and date of birth. I will evade answering further questions to the utmost of my ability."

Last month, as the five Americans were released in Laos, the Department of Defense and the country had a new opportunity to assess the behavior of American prisoners under stress and to evaluate the Code of Conduct. The prisoners included two soldiers captured during the fighting in Laos: Maj. Lawrence Bailey of Laurel, Maryland, and Sgt. Orville Ballenger of Columbus, Ohio; and three civilians, shot down in a helicopter during the fighting: Grant Wolfkill, NBC cameraman from Shelton, Washington; helicopter pilot Edward Shore of Gallaway, Tennessee, and mechanic John McMorrow of Brooklyn.

The debriefing of these men unfolded a story that reflected credit on Major Bailey, Sergeant Ballenger and a third Army man, Capt. Walter Moon of Rudy, Arkansas. (It also reflected credit on the civilians.)

Captain Moon was captured in April, 1961, while serving as an adviser to the Royal Laotian Army. His captors tried repeatedly to break him with interrogations, beatings, threats and torture. A month after his capture Captain Moon attempted to escape. He was shot in the head and the left side, but his guards refused him proper medical treatment. Three months later he tried to escape again. He was struck on the head and shot to death while he lay on the ground.

Major Bailey was held in solitary confinement in a pitch-black box, or very small room, for 14 months. He was let out only a few minutes every night, and was suffering from malnutrition, intestinal parasites and malaria. He had lost 70 pounds when he was released.

The third soldier, Sergeant Ballenger, was also taken prisoner in April, 1961, while serving as an adviser to Royal Laotian troops. He was stripped of his personal belongings and dragged through several Laotian villages with a rope around his neck, like a dog on a leash. During a portion of his imprisonment he was confined with Shore, McMorrow and Wolfkill. They were fed a meager diet of rice and rock salt, and spent 12 to 14 hours a day with their legs in stocks. Interrogators repeatedly tried to persuade Ballenger to sign statements condemning U. S. military involvement in Southeast Asia.

"He was a patriot in the true sense of the word," says Wolfkill. "He wouldn't give them anything. He believed that if he gave them anything they would learn everything. They asked him how long he had been in the Army, and he wouldn't even tell them that." Ballenger had studied the code, and he lived by it. "I was sick. I had dysentery," says Wolfkill. "I had to force food down. Sergeant Ballenger gave me food, and he gave me vitamin tablets that came from the Red Cross. I thanked him and he said, 'It was all in the book.'"

One swallow does not make a summer nor do three soldiers make an army, but we all can take satisfaction from the way the code worked in this test.

Disarming News

The die-hards among us who have been insisting that the Civil War isn't over yet were right—until very recently, at least. The last shot—or what we hope will be the last shot—has just been removed from a cannon in the rotunda of the state capitol at Providence, Rhode Island.

For many years there had been a suspicion among experts that the old brass cannon might be loaded, but the truth didn't come out until Jackson Jenks, director of the New England Naval and Maritime Museum in Newport began poking into the history of the 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery.

Mr. Jenks's research exploded the theory that during the battle of Gettysburg an enemy shell had struck the muzzle of the gun and lodged with fantastic exactitude inside the barrel. It is true that the gun was at Gettysburg. Battery B was firing it on Cemetery Hill on the afternoon of July 3, 1863, just before Pickett's charge. A Confederate cannonball grazed the muzzle, bending it out of shape and killing several members of Battery B. The survivors were trying to force a ball into the battered muzzle when another Confederate round landed in their midst, causing further casualties. The gun was dragged to the rear, and as the barrel cooled and contracted, its own cannonball became lodged inside.

The cannon was displayed after the war in a museum in Washington, D.C., and in 1874 it was presented to the state of Rhode Island. It was placed on the grounds of the Old State House and in 1905 was moved again—to the newly constructed capitol, two miles away.

When Mr. Jenks's research confirmed the presence of the shot inside the barrel, naval and National Guard ordnance experts were called in. They took the barrel to a National Guard maintenance shop, submerged it in a water tank and extracted from the misshapen cannon two and one half pounds of black powder that was very much "alive." It could have been detonated by a fire or by lightning in an electrical storm.

It has been 100 years, come next July, since the shot was rammed into that gun barrel at Gettysburg. Well, as Harry Golden recently wrote in SPEAKING OUT, it's about time the war ended and we are pleased to note that one more possible source of casualties has been eliminated.

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